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143 STRIKES IN 26 MONTHS—WHY?
Scandal of the Paducah Atom Project

Baseball Needs 3 BIG LEAGUES To Survive
By TOM MEANY

IKE & MAMIE AT HOME
The White House after Dark

MARY A BECK
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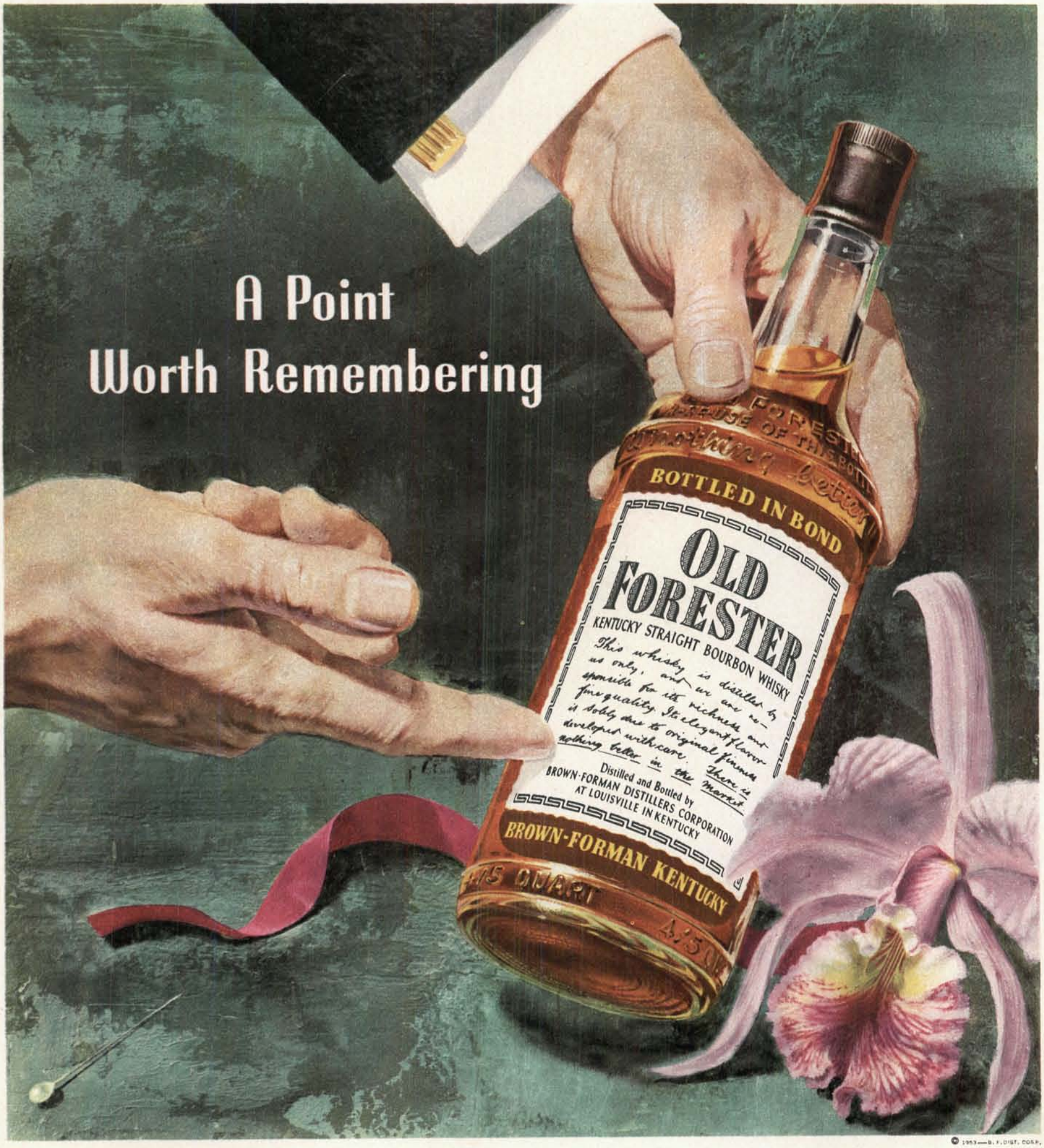
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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

Ike likes to paint; Mamie likes to knit one, purl two. The combination has Washington hostesses—who hoped they would be "party people"—in a tizzy. For a glimpse of the Eisenhower household in its informal moments, see Ike and Mamie at Home, page 15.

Week's Mail

Capital Color Line

EDITOR: Thank you for your fine article by Howard Whitman, Can Eisenhower End Segregation in Washington? (May 9th). This was my first knowledge that segregation was practiced in our nation's capital, although being a native Texan and Southerner I have lived in segregated areas all of my life. It is a shameful and disgraceful policy for any civilized people to tolerate, and I must say that I am ashamed that the numerous people from other countries who reside in Washington see any such practice in the very capital of democracy. WILMA ROCHESTER MOCK,
Corpus Christi, Texas

. . . I am glad to see your article, Can Eisenhower End Segregation in Washington?, and I am betting that he can. This thing has been going on too long, and the more we claim superiority the more we proclaim our inferiority. The churches should lead the way by opening their services to all, regardless of color. PELHAM BARRETT,
Southern Pines, N.C.

. . . I wish to express my commendation to your magazine for the article by Howard Whitman. How I wish both Rufus S. Lusk, Washington real-estate mentor, and Clifford H. Newell, spokesman for the Federation of Citizens' Associations, were here, expecting to be shipped out to Korea any minute.

This is the situation I face. I am a Negro. How I wish they could sense the thoughts of the other men here, white and black alike. Their thoughts are deeper than the color of a man's skin. PRIVATE CLINE J. WARREN,
North Fort Lewis, Wash.

. . . Please accept my thanks for your article on segregation in Washington. It is somewhat surprising and extremely heartbreaking to be confronted with facts and statistics proving our Caucasian mental blindness in our nation's capital.

It is virtually impossible to comprehend how one can attribute a policy of nonsegregation to a Communistic outlook. Why must we continually show our emotional and mental immaturity by our criminal misconception of ourselves as the superior race of people and our persecution of an equally superior race?

ANITA L. GIELOW, Houston, Texas

To Merge or Not to Merge

EDITOR: With reference to Thomas K. Finletter's Should the Navy and the Air Force Merge? (May 9th), I should like to suggest (as one who had a small part in advocating an independent Air Force) that from the beginning the three-branch setup was not too sound.

The owner of a baseball team would scarcely select as the manager of that

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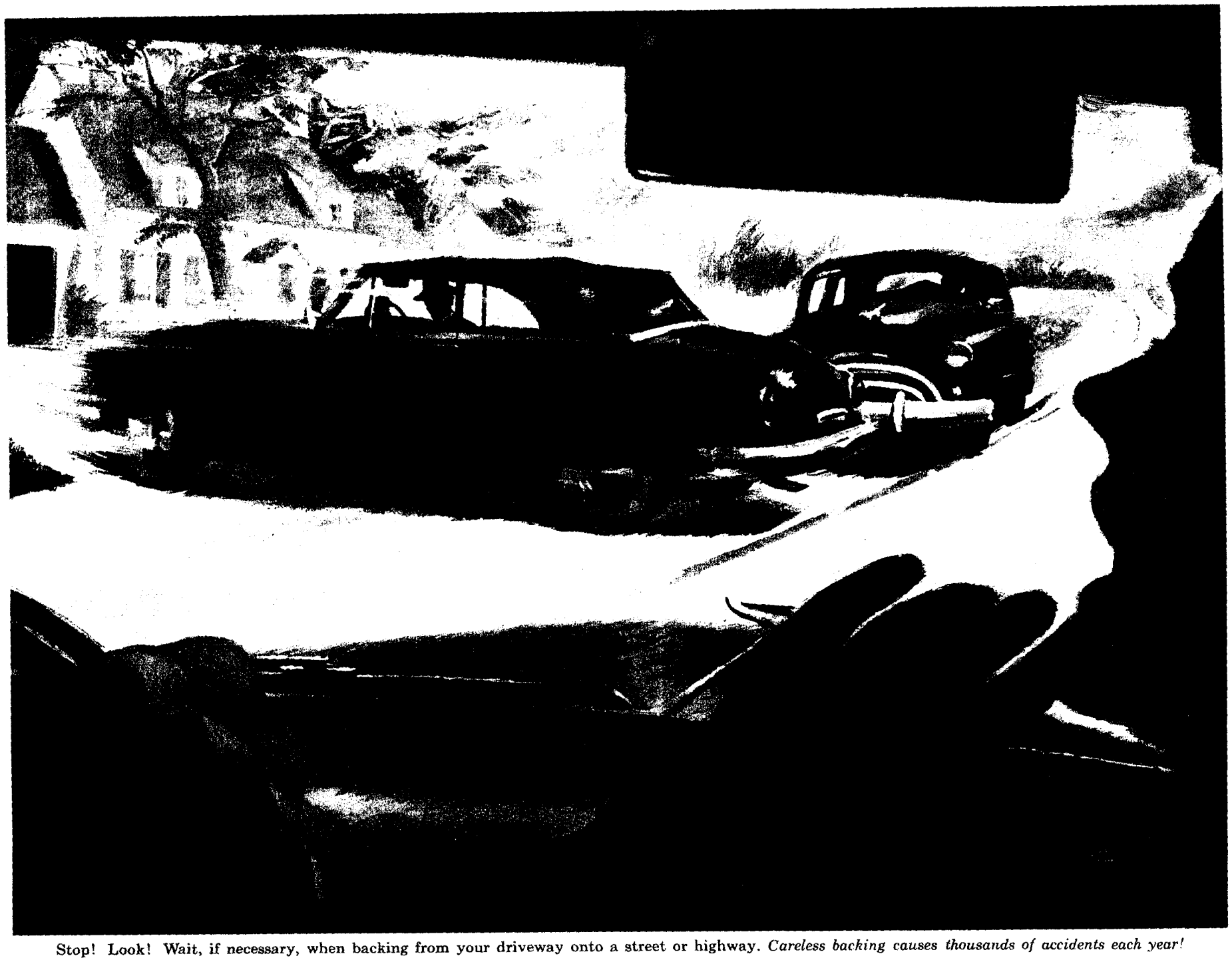

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team a man who never played the game and therefore knew nothing of its technical details; yet that is what Congress (or the public) has required the Secretary of Defense to do in setting up his department.

It is one thing to require the Secretary of Defense to be a civilian, but it is another thing to require the Secretaries of Army, Navy and Air Force to be civilians.

As technical heads of those departments and assistants to the Secretary of Defense, each of those men should be picked from his respective branch of the service; and since they are not members of the Cabinet there should be no need to replace them with each change in administration. It seems to me that such a change in the setup would meet all the requirements that Mr. Finletter asks for.

Of course we have our Joint Chiefs of Staff, but they should advise the Secretary of Defense, not his assistants.

H. E. WINTERS, Lancaster, Pa.

. . . IN ARTICLE SHOULD NAVY AND AIR FORCE MERGE FINLETTER IS PUZZLED ABOUT NAME FOR NEW DEPARTMENT SUGGEST QUOTE SINGLE NAVY AIR FORCE UNIFICATION UNQUOTE THIS OF COURSE WOULD SOON BE SHORTENED BY PUBLIC TO INITIAL LETTERS OF EACH WORD THUS MAKING IT QUITE DESCRIPTIVE WONDER IF FINLETTER CONSIDERED AN ALTERNATE POSSIBILITY NAMELY MERGER OF AIR FORCE AND ARMY.

D. V. GALLERY, Glenview, Ill.

The Controversial Mr. McCarthy

EDITOR: You are to be commended for a full-scale documental challenge to McCarthy (editorial Why Don't *You* Take It, Joe?, May 9th). It was particularly refreshing compared with the slap-on-wrist or apologetic criticisms of other periodicals.

As one just as Irish, just as American, and I hope just as religious as McCarthy, I congratulate Collier's.

W. A. WALSH, Seattle, Wash.

. . . Your evaluation of Joe McCarthy hit the nail on the head.

I want you and the rest of America to know that there are thousands of us in Wisconsin who feel about Joe McCarthy the way that you do. We would like to see him investigated, using the same techniques he uses.

KEN KASSNER, Green Bay, Wis.

. . . There are certain types of so-called Americans that will hail with delight your editorial. It sounds like the crackpot ravings of a college student that has been brain-washed by a pinko professor.

L. H. DOWLING, Manchester, N.H.

. . . Two weeks in a row you have taken a left-handed jab at Senator McCarthy. For what reason?

He's against Communism in this country, I believe. Or isn't that a recommendation any more?

D. G. KETTELSON, Racine, Wis.

. . . Thank goodness there is one big periodical that is cognizant of the fact that McCarthyism and Communism are similar in that they are both phony fronts for totalitarianism. McCarthy, of course, isn't the least bit interested in fighting Communism per se, but only in establishing himself as head of a movement.

Thank goodness you also have the alertness to take him seriously, instead of saying, "It can't happen here."

KIERAN BALFE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . A smashing good editorial on a hot subject, but it will bring down upon your heads a heavy bombardment of brickbats hurled by superpatriots, flag wavers and witch-hunters.

J. L. BOWLER, Berea, Ky.

. . . I think your editorial on Senator McCarthy stinks.

ERNEST BRIANS, Rochester, N.Y.

"Clinging-Vine Kid"

EDITOR: Please relay my heartiest congratulations to Thomas Wood for He Tarzan—You Fan (May 9th). This ludicrous article about the "clinging-vine kid" contained more guffaws than the most persistent endeavors of Martin and Lewis.

WILLIAM LUTTRELL, Atlanta, Ga.

Lex Barker, the current Tarzan, on location in British East Africa

. . . Stories concerning the movie Tarzans have always been interesting and enlightening. Yours was no exception.

I'd like to point out that, during my time in the service back in 1945, I saw large lines formed in front of post theaters, as any GI will verify, but none could compare with the huge, long lines attracted by a Tarzan film.

RALPH RASPA, Rivesville, W.Va.

Lesson For Skeptics

EDITOR: I have just finished reading Sister Mary Victoria's story, I Was a Prisoner of the Chinese Reds (May 9th). It was an excellent article and I think Collier's, by printing it, has succeeded in giving those skeptics, who question our taking action in Korea, a sound reason why the free world should stamp out the evil forces of Communism.

WILLIAM LAST, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . I enjoyed (as usual) your May 9th issue, especially the story by Sister Mary Victoria of her ordeal at the hands of the Chinese Communists. I believe that if more people realize what happens to people under such regimes we may all be a bit more active in a positive fight against Communism by working to strengthen our way of life.

DAVID KASPARI, Sheldon, N.D.

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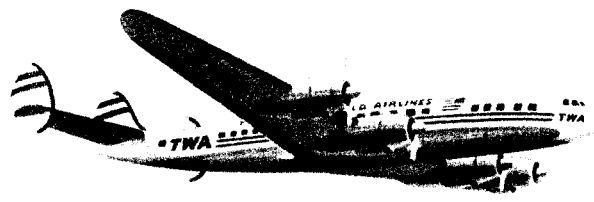

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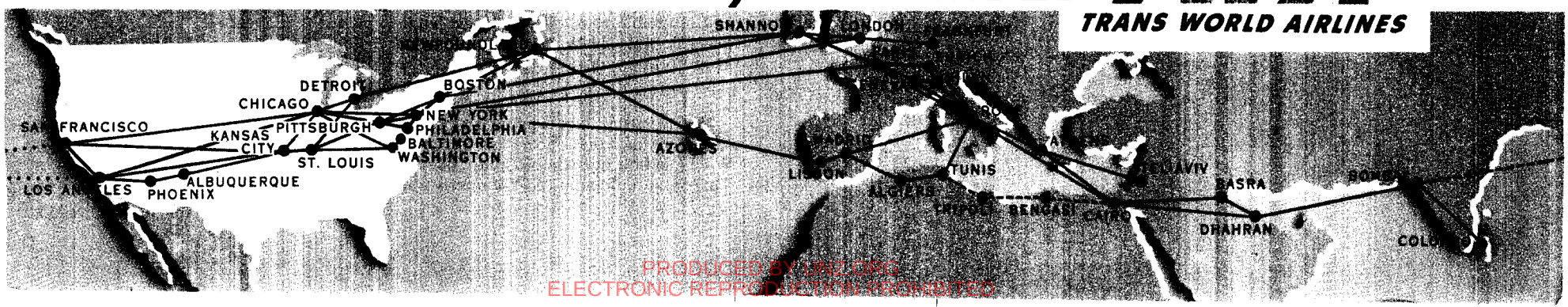

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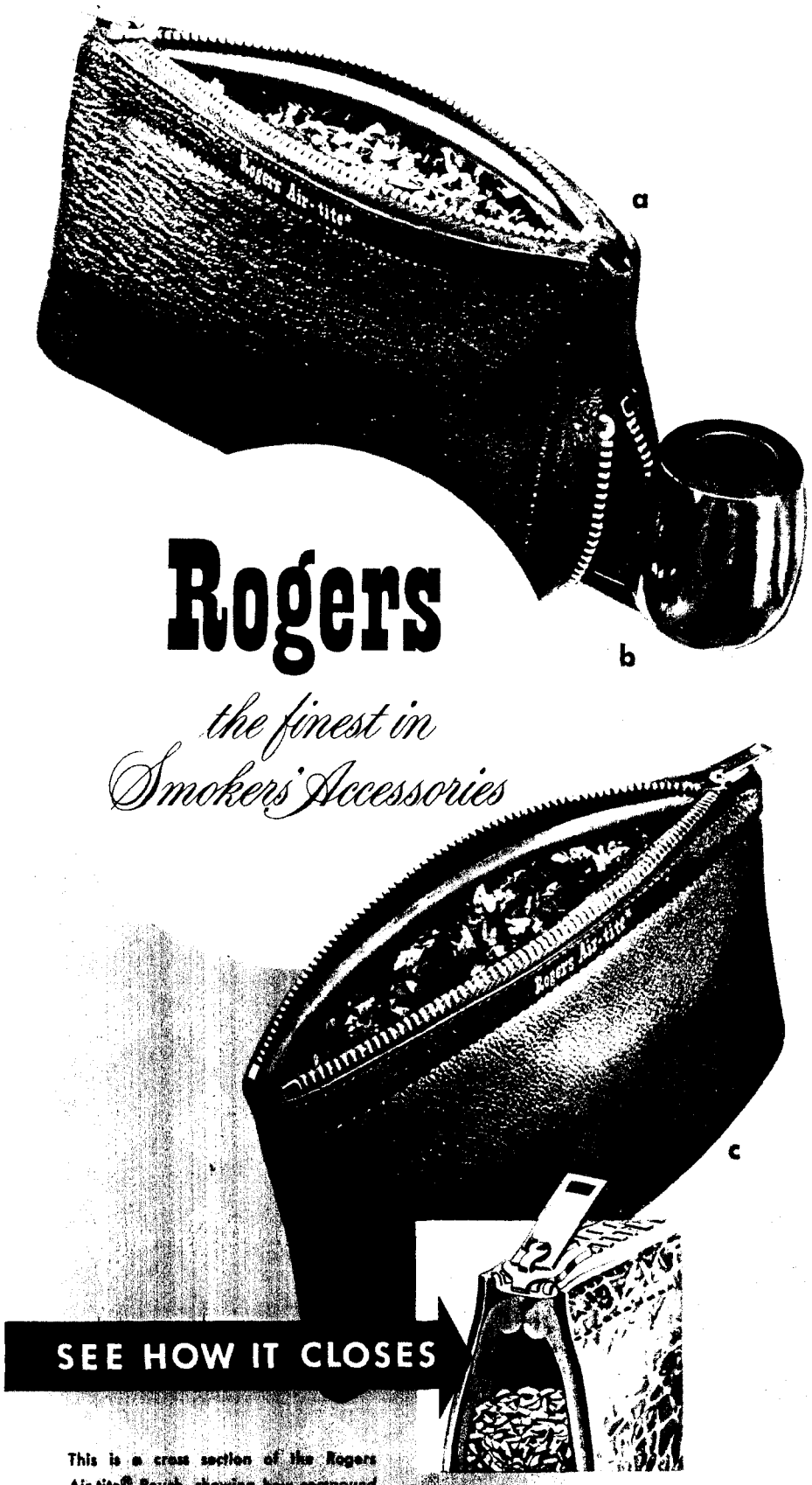

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Wisconsin is struggling with a pretty tough problem—what to do about drive-out traffic from drive-in movies. Drive-by traffic complains that drive-outs spill out of the drive-ins like beans from a busted bag, driving them nuts.

★ ★ ★

About 20 years ago the Connecticut legislature adopted a law requiring all automobiles to have windshield wipers.

As we go to press, the Lower House has just passed another. This one says your car must have a windshield.

★ ★ ★

Nora Ford of the Bartlett (Texas) Tribune reports that a neighbor found his infant daughter choking on a quarter. Father grabbed his child by the ankles and shook the quarter out of her. Then he triumphantly told his wife that he'd make a good doctor. "Maybe," said his wife, "but you'd make an even better internal revenue collector."

★ ★ ★

From his residence in Kansas City, Kansas, Mr. Gil Topaz notifies us that there's no place like home. He goes on: "Home is where a man can say what he darned pleases, because nobody is going to pay any attention."

★ ★ ★

This department is against crime, but the fact is, a little more high-class law-breaking might save the government a lot of money. For example, an official of the Department of Commerce whooshing to and fro in a big car confiscated from a rumrunner. Another powder-blue beauty taken from a rich dope dealer has been repainted and turned over to the Atomic Energy Commission. In our anxiety to help the government save a few dollars, we've been thinking of smuggling a couple of million dollars' worth of diamonds or something and getting caught. Just to see what the Secretary of State would look like chugging around in the old heap we're driving.

★ ★ ★

Tip to tourist from an unsigned sage and humanitarian: Locomotive engineers do not whistle at crossings just to keep up their courage.

★ ★ ★

We admit failure—as sensational a statement as you'll hear this summer. We can't find out what Whooperism is. There's an epidemic of Whooperism in New Hampshire. Some of the Granite State's best people are down with it. It causes a victim to cut off his neighbor's necktie. In several bad cases, sufferers have been known to snip the shirttails off their best friends. In Manchester, some say it's a state publicity stunt. Others call it a second-term build-up for Governor Hugh Gregg, who they say is a hater of neckties and shirttails. We now know that if you are going to New Hampshire, you'd better leave your necktie and shirttail at home.

★ ★ ★

As he left his office in Chicago for his usual luncheon snack, Mr. Leon Barley overheard a couple of painters exchanging opinions. They were about to take on the midday meal. Said one, throwing a sandwich on the floor: "Hard-boiled egg and lettuce again." What else he said may not be set down in these pure pages. "Why don't you tell your wife to cut out hard-boiled egg and lettuce sandwiches if you're tired of them?" demanded the other. Said the first: "You leave my wife out of this. I pack my own lunch."

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Bittie Goldbloom, of Chicago, says that a woman smart enough to ask a man for advice is usually smart enough not to take it.

★ ★ ★

A customer writes that the difference between facts and figures is a lady's girdle. Customer doesn't sign name and we don't blame him.

★ ★ ★

Lady in Illinois hastens to tell us that family budgets got a good talking over in her club. In closing, one of the ladies said that she wasn't one to long for a whole lot of money. All she wanted was to be able to afford to live on the scale she was living on.

★ ★ ★

An Iowa congressman, feeling that his popularity with his rural constituents could stand a little polishing, addressed a few farmers. Told them he could milk a cow with the best of them.

IRWIN CAPLAN

Plow, too. Also handle any kind of farm machinery. In short, he said, he dared any of them to name a chore he couldn't do on a farm. He paused to look at his audience defiantly. Then a mild voice: "Not bad at laying eggs either, are you?" ▲▲▲

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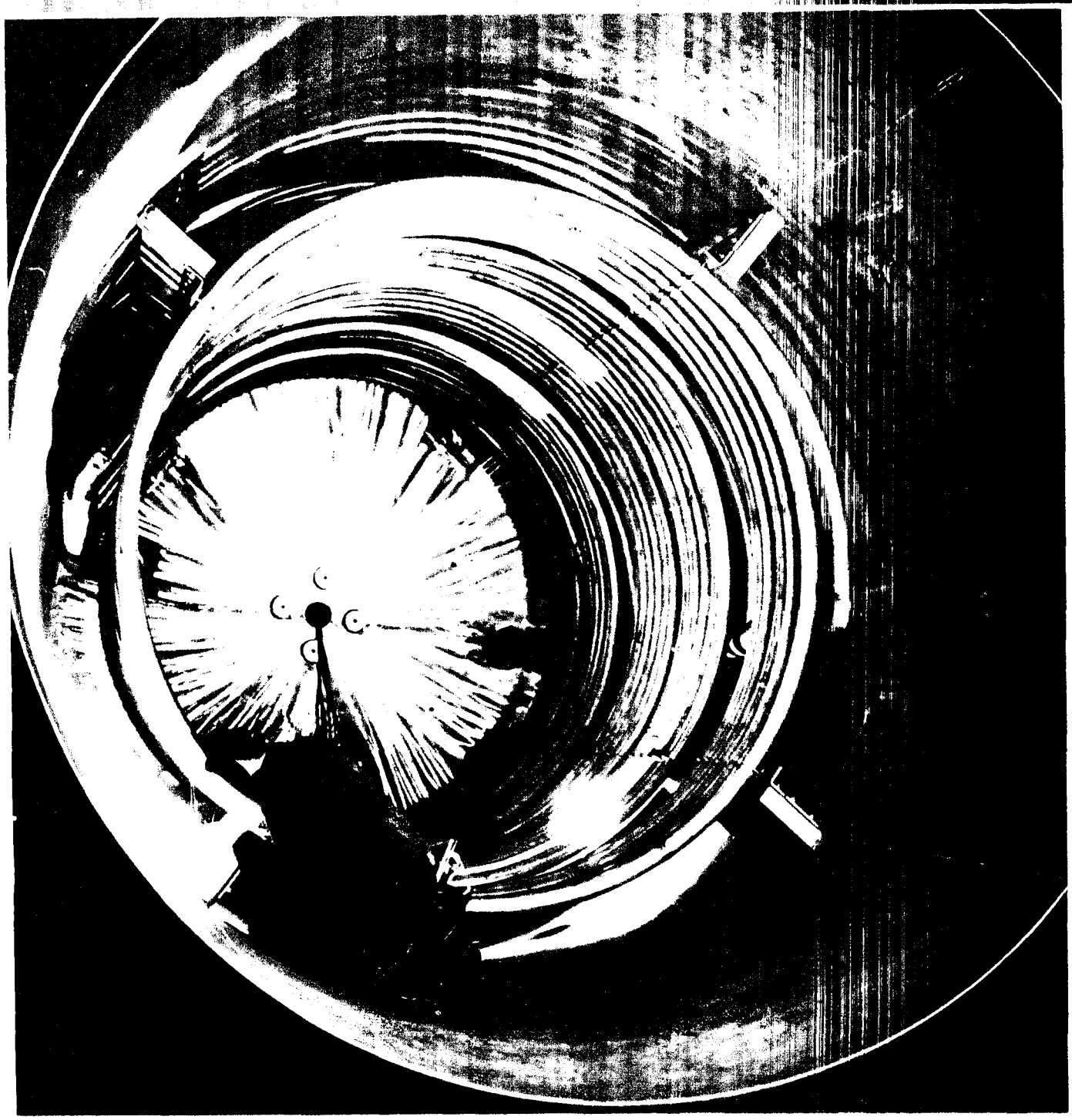
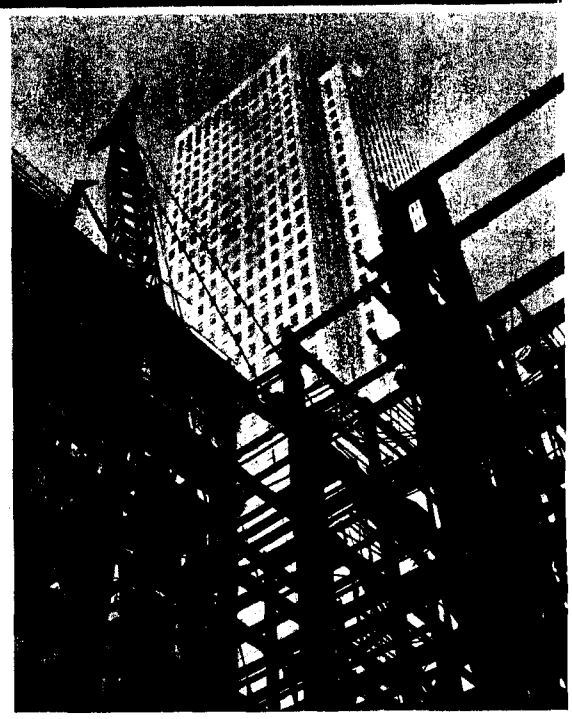
jobs so well



Going around in circles. Here you see a huge coil of stainless steel tubing being welded in a 15,000-gallon, stainless steel vessel which will be used by a leading pharmaceutical maker for the fermentation of penicillin. Corrosion-resistant, sanitary U·S·S Stainless Steel proves an ideal metal for jobs in almost every industry. Only steel can do so many jobs so well.



Early skyscraper says goodbye. Pittsburgh's Carnegie Building, built in 1895, was one of America's very first skyscrapers. When it was recently dismantled, practically all of the structural steel sections forming its framework were found to be in fine condition and reusable . . . convincing evidence that U·S·S Structural Steel provides a strong, durable backbone for any building.

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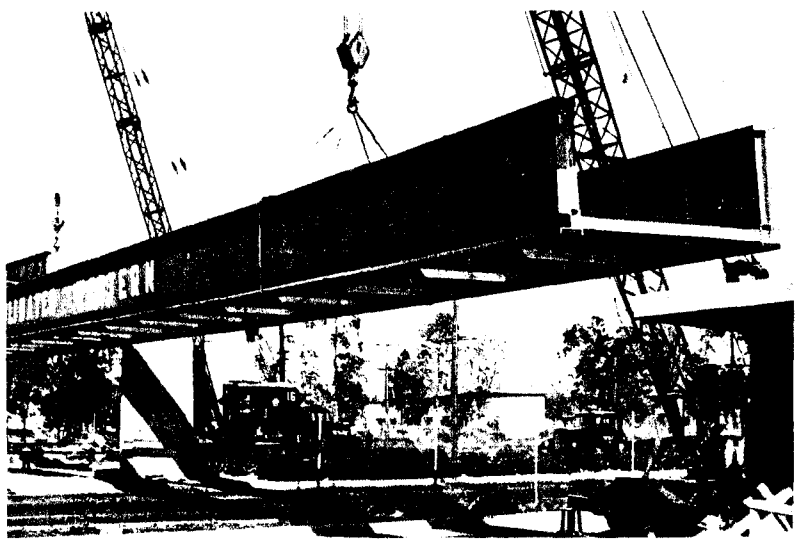
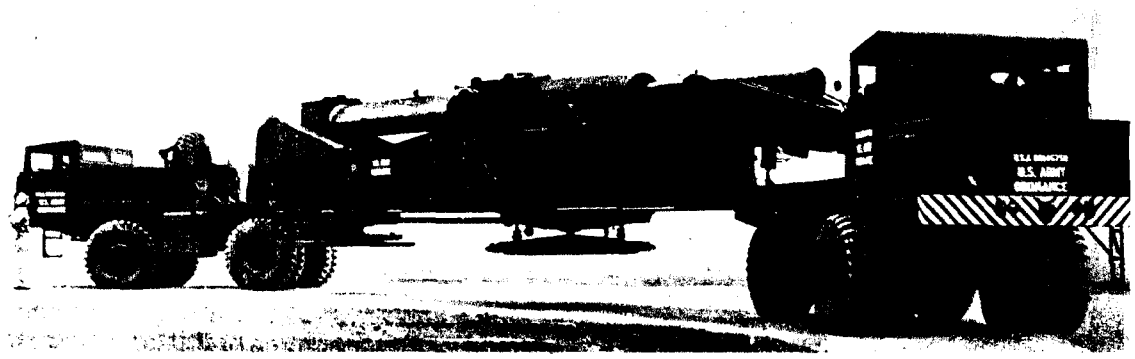


Up she goes! When this final span of a new pedestrian overpass for the Romona Freeway in Los Angeles was ready to be erected, the busy Freeway was closed to traffic for 2 hours. This huge 136-foot section was hauled to the site by truck, then lifted by three cranes onto the concrete buttresses. United States Steel fabricated and erected it.



Transporter for "Atomic Cannon." Designed to transport the Army's new 280 mm. gun, the T-10 Transporter is 84 feet long, yet can make right angle turns at city street corners where streets are only 28 feet wide. With its two independently-powered tractors, it can move forward, backward or sideways. The generator-powered gun, the Army's largest caliber artillery piece having complete mobility, will fire either conventional or atomic shells. U. S. Steel furnishes carbon steel and a special alloy carriage steel for this equipment.

UNITED STATES STEEL

AMERICAN BRIDGE . . . AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE *and* CYCLONE FENCE . . . COLUMBIA-GENEVA STEEL . . . CONSOLIDATED WESTERN STEEL . . . GERRARD STEEL STRAPPING . . . NATIONAL TUBE
OIL WELL SUPPLY . . . TENNESSEE COAL & IRON . . . UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS . . . UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY . . . *Divisions of* **UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION, PITTSBURGH**
GUNNISON HOMES, INC. • UNION SUPPLY COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY 3-876

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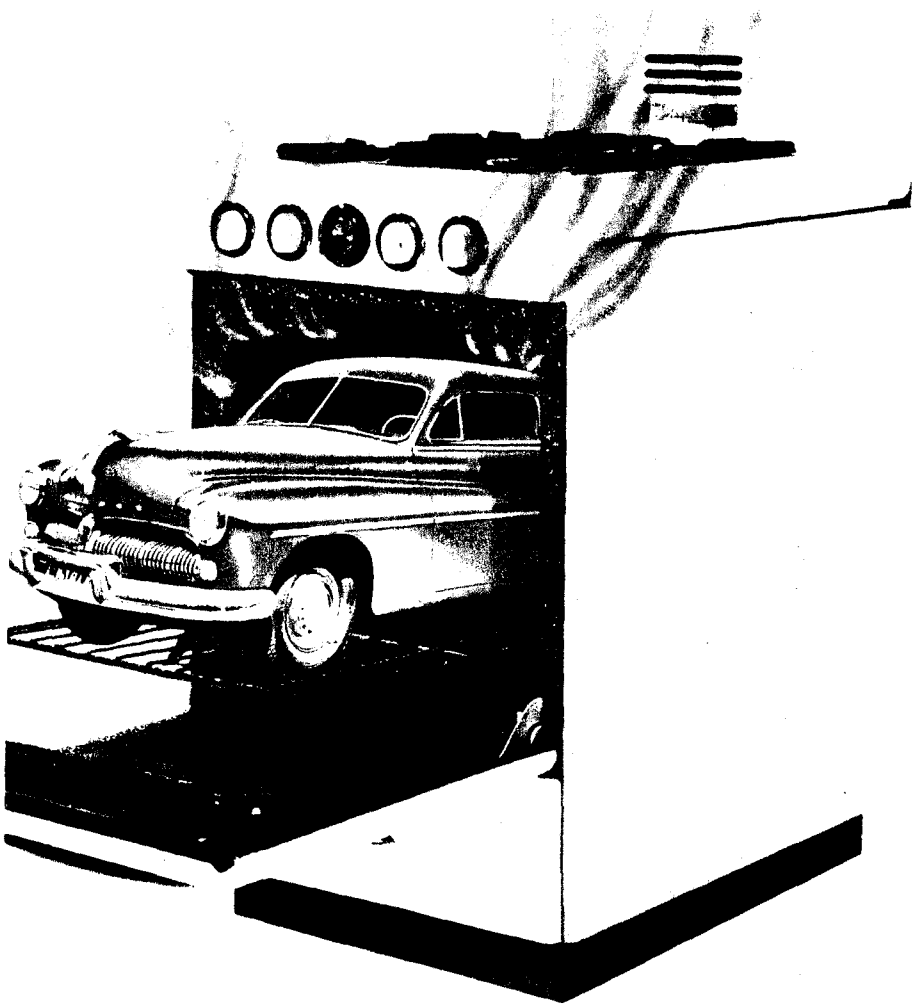
Don't risk ROAD RAVAGE* when

HOT SUN PUTS YOUR CAR IN THE OVEN!



Simoniz® protects and beautifies up to 6 months and longer

New speedy method, developed by experts, now makes SIMONIZING easier. Actually takes only a few hours per year.

"Thin-Skin" liquid car waxes just can't protect your car's finish from summer sun. They contain so little *real* wax they can't resist the gritty action of traffic film and dirt. They fail to protect against scorching sun that makes fading, chalking possible.

Only durable SIMONIZ stops Road Ravage. Seals out *dust, dirt, traffic film, road scum. And SIMONIZ gives a rich lustre that outshines any wax or polish!

So don't waste time and money on "Thin-Skin" liquids. Protect your car up to 6 months with SIMONIZ. Thousands find they can now SIMONIZ their cars in less than 2 hours. For complete protection all Summer—SIMONIZ today!

IMPORTANT! No matter what wax you use, it is essential to clean your car first. For best results use Simoniz Liquid Kleener. Faster! Cleans better. Makes SIMONIZING far easier!

MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ!

Why "Thin Skin" liquid waxes can't stop ROAD RAVAGE

In a whole container of liquid car wax there is less than a spoonful of *real* wax—the rest is just liquid. No wonder they fail to give lasting protection and lustre! But Simoniz is *not* a liquid. Every can contains 100% tough, durable Simoniz. That's why it lasts so long—protects up to 6 months.

Copyright 1953 by Simoniz Company

Shaving Muggs

TV's only one-year-old star discloses the secret of his charm—a shave every day. "It shouldn't happen to an ape," he says. "But for $250 a week, who can complain?"

HANS KNOPF

J. Fred Muggs needs a daily shave to face cameras

Dave Garroway, boss of NBC-TV's Today, gives him one

Smooth-mugged, Muggs tries to eat shaving-cream can

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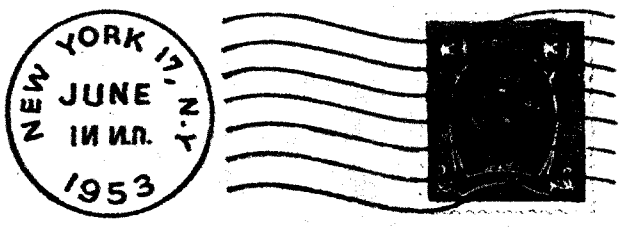
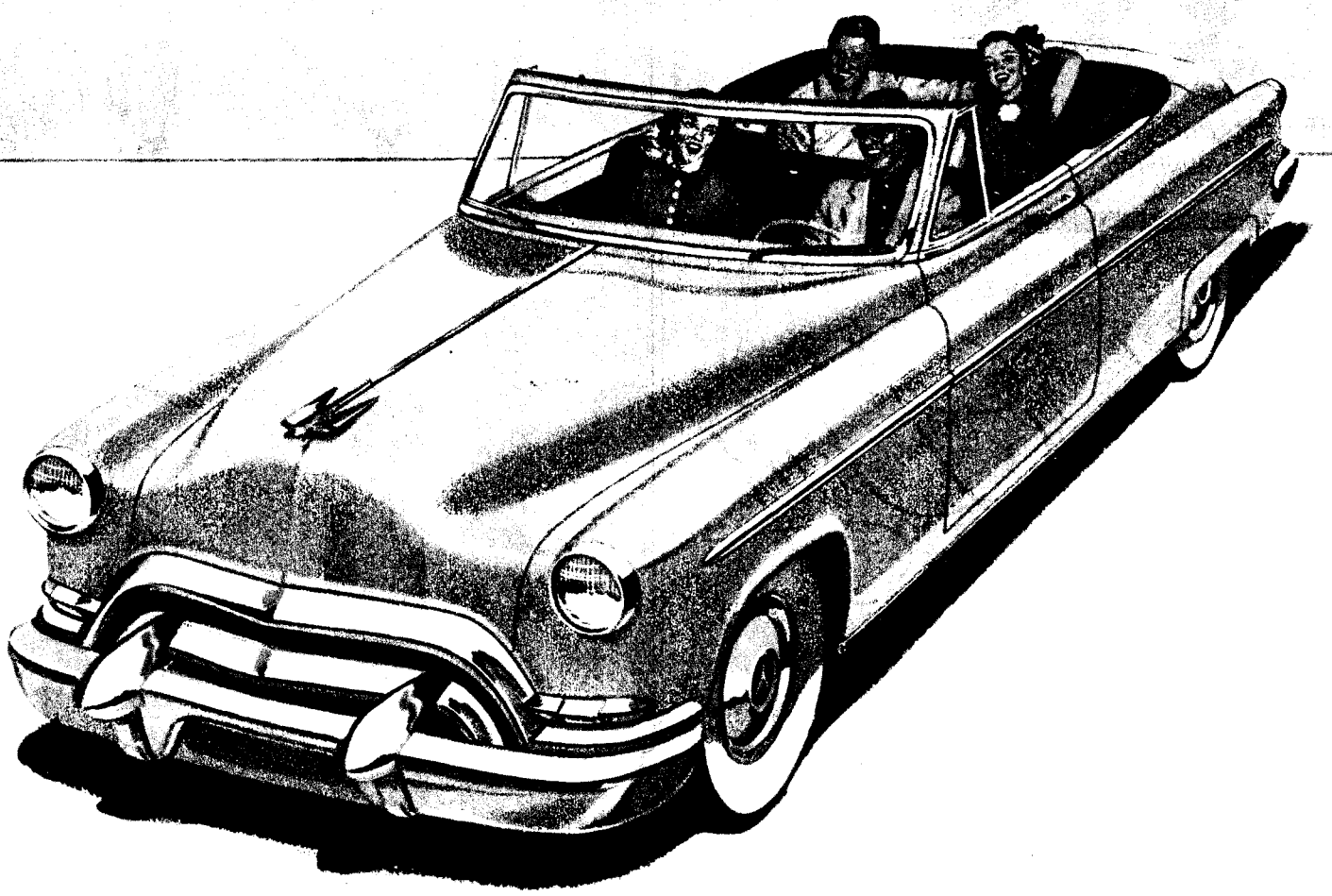


FOR THE COST OF MAILING A LETTER YOU CAN BUY ENOUGH GASOLINE TO RUN YOUR CAR NEARLY TWO MILES



A POPULAR MAKE OF CAR with four average-weight passengers aboard weighs over two tons. Yet three cents' worth of gasoline will carry that car about two miles at forty miles per hour. That certainly is a lot of transportation for your money!

The fact is gasoline is one of the best values—if not *the* best value you can get for your money today. The price per gallon (exclusive of taxes) is about the same now as it was in 1925. And the quality is far higher! For it has been proved in actual road tests that *two gallons of today's gasoline will do the work of three gallons of 1925 fuel!*

Improved refining processes developed by oil companies, plus the use of "Ethyl" antiknock fluid, have made it possible to step up octane ratings (available power)—without a corresponding jump in prices. America's progressively managed petroleum industry has made certain that you get a bargain every time you say, "Fill 'er up!"

2,000,000 petroleum people are doing a great job!

Because Americans have enjoyed a bountiful supply of petroleum products at low cost for so many years, the average person is likely to take for granted the wonderful service performed by the U. S. petroleum industry. To give this splendid record the recognition it truly deserves, this message is published by

ETHYL CORPORATION, New York, N. Y.,

manufacturers of "Ethyl" antiknock compound used by refiners to improve gasoline.

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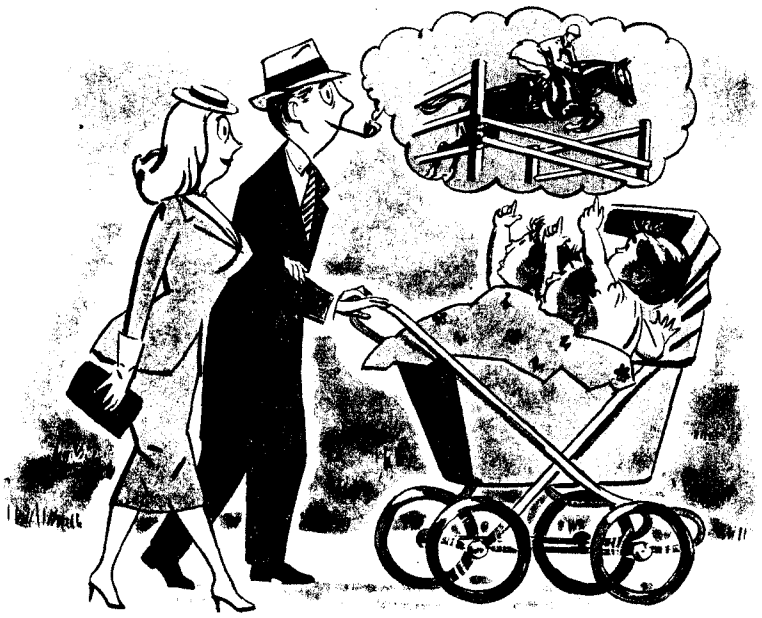


"Look! We got Pop to switch to Kentucky Club —the thoroughbred of pipe tobaccos."

FOR *Father's Day*

GIVE

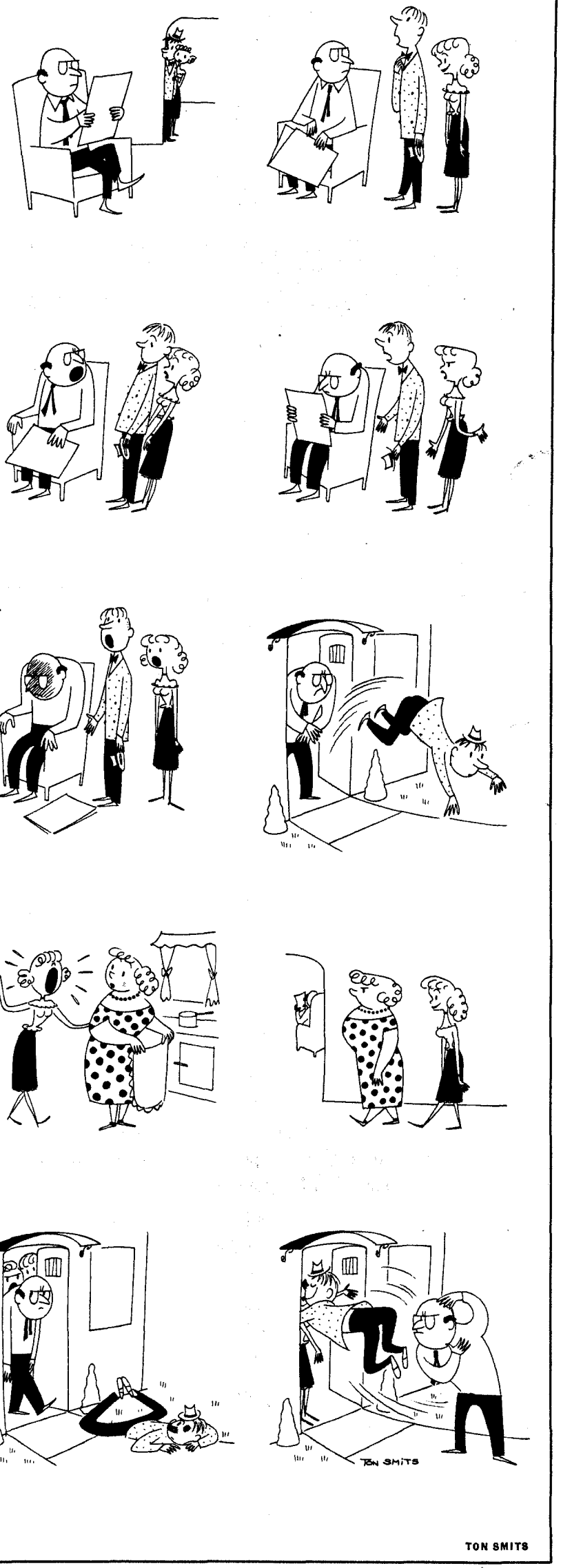
MILD

VACUUM PACKED TO KEEP TOBACCO FRESH

Look for the blue tin with the picture of the red-coated rider

Give Dad a handsome humidor canister of famous Kentucky Club or a carton of handy pocket tins. It's the thoroughbred of pipe tobaccos—choice white Burley specially blended to give a mild, smooth smoke—with grand taste and aroma.

PRODUCED BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS **MAIL POUCH TOBACCO** WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA



TON SMITS

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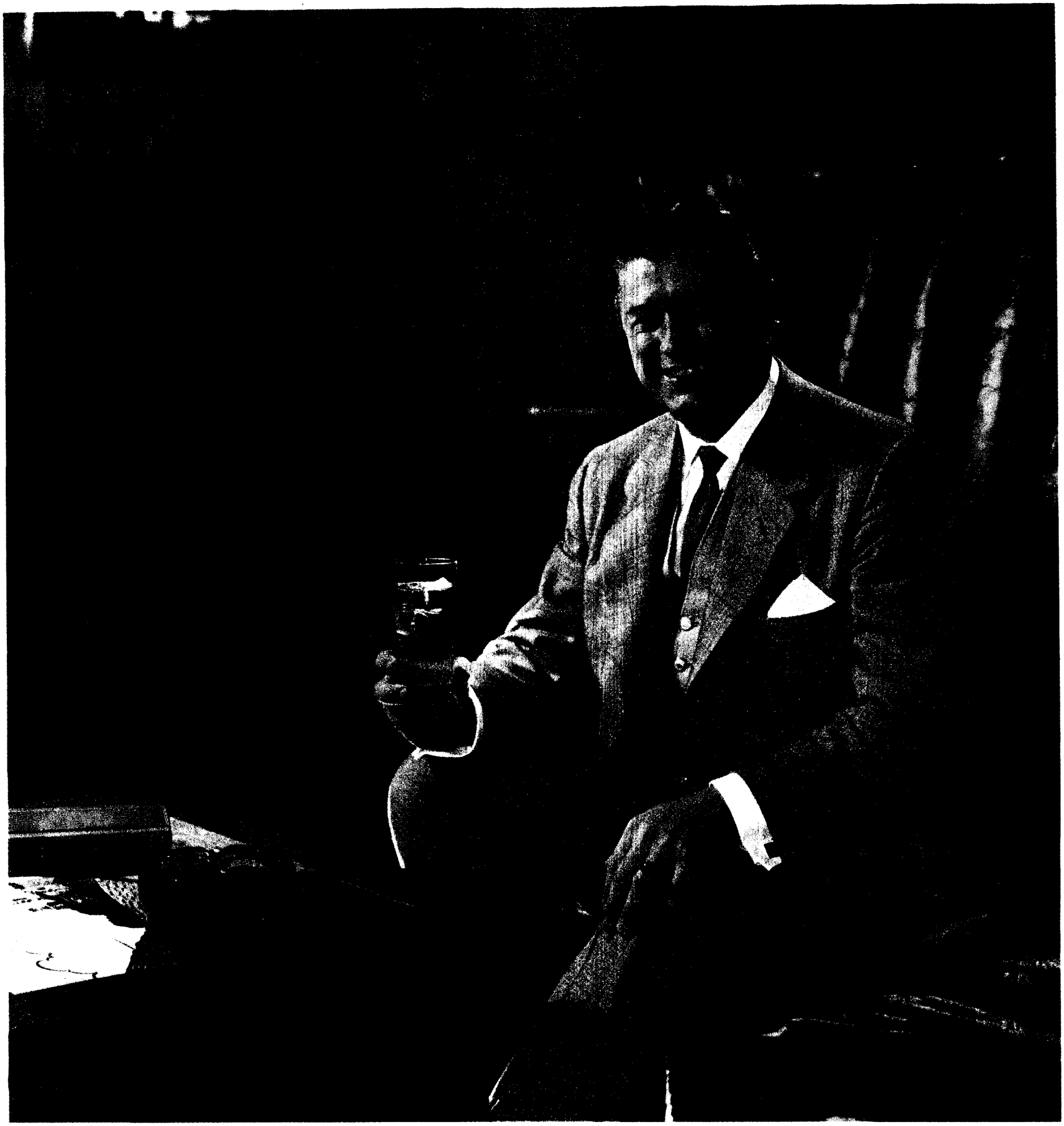
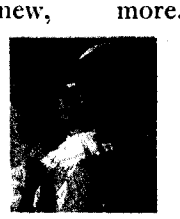


Mr. George H. Wheary, Jr.—distinguished president of Wheary, Inc.—one of America's largest luggage manufacturers. Working summers and nights in a factory, young George became a leather expert long before he finished college. Then, from head leather purchaser, he rose to factory manager and, in 1939, president. Under his direction new, lighter and more serviceable types of luggage have been developed and Wheary sales have practically doubled. Mr. Wheary is shown, above, in his Racine, Wisconsin, home.

Lord Calvert is *Custom Distilled* and blended for those who, like Mr. Wheary, seek a finer whiskey. It has an exceptionally light body and a rich flavor, the like of which is found in no other whiskey. In fact Lord Calvert's *Custom Distilled* quality is so carefully guarded that each bottle is numbered and recorded at the distillery. You'll find that Lord Calvert—the "whiskey of distinction"—costs a little more, tastes a little better and adds a little more pleasure to living.



LORD CALVERT

Custom Distilled—for Men of Distinction

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

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"OLD 16" RIDES AGAIN WITH CHAMPIONS!

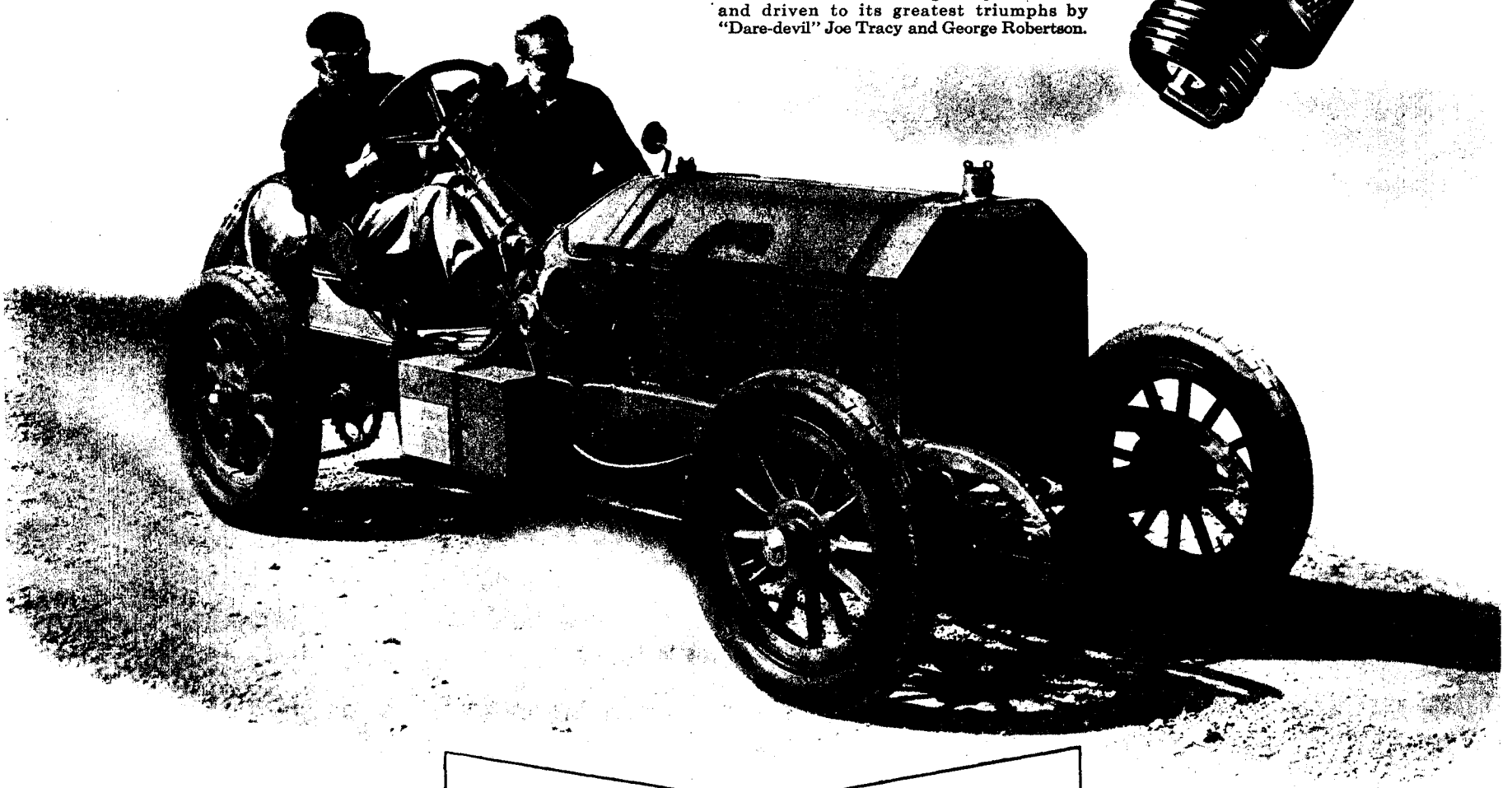
After nearly a half-century, legendary "Old 16," first American winner of the Vanderbilt Cup, still takes 100 miles per hour in its thundering stride. This ancient, able Locomobile uses Champion Spark Plugs—as do the great majority of today's record breakers on land, water and in the air.

Apart from its historical significance, "Old 16" serves as a prime example of the value of proper care in protecting your motor car investment.

And proper care should include Champion Spark Plugs. Why Champions? Because the vast majority of engine experts agree that Champions will make any car, old or new, run better.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

Mr. Peter Helck, internationally-known artist and automobile connoisseur, is the owner of "Old 16." This car was designed by A. L. Riker and driven to its greatest triumphs by "Dare-devil" Joe Tracy and George Robertson.



FOLLOW THE EXPERTS — Demand CHAMPIONS — FOR YOUR CAR!

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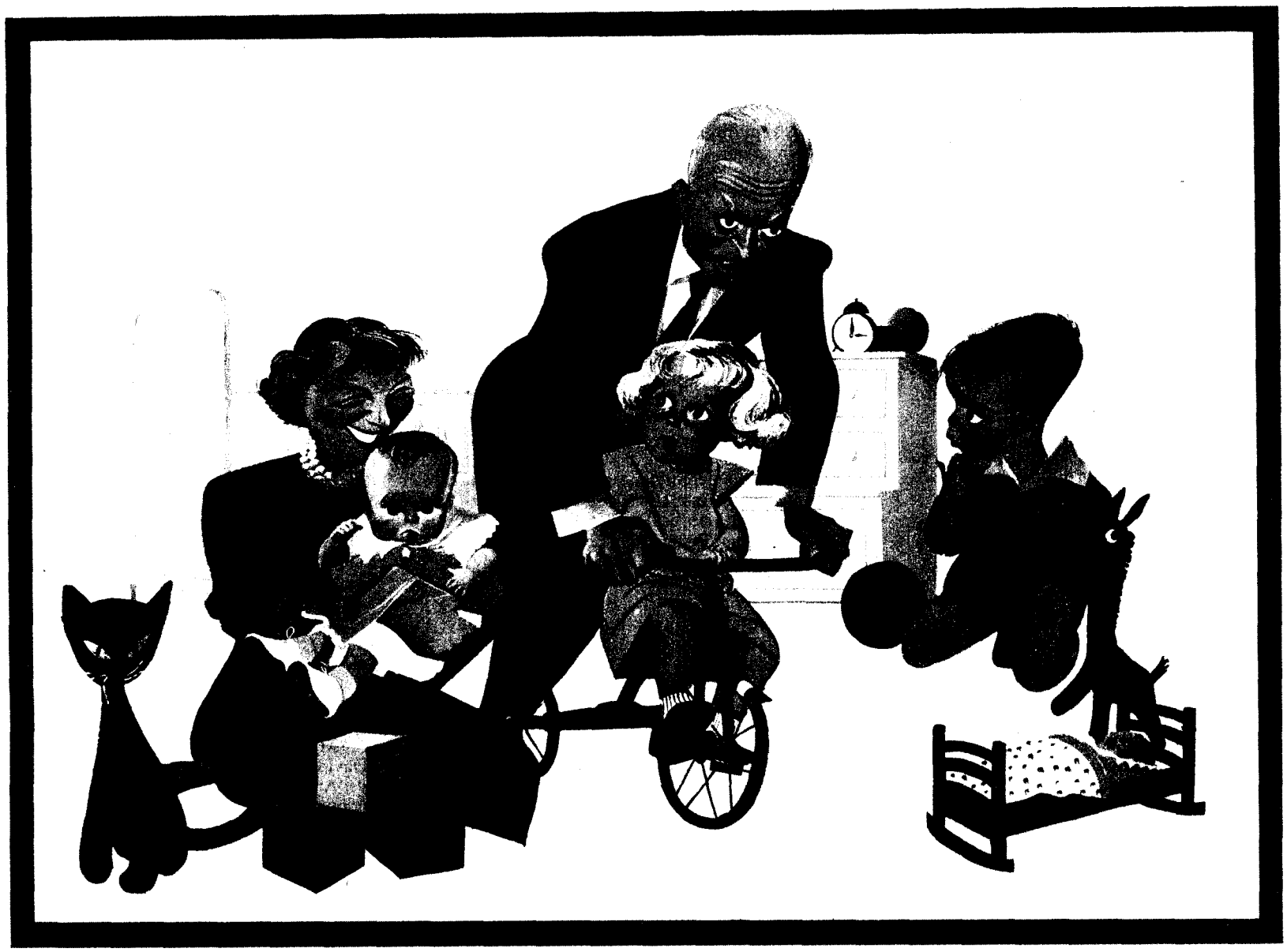

Relaxing from their public duties, Ike and Mamie enjoy playing with grandchildren Dwight David, 5; Barbara Anne, 3; Susan Elaine, 1

IKE AND MAMIE AT HOME

By ANDREW F. TULLY

For years, the Eisenhowers' official position forced them into party-going. But now, he says, "I've got a job where I can stay home nights, and by golly I'm going to stay home"

A FEW months after General and Mrs. Dwight David Eisenhower moved into 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, somebody asked Mrs. Gwendolyn Cafritz, the capital's indefatigable party giver, if she had had them out to her house yet.

"No, not yet," sighed Mrs. Cafritz, with the wan look of a woman acknowledging social defeat. Then she brightened: "But nobody else has, either."

Mrs. Cafritz, of course, was concerned only with her personal frustration. But at the same time she neatly summed up the bafflement of a party-conscious capital suddenly faced with a first family that prefers to stay home. These days it is generally agreed that only a hostess armed with an Act of Congress could persuade Ike and Mamie Eisenhower to budge from their hearthside after dark. Although it would be glamorous to explain the Eisenhowers' failure to step out on the ground that they are too busy tossing parties of their own—complete with champagne, gold braid and international *femmes fatales* in Paris creations —it would also be inaccurate.

The fact is that the atmosphere in the White House these days is more reminiscent of Dubuque than of Versailles. Congressmen and Cabinet members may strut at embassy routs, but Ike and Mamie stay home and watch television.

Living in what is probably the world's most publicized hunk of architecture, the Eisenhowers are playing it strictly suburbia. Usually after dinner, the President changes into slacks and an old golf sweater, and he and Mamie adjourn to the second-floor hall and turn on TV.

Mamie likes the plays and movies—even the old ones. Ike prefers newsreels and light comedy, although he occasionally watches a panel discussion when it features an administration official.

One of the President's favorite TV programs

ILLUSTRATED BY AL HIRSCHFELD

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The Eisenhowers frequently have private movie shows in the White House. Once, while

Mamie spends much of the day answering mail. She gets up to 2,000 letters a week

has been the Arthur Godfrey show, which apparently appealed to him for its relaxed, easygoing quality. A friend quoted him as saying that he liked it "because you don't have to give it all your attention."

Ike was apt to be somewhat absent-minded about the star of the show. He has frequently caught himself up in the middle of referring to Mr. Godfrey, surely a man of positive personality, as "that guy Bing Crosby."

The pert first lady likes to tease her husband about the newsreels in which he appears, frequently complaining that his necktie is awry or that his suit looks creased. Once she taxed him with looking irritated in one particular scene. "I was," Ike replied equably. "My foot itched and I wanted to scratch it."

These nice days the first family also has discovered—and put to use—that controversial White House feature known as the Truman balcony. Several times on balmy nights they have taken their books out onto the balcony, or just sat there in rocking chairs and rocked.

Taking the Balcony Out of Politics

The President doesn't care a hoot what political implications this pleasure may have—he thinks the balcony was a swell idea. He even committed himself on this point before a group of state governors who were in Washington recently to attend a White House conference on national defense.

Showing the governors around, Ike led them outside and, pointing up to Mr. Truman's famous architectural vagary, told them: "You know, I may be a Republican, but I can't see anything wrong with that balcony at all."

Sedate domesticity may be what the Eisenhowers want, but it is not what Washington hostesses want, and they are bewildered because they had expected things to be different once Harry and Bess Truman moved out of the White House. Harry Truman was regarded as Mister Average Man; people took for granted that his social life should be on the unexciting side. But everyone was sure things would be gayer at the White House when a general who was also an international celebrity took over.

Apparently, capital society had overlooked Ike's basic country-boy characteristics. To date, Ike Eisenhower is far more Mister Average Man than was his predecessor, and in the homebody department the Eisenhowers make the Trumans look like a couple of gadabouts.

Since Ike took office, he and the first lady have kept to a bare minimum of really public evenings out, including a diplomatically mandatory movie sponsored by the Indian Embassy, a Metropolitan Opera performance in the capital, and a Women's National Press Club dinner.

In addition, the President has been a guest at about half a dozen evening occasions away from the White House, among them the spring Gridiron Club dinner and the White House Correspondents Association banquet, which are stag affairs.

Moreover, it seems likely the Eisenhowers will not increase this moderate social pace. On their schedule for the next six months are fewer than a dozen evening appearances—and some of these may be canceled if the President feels he needs more rest than he's getting.

That's the way the first family seems to want it. Amid the ceremony and endless routine which are the lot of our chief executive, Ike has found one consolation: as President, he can say no to social invitations without being impolite. "For years my evenings have been somebody else's," he told a friend recently. "That's the way it was, and I never resented it. But at last I've got a job where I can stay home nights, and, by golly, I'm going to stay home."

It is not only in their staying-at-home that the Eisenhowers are like the average American family, but also in the pleasures and recreations they find at home. Besides watching TV, they play bridge and canasta, and have friends in for a session around the piano. Both are movie fans, but even for movies they don't have to go out, because there's a movie theater on the ground floor of the White House, and the film companies provide any pictures the President wants to see.

Two or three movies a week are shown in the White House, usually light musicals or Westerns. The Eisenhowers have watched High Noon, which the President particularly liked; Hans Christian Andersen, which was requested for Mamie's mother, Mrs. Elivera Carlson Doud; and Never Wave at a WAC, starring Mamie's good friend, Rosalind Russell.

Ike really loses himself in a movie, especially if it has suspense. In High Noon there is a sequence in which Gary Cooper is being stalked by four killers through the streets of a cow-town and escapes from a burning barn by riding out on a horse.

During this scene, Ike bent forward in genuine anxiety for the hero. As Cooper leaped onto the horse and headed out of the barn, the President of the United States could contain himself no longer.

"Run!" shouted Ike Eisenhower.

Then, as the movie ended with virtue triumphant, Ike turned to Mrs. Doud and said with a sigh of relief, "By golly, I never thought he'd make it."

Another source of enjoyment for the Eisenhowers has been the company of their three small grandchildren, Dwight David II, who is five; Barbara Anne, three; and Susan Elaine, one—children of their only son, Major John Eisenhower.

The first lady, warmhearted and demonstrative, practically smothers the children with affection. She always visits their rooms to "see that they're tucked in" before she retires for the night. Mornings she likes to have them brought into her bedroom to chat with her while she drinks her coffee.

The girls climb all over Mamie, but young Dwight David—David to the family—has begun to feel it somewhat beneath his manly estate to accept a lot of kissing. During the children's Easter stay at the White House, David solved this problem by rationing his charms.

"I think it would be all right," he said to his grandmother, "for you to kiss me in the morning, at noon, and when I go to bed."

The President romps easily with the girls, tossing them into the air and chucking them under the chin. But his relationship with David is strictly man-to-man; they have frequent serious talks about such topics as soldiers, baseball, golf and what makes the water green in the White House swimming pool.

The President and David play a private, rather formal game of their own—they bow from the waist whenever they meet each other. The game started when David was little more than a baby, and Ike used to greet him with an exaggerated bow and a "Good day, sir." David mimicked his grandfather, and the custom has persisted.

Respect Combined with Deep Affection

David always treats his grandfather with respect, but it is the easygoing respect a child bestows on someone for whom he has deep affection. Thus, to David, the President is "Ike," a name he took to naturally when a baby because it was so easy to say.

To David, the President remains Ike, even under the most formal circumstances. Not long ago, David was listening to—or, rather, watching—his grandfather make a speech when the Secret Service man assigned to the boy asked, "And what's your name, young fellow?"

"My name," David replied carefully, "is Dwight David Eisenhower."

"And who's that?" asked the Secret Service man, pointing to the President.

"Oh," said David, his eyes lighting, "that's Ike."

The President is not ordinarily concerned with the youngsters' upbringing, but on one occasion he felt it necessary to take a hand in young David's personal appearance. On Easter Sunday the family was ready to leave for church and had gathered in the big ground-floor hall of the White House. Counting noses, the President glanced at another part of David's anatomy, and wordlessly whisked him off to a nearby bathroom.

They were back in a couple of minutes with a terse explanation from Ike: "David missed a spot behind one of his ears."

A Secret Service man surprised Ike cooking breakfast. But Ike couldn't find baking powder

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watching a Western, the President got so excited he yelled to the imperiled hero: "Run!"

When it comes to cards, the President and first lady go their separate ways: Mamie prefers canasta, Ike bridge. Neither has played much since they moved into the White House, but when the President does manage a rubber it's usually with William E. Robinson, publisher of the New York Herald Tribune; Clifford Roberts, a New York investment banker; and Major General Henry Sayler, retired, an old Army friend.

One day not long ago, Secretary of the Air Force Harold E. Talbott phoned the President to tell him that Oswald Jacoby, the noted bridge expert, was in town. Did Ike want him to arrange a game with Jacoby? Ike most assuredly did. "By all means," he told Talbott, "let's set it up for this Saturday night." But Ike couldn't wait. On the Friday before the appointed day he telephoned Talbott: "Can't you get Jacoby to come over tonight?" Talbott could, and that very evening at the White House the President and Jacoby paired off against Talbott and Chief Justice Vinson. They played two rubbers, which Ike and Jacoby won.

Among Mamie's Canasta Opponents

Mamie has played an occasional game of canasta with some old Army friends—Mrs. Everett Hughes, wife of Major General Hughes, retired; Mrs. Homer Gruenther, sister-in-law of NATO's new commander in chief, General Alfred M. Gruenther; and Mrs. Howard Snyder, wife of the President's physician.

All these are the people, too, who have been invited to come over on the infrequent occasions when the Eisenhowers have entertained at a musical evening—with cheese, crackers and beer. At such affairs, Mamie presides at the piano—she plays only by ear—and everyone joins in singing the old sentimental favorites she likes. Ike has a good baritone, but his voice is noteworthy only when Mamie switches to rollicking Army ballads.

These songs, of course, are the sort a man can really let himself go on, and Ike never spares the decibels. But when a gentler number comes up, the first lady sometimes feels that she should caution her husband concerning its mood. There was the evening when Mamie was about ready to render Dancing with Tears in My Eyes. But before striking the first notes, the first lady had a warning for the President. "Now, Ike," she told him. "Please, no bellowing."

Mostly, however, the President and first lady have been spending their evenings alone together. Occasionally, Mamie knits. Among her recent knitting projects were a pair of golf socks for the President and a carriage cover for her youngest grandchild. Often they both have work to catch up on; Ike has endless reports to study, Mamie endless letters to sign. Both also do a lot of light reading. Ike's favorites are still Westerns, while the first lady prefers historical novels. Often she sits up reading long after Ike has gone to bed.

Another Presidential recreation is, of course, golf. When he gets a chance, he plays 18 holes at the Burning Tree Club in nearby Maryland, but he thoroughly enjoys his practice sessions on the White House lawn.

When Ike first started these sessions, one of his aides teased him about the danger of a foreign assassin taking pot shots at him from the street.

The President grinned. "Point out one of those fellers to me," he said, "and I'll show you a direct hit at 250 yards."

When he is not working, Ike divides his Saturday afternoons and Sundays between golf and painting. Working at his easel relaxes him even more than playing golf does, and he tries to get in a session with the brush at least twice a week. The President takes a decent pride in his artistic talents, although he is far from awed by them. He likes to paint fast; he can finish a painting to his satisfaction in an afternoon, and once painted seven pictures in ten days.

President is an Arthur Godfrey fan, but sometimes confuses him with Bing Crosby

But once the paintings are finished, Ike is not impressed by their importance to posterity. He often wipes a painting off the canvas and starts right in on another one.

When a friend admonished him about this, Ike's reply was that of the true craftsman. "Oh," he said, "they're no fun once they're finished."

All these diversions are important to the President; he would have neither the time nor the energy for them if he indulged in any night-owl pursuits.

He is up, ordinarily, by 6:30 A.M. He showers, shaves—with a safety razor—and dresses, then breakfasts on half a grapefruit and a cup of coffee. His other meals are strictly of the meat-and-potatoes type—a lamb chop or a small steak for lunch, chicken or corned beef hash for dinner. He usually has a Scotch and plain water before dinner; less frequently, Mrs. Eisenhower has an old-fashioned. Both usually have two cups of coffee at dinner. Sometimes Ike goes to bed right after dinner. If not, it's TV, or a movie, or a session with a book. Even on such nights Ike is ready for bed at 11:00 P.M.; he considers it a late night when he stays up until midnight.

Swimming-Pool Attendant Wins a Bet

The President uses the White House pool only occasionally. He swims well, with an overhand stroke, and does a great deal of splashing. Once he bet the pool attendant, Staff Sergeant Robert Crawford, that he could stay under water a full minute; he came up after only 35 seconds.

Another of the President's hobbies is cooking, but so far as is known he has only indulged this fondness once since he took office. That time, an early Sunday morning, a Secret Service man surprised the President in the White House kitchen. Ike, dressed in a maroon silk robe, was stirring something in a bowl and muttering to himself. The Secret Service man cleared his throat diplomatically and asked if he could be of any assistance.

"I hope so," answered Ike, with something akin to a growl in his voice. "Where the devil do they keep the baking powder in this joint?" he inquired.

Mrs. Eisenhower's day starts almost three hours after her husband's. She is generally ready to look over her mail and start dictating by 9:00 A.M. Her breakfast is similar to her husband's—coffee, grapefruit and, sometimes, a slice of toast.

Then the first lady starts a day that is almost as strenuous as the President's. Her biggest chore is her mail; she gets an average of about 850 letters a week, but in a big week it will mount to 2,000. Then there are the inevitable luncheons and teas and the White House visitors. When the D.A.R. was in town, Mamie shook hands with 4,000 delegates in one day.

Just like any other wife, Mrs. Eisenhower has her household to manage. She confers every morning with Howell Crim, chief usher of the White House, and with Mrs. Mabel Walker, the housekeeper. At these sessions, Mrs. Walker suggests menus for lunch and dinner, and the first lady selects the ones which suit her fancy. Once a week she tries to have corned beef hash, Ike's favorite, and creamed chipped beef, which is hers.

Otherwise, Mrs. Eisenhower is an indifferent eater who watches her calories closely. A favorite lunch is a hamburger sandwich; at dinner she eats only half the portion Ike does.

The President, schooled by his military training, is exceedingly prompt in everything he does and is never late for a meal. If dinner is scheduled for eight o'clock, Ike is walking down the stairs to the family dining room as the clock is striking.

But Mamie is not quite so time-conscious, and often dinner has to be held up on her account.

Like most American husbands, the President takes these delays in good humor, but he often teases the first lady about her tardiness when she finally glides into the dining room.

"Do you realize you've kept the President of the United States waiting?" Ike asked her with a grin on one occasion.

"Why, no," replied Mamie, returning the grin. "I've been busy making myself pretty for my husband." ▲▲▲

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BEWARE, MY LOVE

Robert and my roommate Evvy could have found a stranger place to fall in love than Los Alamos, a town where nerve-racking tensions were more common than breathless love. And then suddenly I was alone and afraid—and Evvy was dead

By HAMLEN HUNT

WHEN I came to the curve that seemed so unguarded, even though there was a row of jagged, white-painted rocks to mark the edge, I thought: They'll have to replace some of the rocks now. They had already done so. I could not keep from looking down the steep, dry cliff; but if there were crushed bushes and a bare, untidy patch of earth, I noticed them only because I already knew about the accident. The car itself had been thoroughly and neatly gathered up and taken away for examination; and it was during this procedure that they had found the note Evvy had left in the glove compartment, addressed to Robert Payne Benson. All it said was, "I know." . . .

One of the pleasant, lean policemen had come over to the apartment where I was sitting all alone—Dave and his wife and the others had been there and gone—and asked if I could suggest what the note meant. I shook my head. It seemed to be a message intended only for Robert, with his full name carefully written out to call attention to that fact.

"Of course, Mr. Benson's naturally very upset," the policeman said. "He's all broken up. If it was something too personal to explain—"

"I don't know," I said. I closed my eyes because I was near exhaustion; I was too tired even to agree when Lieutenant Marrow, the policeman, said, "A —thing like this makes you wonder. I used to see her almost every day on her way to work in Tech Area." I thought: Well, maybe Evvy wanted somebody to wonder; but I couldn't make the effort to say the words aloud.

"I'm sorry," Lieutenant Marrow said. "We have to look into a—thing like this. I'm sorry." Then he went away. . . .

I had only braked, not stopped, and now I let my foot off the brake of the car I had borrowed, and I went on down the steep mountain road from Los Alamos, where I worked and where, until the day before yesterday, I had shared a utility apartment with Evelyn Frasee. As I drove, I wondered if I would ever get to the point where I could feel simple, welcome grief for the loss of my best friend. What I felt now, I had felt for forty-eight hours—a gritty-eyed tiredness and an oppressive guilt. Why had I not been more sensitive to what Evvy must have been feeling? I had not paid attention—not enough attention, anyway—and she had gone plunging off alone into the air, as though that were the only road she could take.

I looked off and away, as one has a compulsion to do, once a mountain road is familiar. The mountains were dark against the crystal absence of sky that one grew used to in this part of New Mexico. At midday the sun shed a moteless brilliance, and there before me were all the familiar, pitted, colored cliffs and distant mesas and dry river beds and uneven, earthy spaces, and no movement anywhere. Everything was fixed, bright, dry, silent.

I speeded up when I got to the flat main road to Santa Fe. Branching roads led off to Espanola and Santa Clara and Frijoles Canyon, where we used to ride and picnic among the deserted Indian cliff dwellings. Now I was on my way to meet Evvy's people. There was going to be a funeral service for Evvy in an old Spanish church, but her family was taking her home to Vermont for burial. They would feel grief, and their tears would freshen when they saw me, because I would remind them that I was alive and Evvy wasn't. Why—if she was happy, and about to be married? They would want to know, and I couldn't tell them why. I had made all the practical arrangements about Evvy, and I could introduce them to Robert. I could do no more. I dreaded seeing Robert.

EVVY loved Robert very much. She hadn't known many men—she had told me even her family was almost all women—and when she met Robert she had still on hand all the minor loves she should have expended when she was growing up: a crush on a boy in the next block, and a yearning for a professor in college who looked as though he had troubles at home. She loved Robert with all these loves, as well as with her adult, sudden, passionate love. I saw it happen, and I minded. I became invisible, as a roommate will in a love affair, and it seemed to me Evvy thought friendship was worth nothing, nothing—now that she was in love.

I resented Robert, and I enjoyed doing so. It was only natural, I told *(Continued on page 42)*

Robert's experience with women was in his every look; it was part of his power. And Evvy was the kind of girl who would accept even unfaithfulness, she was so in love

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

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Housewife Karin Nordgren-Kjellin, 33, is married to an actor, Alf Kjellin. They live in Stockholm, have one son

"Miss Sweden" in 1952 was 20-year-old Anne-Marie Tistler. She does gymnastics to keep slim, also likes to ski and sail

Collier's ***COLOR CAMERA***

Sweet and

How true are the reports that Sweden's women are t

Model Lillemor Egnell, 18, is a statuesque (5 foot 9), blue-eyed blonde who just graduated from a fashion school

Student Gunilla Jelf attends an advertising school, hopes to become a fashion designer. She's 18 years old

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Swedish

world's loveliest? Judge for yourself

THE Swedes are too modest to talk about it, but since Greta Garbo and Ingrid Bergman introduced their fabulous beauty to America, a legend has grown that there are more beautiful women in Sweden than in any other country in the world. Is the legend true? Many a starry-eyed tourist has returned to say that it is.

But despite their reserve, the Swedes will tell you that the glamorous actresses they have sent abroad are only representative of the ladies in Sweden—not exceptions. And, while pretending not to be judges of beauty, they add simply that no matter where you meet a Swedish girl you will find her "well-groomed, vital and healthy."

To provide a closer look at Swedish womanhood, photographer Karl Gullers—a Swede himself—set off across his native countryside with his camera. He met and photographed many handsome women of varying ages and occupations. His selections, on these pages, are—he says—typical of the beauty he found.

Do they prove that Sweden's women are the world's loveliest? Gullers tactfully refuses to voice an opinion. But he admits with a proud nationalistic twinkle in his eye that his camera often has opinions of its own. ▲▲▲

Actress Ingrid Thulin is a versatile graduate of the same dramatic school Greta Garbo attended. The 26-year-old star is also a trained ballet dancer and painter

Cook Gunvor Lindfors, 25, adds a pretty touch to *smörgåsbord* dishes at the Mosebacke, one of Stockholm's oldest restaurants

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KARL GULLERS

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His hand swept down, touched the runner as he slid in, and then, with magnificent wrist propulsion, Wally fired the ball to first base

The Last Inning

Old Wally had been shoved in and out of the majors so often this season he felt like a bureau drawer. Right now he was in, and he knew just how he wanted to play his last game—if he could

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

THE train that came to a stop in the railroad station at Hartford, Connecticut, disgorged Wally Voss, as usual. He found that his arrival occasioned no parade. Three times in the past two months he had returned this way, back to play shortstop for the Hartford Indians. They could use him, and that was more than could be said for the major leagues.

At the age of thirty-five, Wally Voss could look back upon a big-league career both memorable and distinguished. Six times he had been chosen for the midseason All-Star game, whose proceeds went to the players' pension fund, from which, he assumed bitterly now, he might soon benefit. Five straight years he had led the league in fielding. Playing for the Falcons, a team that had come no closer to winning the pennant in the past fifteen years than Stalin to the Nobel peace prize, often he had done brilliantly, always well. Indeed, he might now have had a job as manager or coach somewhere, except for an ingrown resolution born of too many sleeper jumps and too many August double-headers in St. Louis, that when he hung up his spikes as a player, he would say good-by to baseball.

Pride told him that the way to end an honorable career on the diamond would be with a major-league team, but every major-league team that had called him up in recent weeks had thought otherwise. To be sure, they had offered to keep him on, at least until the roster-limit deadline; but it had been said once of Wally Voss that he played his 154 games each year, drunk or sober; and he preferred not to wind up his career in a blaze of splinters from the bench. An equally ignominious gesture was that of Boston, his last transient port of call, where he was installed not at shortstop, but at third base for a two-game series with Washington. Haggerty, the Boston manager, had reasoned that Wally Voss's aging legs would do less damage at third than at short, a stroke of wisdom that backfired spectacularly as Washington bunted them silly.

In the Hartford station now, Wally went into a telephone booth and called the home of Rafael Willoughby, who managed the local team in the Eastern League. Willoughby's era in the majors had preceded that of Wally Voss, but he too had been a shortstop and, in his present stage of approaching senility, he regarded Wally as a son. "Ah," he said into the telephone now, "the prodigal."

"I'm back," Wally said. "Do you want to hear what it was like in Boston?"

"No," Willoughby said. "I'm assuming it was more or less the same as it was in Philadelphia two weeks ago, and in Cleveland before that."

"You'd think," Wally said, absently and without

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rancor, "that somebody could use a shortstop."

"Somebody can," Willoughby said. "We play Wilkes-Barre tonight."

"Ah," Wally said.

"A twi-night double-header," Willoughby said.

"Ah," Wally said again.

"Yes, indeed," Rafael Willoughby said, "I believe this is the fifth time you have been in and out of my line-up since you started looking, like an elephant, for a place to die. So I shall celebrate by placing you fifth in the batting order."

"Nice," Wally said. "And where are we these days in the standings?"

"Fifth," Willoughby said, and he rang off.

Wally Voss went outside and got into a taxicab that drove, at his direction, through the station underpass on Church Street, up Edwards Street, and over to the small building on Homestead Avenue that housed the offices of Sir Stork, Inc., which was Wally Voss's insurance against that day when he would no longer play baseball. Sir Stork was a taxicab service that specialized in taking expectant mothers to the hospital. Eventually Wally expected to expand the service to include other types of rapid transit, but for now, in the hands of three able young men and a secretary, whom he had not yet met, it was flourishing without him.

THE sign on the door said SIR STORK, INC., and directly underneath and to the right, W. Voss, President. Wally opened the door and went in, half expecting to find Burt Nostrand, his chief assistant, waiting for him with the week's profits in his claw. What greeted his eyes instead was a sight that had something of an advantage over Burt Nostrand, devastatingly handsome though Burt might have been.

The girl sat at a desk over by the window, beside a small switchboard. She was dark-haired and wore a sweater. This, he surmised, would be the secretary Burt Nostrand had hired.

He smiled at the girl and said, "Good morning. Is Mr. Nostrand in?"

"Oh," she said, smiling back at him, "you must be the new driver. Won't you have a chair? I'm expecting Mr. Nostrand any minute."

Wally Voss was on the verge of explaining, at whatever length might prove necessary, that he was not the new driver; that he was, in fact, W. Voss, President. Then the thought that business had picked up so much that Burt was taking on yet another hand bemused him, and he sat down. He looked at his hands for a while, and then he looked back at the girl; and after that he did not look at his hands again. There had been no wives for Wally Voss over the years; not even, to be sure, just one wife. And that was a fact that sharpened his appreciation.

A thought came to him at last. He jerked his thumb toward the door and said, "That W. Voss on the sign there—isn't he the famous ballplayer?"

The girl nodded emphatically. "Shortstop for the Indians," she said.

"The Cleveland Indians?"

"The Hartford Indians."

Great, Wally Voss said to himself. Fifteen years in the majors and you go down in history as the shortstop for the Hartford Indians. He said casually, "I went to the game last night. I didn't see him."

"He doesn't play all the time," the girl said. "He's always making trips to the teams in Boston and Cincinnati and those places. I guess he tries out for them. I don't know too much about baseball."

"Well," Wally Voss said cautiously, "does he make these trips on his own, or do they send for him?"

"I don't know," the girl said. "All I know is, he always comes back to Hartford."

The door opened, and Burt Nostrand came in. "Ah," he said, "back from Boston, hey?"

"You talk like I'm a traveling salesman or something," Wally said. "Looks like business is good."

"Good," Burt Nostrand said and nodded his head. "I'm taking on an extra man, that's how good it is. We had two sets of twins yesterday. One was born just as you let that grounder go through you at third base up in Boston. It was the first one of the first set of twins. It happened in the car, but we made it to the hospital for the second one. I had the radio on at the time, trying to get the mother's mind off her own troubles. I think you hastened the birth."

"She must be a Boston fan," Wally said. "Perhaps they will name it Bobble, after me."

"Don't be bitter," Burt said, and he grinned at the girl behind the desk. "Hello, Judy. Did you meet your boss?"

"I think," Judy said, "that there was a little bit of confusion. I thought he was the new driver."

"Let him mess up a couple of more ground balls and he will be," Burt said cheerily. He shook his head. "There's nothing like an old ballplayer on his way down."

"I'm not old," Wally Voss said.

Thirty-five, he told himself, as he drove out to the ball park late that afternoon, was not old. But it *was* old for shortstops—though Luke Appling had gone to forty, and probably beyond. But for most things it was not old; for Judy, the new girl in the office . . .

He found Rafael Willoughby, the manager, waiting for him in the clubhouse. "Listen," Willoughby said to Wally, without preamble, "I got news for you."

"Aren't you even going to say hello," Wally said to him, "tell me how glad you are to see me?"

"I saw you the other day. Where you been? Boston? Big deal."

"It's all right," Wally said. "I'm in love."

"I want to tell you something," Willoughby said.

"Her name is Judy," Wally said. "She has brown eyes."

"That's splendid," the manager said. "Do you want to hear what I have to say to you or not?"

"I can't explain it, my feeling this way," Wally said. "I only just now met her, today. You know, it's something that comes over you. You can feel all warm—you get that tight feeling in your throat."

Rafael Willoughby studied him. "Well," he said, "there's bicarbonate in the cabinet over there, back of the rubbing table."

Wally grinned at him. "What was it you wanted to tell me?" he said.

"I forget," the old manager said.

Wally got three hits in the two games against Wilkes-Barre and performed flawlessly afield. After the game he had a late supper with Judy, who told him he was the greatest player she had ever seen, including Vince DiMaggio.

"You mean Joe," Wally said.

Judy shook her head, and Wally adored her.

"Dom," he suggested.

"No," she said, "I'm quite sure I mean Vince."

"Ah, well," Wally said and shrugged it off. Vince had been pretty good too. When he had caught hold of one, it really sailed.

The following night it rained, and Wally took Judy to a movie. The night after that he hit two home runs against Wilkes-Barre pitching, and he threw a runner out at the plate on a lightning peg from the relay slot in medium left field. One grounder, out over second base, he should have had, but his legs would not get him there in time; and he gave it an enraged wave as it rolled out into center field. But he went high in the air to spear the next batter's line drive and turn it into a double play.

When he got back to the bench, he said to Rafael Willoughby, "That's why I still belong in the majors."

Willoughby nodded his head. "That's what I was trying to tell you the other day," he said. "I think you're going back up again, if you don't get train-sick traveling back and forth. Only this time you may stick it out for the rest of the season."

Wally looked at him. "What club?"

Rafael Willoughby made a face. "The Falcons."

"But they got rid of me."

The manager shrugged. "Okay," he said. "Now I'm telling you. Meistersinger broke his leg, and Coleman doesn't have enough experience."

Meistersinger was the shortstop at Indianapolis; and the Falcons were, Wally knew, about to bring him up to take the place of Coleman, who was not working out at short.

"What I wanted to tell you the other day," Willoughby went on, "was to go real good against Wilkes-Barre. But you went real good against Wilkes-Barre anyway. Why, I'll never know."

"I'm in love," Wally said.

"That must be it," Willoughby said. "Well, they're giving Coleman one more shot, against Detroit. We'll see what he does."

Wally told Judy about it that night after the game. He said to her, "I don't want to leave Hartford, but I would like most of all to play out one more season in the majors. You know how it is?"

"No," she said, and she kissed him. "Do you mind being kissed on such short notice?"

"Me?" he said, half in delirium. "Mind?"

"Wally," Judy said to him, "I am not in the habit of becoming infatuated with men upon such short notice, but you do things to me. I talked to Burt Nostrand about you today. He said you should never play in the major leagues again, because you don't have it any more. I agree, mainly because I want you around. I say this without shame. So don't go away."

"Well," Wally said, and he kissed her one more time. "We'll see what Coleman does against Detroit."

COLEMAN went 0-for-9, in a Sunday double-header against Detroit, and committed three errors afield. The next morning there was a telegram from the Falcons. SEND VOSS, it said.

Rafael Willoughby showed the telegram to Wally Voss. "My boy," he said, "you're going back to the big leagues, for the seventeenth time in what seems like the last sixteen days. I love you dearly, and I hope your legs hold out. Sit down as frequently as you can. Don't pace the dugout unnecessarily. Spare yourself at all times."

"Yes," Wally said. "I will put the Falcons into the World Series, and then I shall be married in the fall."

"All right," Willoughby said sadly. "You can always come back and play shortstop for me."

Wally went over to the offices of Sir Stork, Inc., and said a tearful farewell to Judy and Burt Nostrand.

"Don't make it too emotional," Burt advised. "We may be seeing you again in a week or so."

"Not this time," Wally said. "This time I stay up. Back with the Falcons—My old ball club. My—"

"All right," Burt said. "Traveling Pete—he's off. Kiss your lady fair good-by, and then I will take over."

"You will keep your meathooks off of her," Wally said, and he kissed Judy.

"Good-by, mister," she said. "I hope I never see you again."

In the clubhouse of the Falcons, Wally Voss won a mixed reception. Kenton, the second baseman, was unhappy. "I understand," he said to Wally, "you have reached the point where you are running on a treadmill,

"See! It really isn't a death-ray gun. It's really a water pistol"

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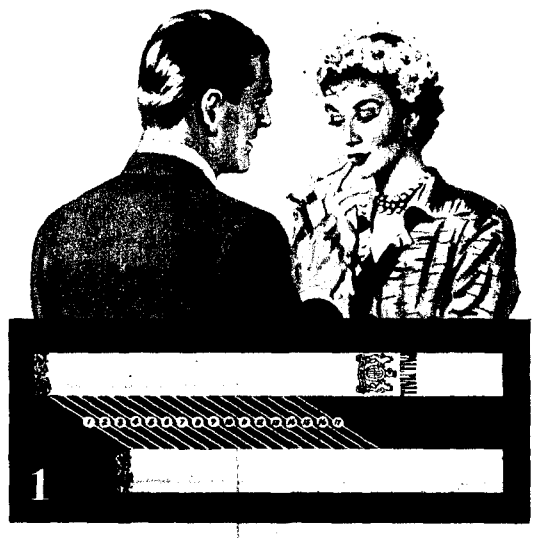

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which means I cover your position as well as mine."

"Watch it, flannelmouth," Wally said to him. "I help you set a double-play record two years ago, and I can do it again. They don't get by old Wally."

"They not only get by him," Kenton said, "they get through him. They go under him and over him. Why didn't you stay in Hartford?"

"The Falcons needed me," Wally said. "As a swan song, I am going to put them into the World Series. Can you use the extra money?"

"Yes," Kenton said. "I can also see, for the first time, how we might finish ninth in an eight-team league. Well, we play Philadelphia tonight. Can you still see at night?"

"Like an owl," Wally said.

He collected two hits against Philadelphia, and he and Kenton pulled their pet hitting play, where Wally reached first on a single and Kenton, batting left-handed, put the ball on the ground into left field as Wally went down to second, drawing the shortstop out of position. The hit-and-run, with the ball going ahead of the runner, instead of behind, sent Wally into third base standing up. The Falcons took Philadelphia 7 to 3, went on to sweep the series, and then banged Boston three straight, to go from fifth to third place.

TWO weeks later, as the result of a winning streak that had escaped even the foresight of the original Nostradamus, the Falcons were leading the league by two games and about to begin a three-game series with second-place New York.

"Have you been reading the papers?" Wally said to Judy over the telephone. He talked long-distance to her every other night. "Have you seen how we're doing?"

"Yes," she said. "I read only yesterday how, if the Falcons only had a shortstop, they would be a shoo-in for the flag."

"What's wrong with me?"

"You just ain't the speed-ball you once was," Judy said.

"I get by," he said.

"Clint Courtney threw you out stealing yesterday," Judy said, "by ten yards."

"Clint Courtney has a good arm for a young fellow," Wally said. "How's business?"

"All right," she said. "I had my first triplets last night."

"That's nice," Wally said. "I love you, Judy."

"Come home," Judy said. "Let Coleman play shortstop."

"Don't be ridiculous," Wally said, and kissed the mouthpiece of the telephone, and hung up.

In the first game against New York, Wally had a good day in the field. What he lacked in speed and jump, he made up for by position play, knowing from long experience where the enemy batters were most likely to put the ball. New York got in front 2 to 1; but in the last of the ninth, with men on first and third and one out, Wally sliced a slow grounder at the second baseman, too slow for a double play. In his mind's eye, as he raced for first base, he could see the tying run crossing the plate. The ball got to first before he did; obviously the second baseman had made the safe play to get the batter, letting the man on first move to second.

Wally panted a few times, stepped on first, and looked around. He saw players from both sides leaving the field.

"Come on, Mercury," Kenton called to him from the dugout. "The ball game's over. They got two while you were crawling down to first."

Wally turned to the first-base umpire. "Did they get a double play?"

"Buddy," the umpire said, "in the time it took you to get down to first, they could have got a triple play. They didn't need one, is all."

Wally took a deep breath and went into the clubhouse. Simpson, the manager of the Falcons, awaited him with despair in his eyes. "It's my fault," he said. "I should have put in a pinch hitter. I forgot you don't remember how to run."

"What do you mean?" Wally said. He went sulkily back to the hotel, and when he got to his room he took off his clothes and soaked his aching legs in a hot bath. The thought of playing New York tomorrow dismayed him.

But play New York he did, and went down with the Falcons to defeat, 6 to 2. A line single with the bases loaded had broken the dikes for New York; the ball had traveled two feet beyond the sprawling clutch of Wally Voss at shortstop, a ball which, in other years, he would have put in his pocket.

"You know," he said to Judy over the telephone, "I think I have a touch of the flu. My legs ache."

"Get the next train, Grandpa," she said. "It'll be good to see you again."

"No," he said, "I think an aspirin will do it. I just have to get over this ache in the legs, and I will be fine. Watch me tomorrow."

Watching him, when tomorrow came, were fifty thousand fans. They had jammed into the Falcons' ball yard to watch the two teams, now tied for the league lead, battle it out. They went 0-0 for the first six innings, the two top pitchers working against each other with a blinding assortment of stuff.

In the last of the seventh Wally got on with a walk. Kenton bunted him to second; and when Jones, the right fielder, singled over third, Wally came tearing around, turning wide and heading for home. It was not, he realized completely for the first time, influenza, nor gout, nor Charley horse that prevented him from traveling faster. It was simply that he was no longer nineteen years old, or even twenty-nine.

He saw the New York catcher bracing himself, and twelve feet from home he hit the dirt in a perfect fallaway. The catcher had the ball, but Wally Voss's skidding foot flicked at the tag, and the ball rolled away.

When he got to the bench, Simpson, the manager, said, "You want to rest it out? I can put Coleman back at short for the last three innings."

"Don't be silly," Wally said. "Never let it be said Wally Voss went down riding the bench."

Simpson said, "I wish for once in your life you would quit worrying how you're going to go down," but he went along. As if in perfect reference, Wally took a hit away from the New York first baseman the next inning, not by getting to the ball, but by being in the right place when it was hit.

Then in the ninth, with New York runners on first and second and nobody out, he flung himself to his right to knock down a scorcher, keeping the ball in the infield and preventing the tying run from coming home—he could make no play and the bases now were loaded.

The infield came in, but the batter, trying to squeeze the tying run home, popped it up, and Wellington, the first baseman for the Falcons, gloved it for the out. Now the Falcon infield dropped back. The bases still were loaded; but there was one out, and the double play was a distinct possibility, especially with Silver, the Falcon pitcher, throwing them hard and low.

He got two strikes on the New York batter, then wasted one outside, then came back at the knees again, and this time the batter swung, and the ball went skipping back over the mound and through the middle, headed out over second base.

It was a left-handed batsman, and it was Wally Voss's play; but as he turned and dug back of second on his tired legs, he knew he would not come within yards of the ball. Resignedly, more out of instinct than anything else, he cut toward second base.

Then he was aware of Kenton, the second baseman, hurtling back of the dirt, practically facing center field as he grabbed the ball spectacularly with his bare hand and, in the same motion, whipped it blindly toward second base.

Wally Voss reached his own bare hand out and upward. He speared the throw in the air, moving over second base and letting his momentum carry him past the runner sliding in. His hand swept down, touched the runner as he slid, and then, with magnificent wrist propulsion, fired the ball to first base. It all had taken place within an instant. The double play was in; the game was over. And now, in delayed reaction, the stands roared forth their gratitude, their delight—even, to be sure, their amazement.

Wally Voss and Kenton reached the clubhouse together. Simpson, the manager, came up and hugged them collectively. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have never seen that play work before."

Kenton said, "Neither have I." He looked at Wally Voss and added, "Neither has he." He took a breath. "I just want to say one thing: this is the slowest man in baseball, and I consider it a privilege to play alongside him. He has forgotten more things about baseball than I ever learned."

"I have forgotten one thing," Wally Voss said. He did not say it unhappily. "I have forgotten how to run. If anybody is interested, my legs are killing me."

"Well," Simpson said, "Coleman has been looking pretty good in practice lately. If you want, you can rest for a while, and we'll use him in there."

"No," Wally said, "I will not go down resting."

"I give up," Simpson said. "Have it your way."

WALLY went into the shower and stood under it for twenty minutes, but the ache did not go away. After a while he went over to Coleman, who was also taking a shower, for what in Coleman's case was no good reason.

Wally Voss said, "Coleman, I think you are going to be playing shortstop tomorrow."

Coleman dropped the soap. "I always gum it up."

"You will not have to worry about anybody taking your place," Wally said to him, "and that will give you confidence. I always said my last game of baseball would be a great one. I have a lovely girl who loves me, and I do business with expectant mothers, and I have everything to be happy for. Furthermore, my legs are stiff, like a goat's, and they are not going to improve any. I have had it, Coleman. Pass the word around."

When he got back to the hotel, Wally read the early editions of the morning papers, which hailed him to a fault. Then he called Hartford, Connecticut, and got Rafael Willoughby on the telephone.

"Tell Judy and Burt," Wally said, "that I'm coming home."

"You were marvelous, Wally," the old man said.

"I know it," Wally said. "I am also washed-up."

"Yes," Willoughby agreed. "But if you want to, you can still play shortstop for me."

"I don't want to," Wally said.

"Well," the old man said, "I love you anyway. I will stand up for you at your wedding, and I may even drive one of those cabs of yours the night your wife goes to the hospital for the first baby."

"You'll probably be playing Scranton at the time," Wally said happily. "Otherwise, I would hold you to it."

Rafael Willoughby said something remarkably unpleasant about Scranton, and hung up.

The telephone rang again, and this time it was Kenton, the second baseman. He said, "I just heard. Good-by, big-leaguer."

"Don't talk to me that way," Wally said. "I might be back." ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S

"Personally, I don't think he's *half* as good as his imitators!"

GEORGE WOLFE

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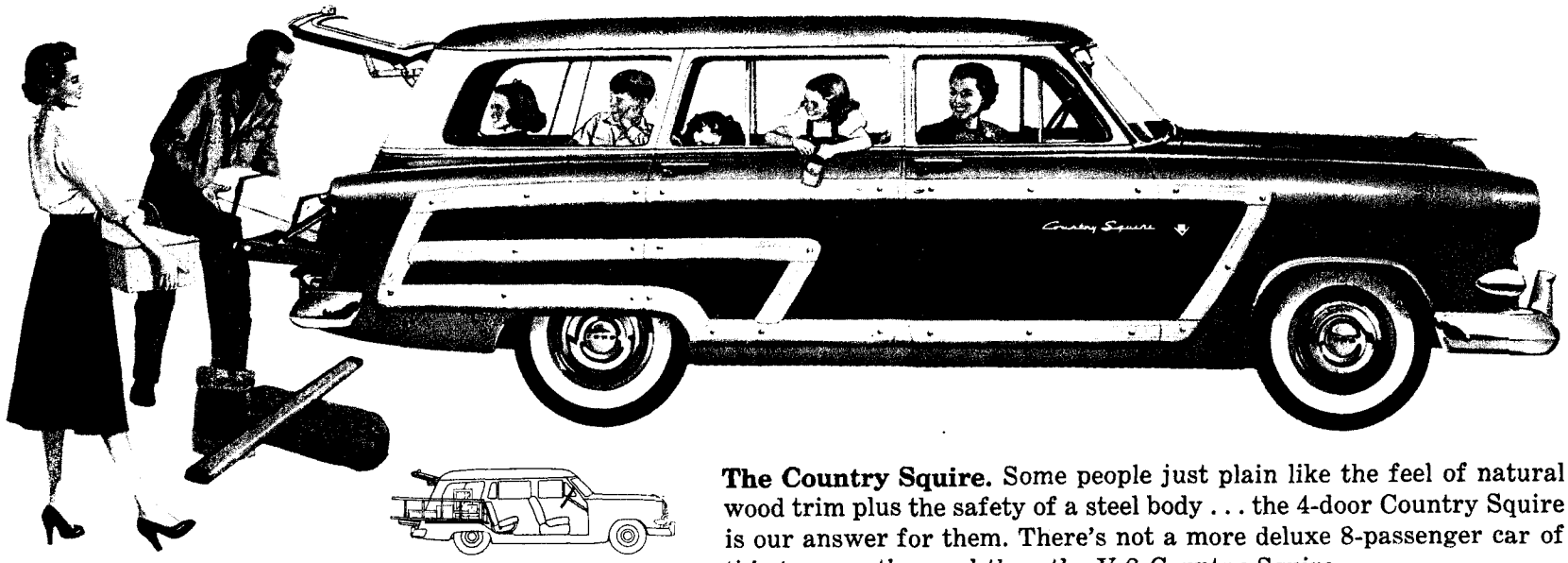


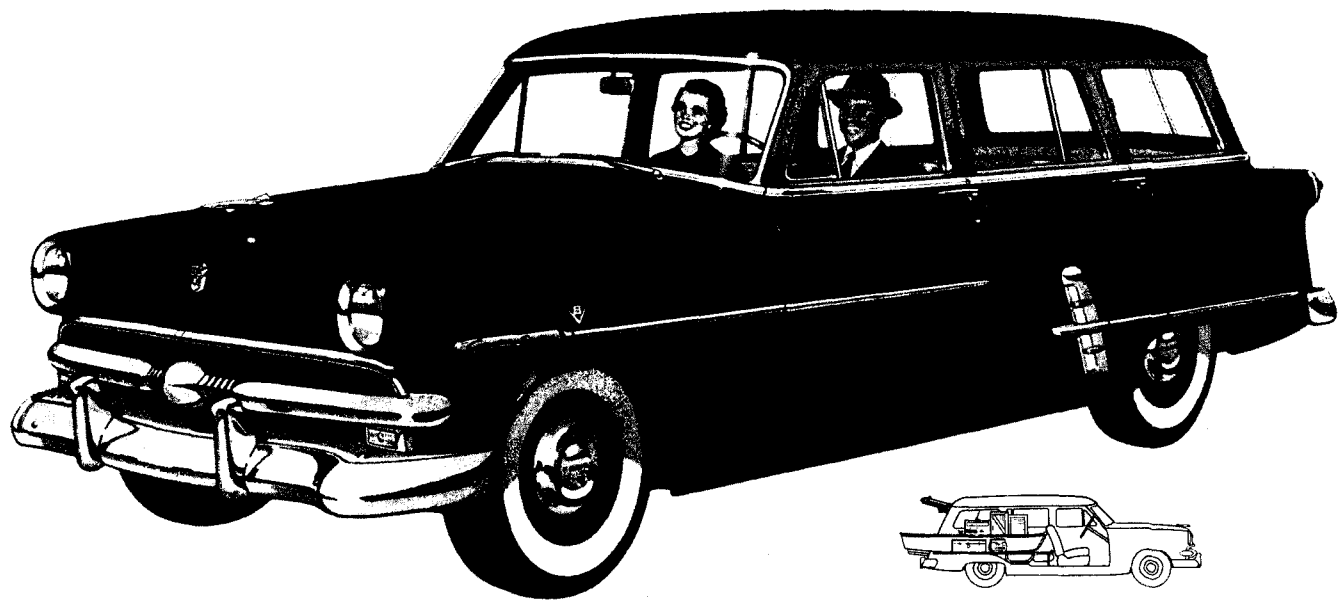
The Country Squire. Some people just plain like the feel of natural wood trim plus the safety of a steel body . . . the 4-door Country Squire is our answer for them. There's not a more deluxe 8-passenger car of this type on the road than the V-8 Country Squire.

What's your taste in Station Wagons?

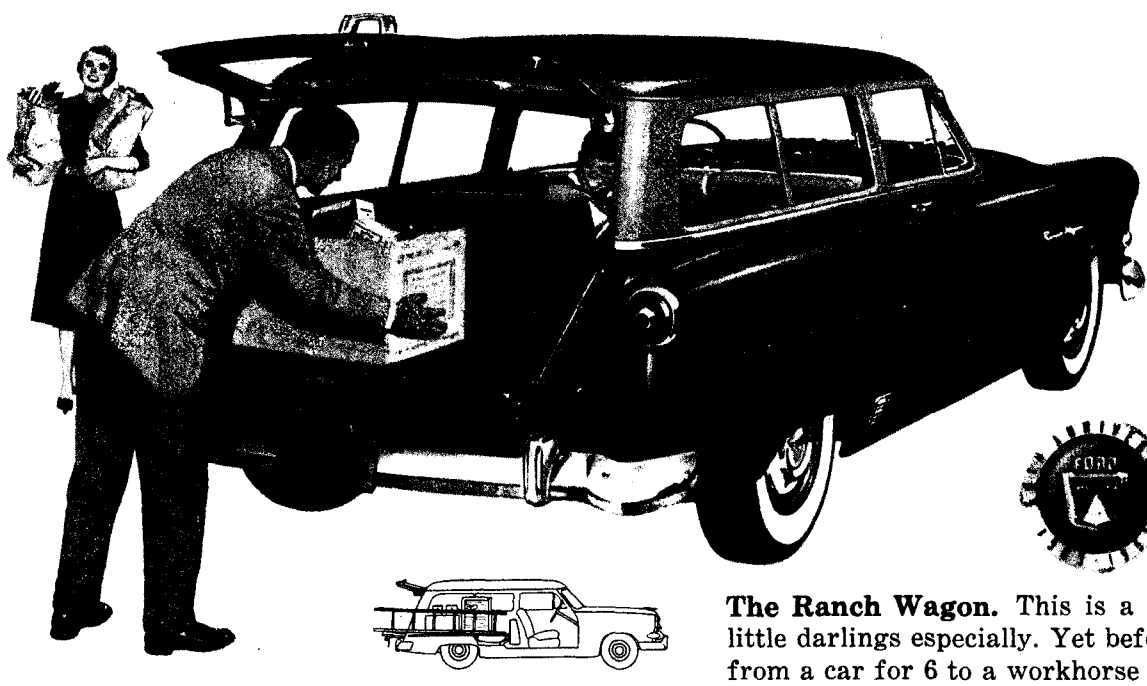
Ford covers the waterfront with not just one station wagon, not just two, but *three* separate and distinct types!

For example some like a 4-door station wagon—some like a 2-door. Ford has *both*. We all know people who want 6-passenger comfort, while others want comfort with room for 8. Ford has that, too. And you get your choice of not one but three "drives" (you ought to try a Ford Station Wagon with Fordomatic—it's terrific). Plus that wonderful new Ford ride.

Now—no matter which one you pick you get all the quality Ford stands for all the way through . . . and Ford's famous 41 "Worth More" features which make all Fords worth more not only when you buy *but* when you *sell!*



The Country Sedan. Here's 1953's smartest, all-metal, 4-door station wagon. Like the Country Squire, it's V-8 powered and equally at home in city or country. It, too, converts from an 8-passenger sedan to a carry-all with 8½ feet of level load space.



The Ranch Wagon. This is a two-door darling—for families with little darlings especially. Yet before you can say "Junior" it converts from a car for 6 to a workhorse that's the envy of the neighborhood. Take your choice of V-8 or 6 power.

Remember:

Ford

is America's largest selling station wagon!

Fifty Years Forward on the American Road

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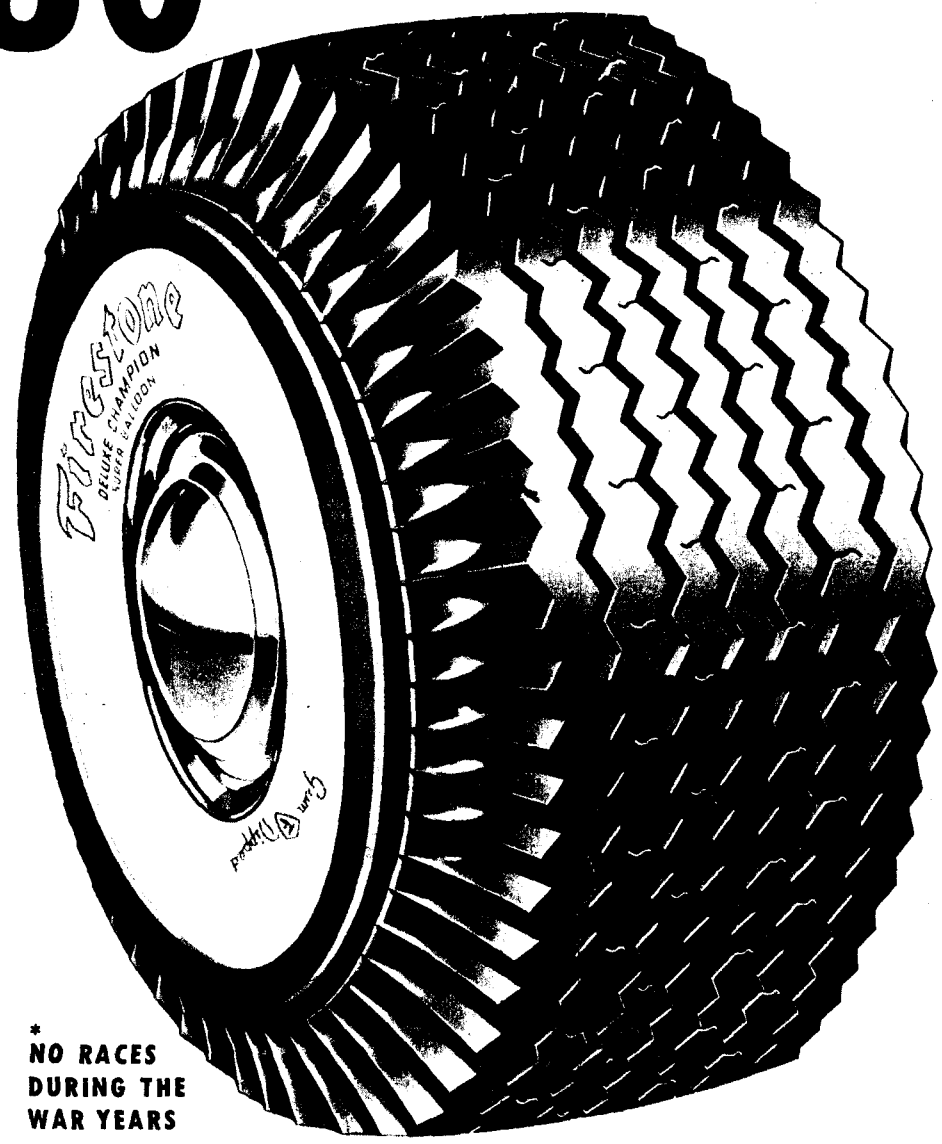
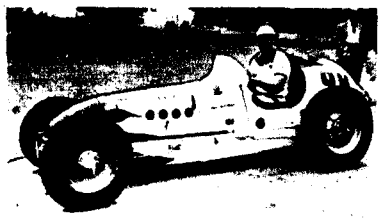
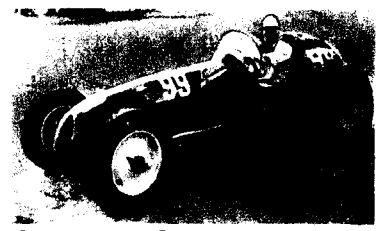
CHOOSE THE 30 CONSECUTIVE





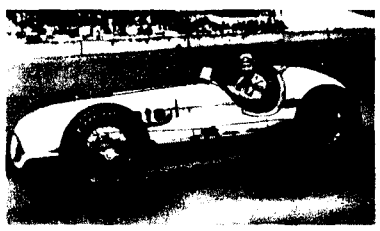
1952 128.922 M.P.H. TROY RUTTMAN



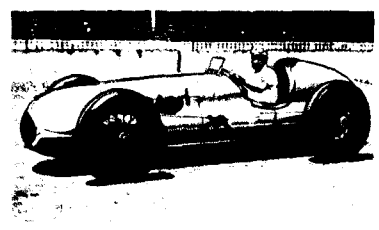
1951 126.244 M.P.H. LEE WALLARD

1950 124.002 M.P.H. JOHNNIE PARSONS

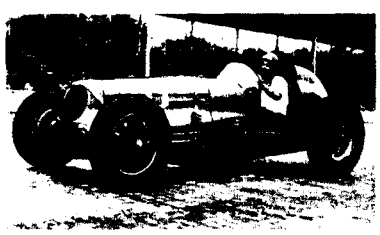
1949 121.377 M.P.H. BILL HOLLAND



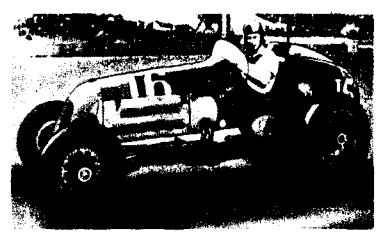
1948 119.813 M.P.H. MAURI ROSE



1947 116.33 M.P.H. MAURI ROSE



***1946** 114.8 M.P.H. GEORGE ROBSON

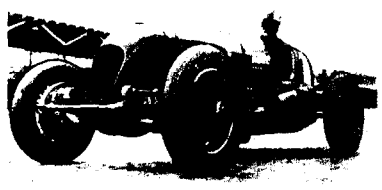


***1941** 115.117 M.P.H. MAURI ROSE, FLOYD DAVIS

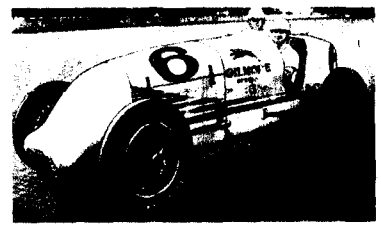
1940 114.277 M.P.H. WILBUR SHAW

1939 115.035 M.P.H. WILBUR SHAW

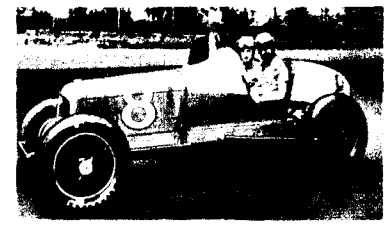
* NO RACES DURING THE WAR YEARS



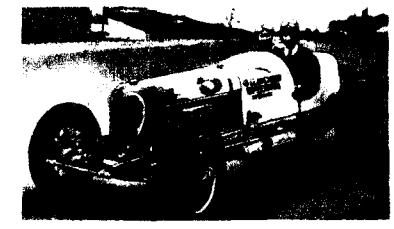
1938 117.20 M.P.H. FLOYD ROBERTS



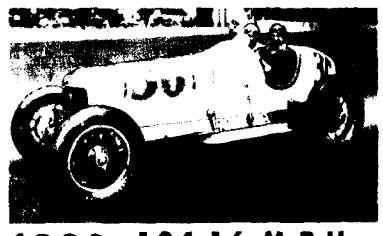
1937 113.58 M.P.H. WILBUR SHAW



1936 109.06 M.P.H. LOUIS MEYER



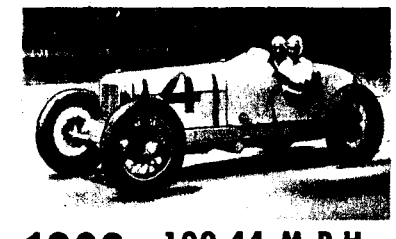
1935 106.24 M.P.H. KELLY PETILLO



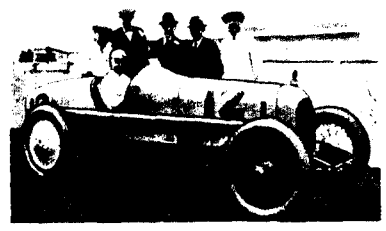
1933 104.16 M.P.H. LOUIS MEYER

1932 104.14 M.P.H. FRED FRAME

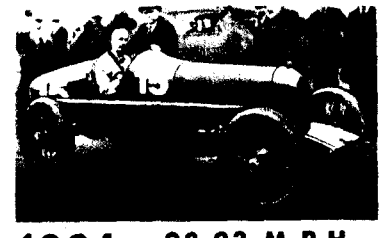
1931 96.62 M.P.H. LOUIS SCHNEIDER



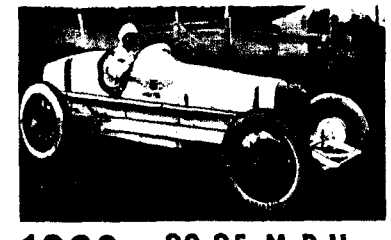
1930 100.44 M.P.H. BILLY ARNOLD



1925 101.13 M.P.H. PETE DE PAOLO



1924 98.23 M.P.H. JOE BOYER, L. CORUM



1923 90.95 M.P.H. TOMMY MILTON

1922 94.48 M.P.H. JIMMY MURPHY

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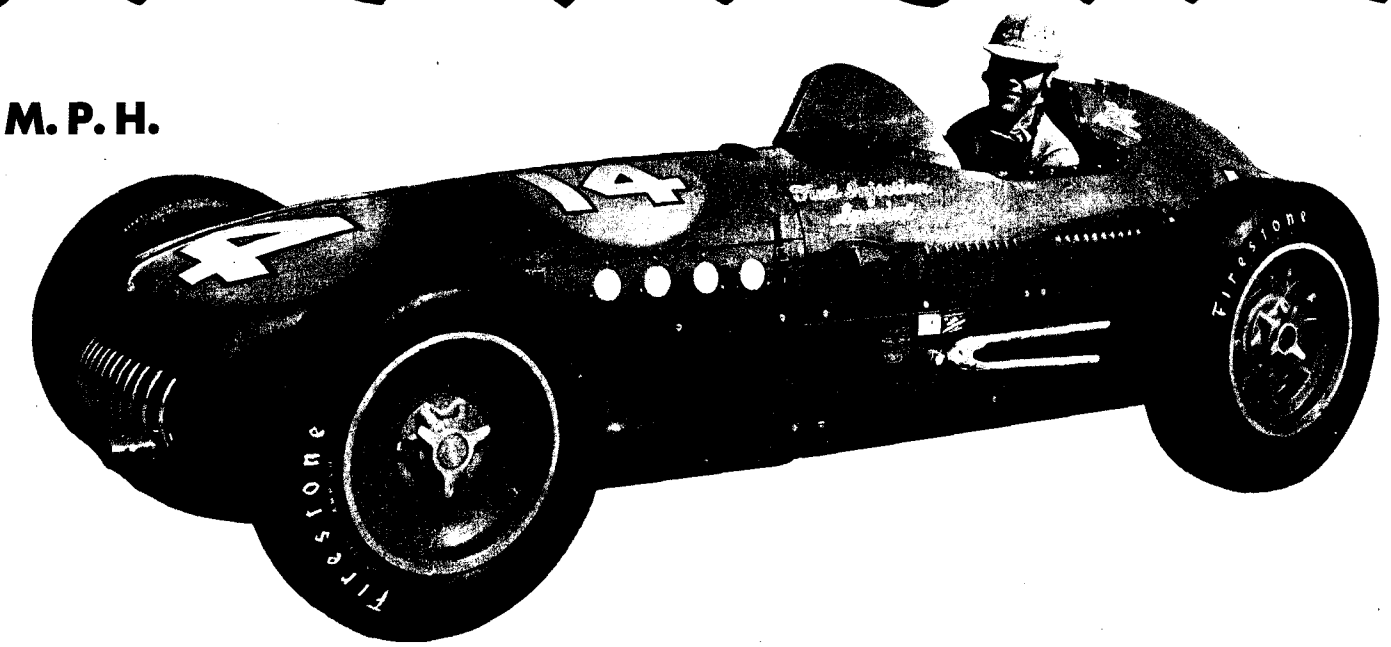
CHOICE OF CHAMPIONS

INDIANAPOLIS RACES HAVE BEEN WON ON

Firestone

1953—128.740 M. P. H.
BILL VUKOVICH



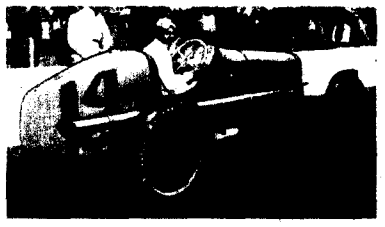
The Only Tires Made That Are Safety Proved On The Speedway For Your Protection On The Highway

THE Indianapolis Race is more than a breath-taking spectacle of speed; more than a colorful carnival of thrills and chills. It is not just a stunt.

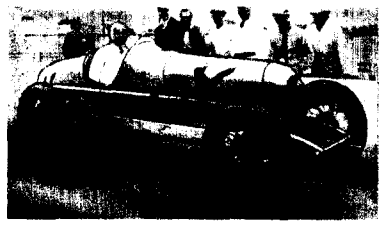
On the contrary it is a practical, torturous test of new automotive developments before they are adopted for regular production. Authorities say that 500 miles on the speedway are equal to 50,000 miles of ordinary driving . . . 5 years of average service crowded into less than 4 hours!

For many years, every driver in the race has *bought* Firestone Tires, because no driver is willing to risk his life or chances of victory on anything less than the safest tires that money can buy. Remember *that* fact the next time *you* buy tires. Protect your life and the lives of others by equipping your car with a set of new Firestone Tires.

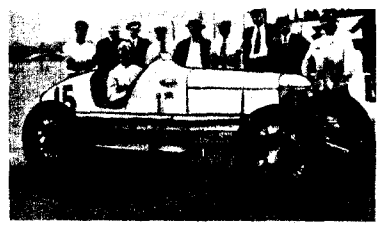
1929 97.58 M.P.H. RAY KEECH



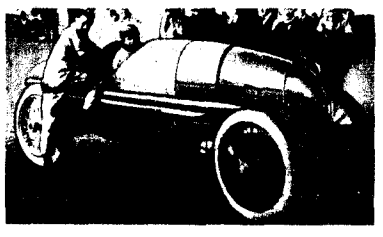
1928 99.48 M.P.H. LOUIS MEYER



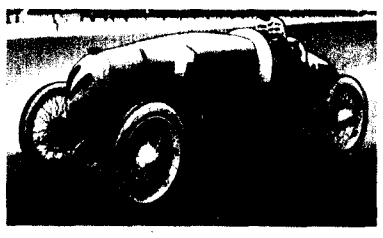
1927 97.54 M.P.H. GEORGE SOUDERS



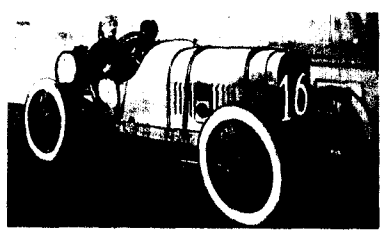
1926 95.88 M.P.H. FRANK LOCKHART



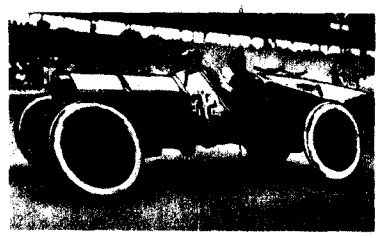
1921 89.62 M.P.H. TOMMY MILTON



1920 88.55 M.P.H. GASTON CHEVROLET



1913 76.92 M.P.H. JULES GOUX



1911 74.99 M.P.H. RAY HARROUN

1934 104.86 M.P.H. WILD BILL CUMMINGS

write to The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., Dept. H, Akron, Ohio

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone on radio or television every Monday evening over NBC

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The Soldier Who Went AWOL U.S. to KOREA

Give Pfc Robert Von Kuznick credit: he tried to get to Korea the conventional way. But when the Army told him he was too valuable to spare from a stateside assignment, the draftee bluffed and hitchhiked his way 9,000 miles into battle. And when he finally confessed, no one believed his incredible story

By ROBERT C. GOODMAN

THE austerity of the military courtroom thawed only slightly under the slanting shafts of late-afternoon sunlight. A firm-jawed private first class sat motionless, trying to read the mind of the court-martial officer. The soldier had been found guilty of being AWOL long enough to be considered ordinarily a deserter and was now awaiting sentence. His fate was in the hands of a major with graying temples, entrenched behind a desk heaped with typewritten documents.

"Your offense," began the major, "is a grave one." Beads of sweat sparkled on the soldier's brow. "You did wrong," the major continued, "but your motives were right. I am obliged to fine you ten dollars."

That evening the jubilant soldier enjoyed a pass on the town, a profoundly enthusiastic believer in the benignity of military justice.

JOHN FLOREA

The court-martial at Camp Drake, near Tokyo, Japan, had climaxed five months of Army soul searching over the audacious antics of Pfc Robert W. Von Kuznick, a twenty-five-year-old Cleveland, Ohio, draftee who wrote a new meaning into the term AWOL.

Von Kuznick's breach of regulations was no ordinary case of duty shirking or chiseling extra leave time. This rugged ex-landscape architect thoroughly unnerved the Army by parlaying a three-day pass into a 9,000-mile hitchhike from Fort Knox, Kentucky, to Korea, where he fought the Communists under three flags before he finally confessed his escapade.

Exactly how a GI could accomplish such monumental vagrancy and why he would even attempt it were secrets that the embarrassed Army kept to itself until recently. But with Von Kuznick's rotation home, the lid has been lifted on a story packed with more thrills, derring-do and narrow escapes than a dozen installments of a movie serial.

Urge to Fight Overcame Obstacles

Close up, the AWOL hero is a dark-haired man of medium height, with a soft voice and a shy smile. Ask him, and he'll quietly explain that his astounding trip was no stunt or practical joke. He simply made up his mind to fight in Korea, then combined the luck of a sweepstakes winner with a calm, native shrewdness to overcome obstacles that would have thwarted a general.

The trouble was that the Army didn't want Pfc Von Kuznick to fight in Korea. Not that he lacked the talents for it; on the contrary, three months after his induction in the spring of 1951 he had displayed such savvy in training that he was appointed an instructor in the Leaders Course at Fort Knox. And that's exactly where the Army wanted to keep him.

But the soldier-teacher was a restless man of action with a lifelong zest for firearms; he watched with dismay the departure of his buddies, then his pupils, for the Korean front. The irony was biting when he was assigned to lecture on "Why We Fight in Korea."

"Why don't you come on over with us and find out for yourself?" his pupils taunted.

Give Von Kuznick credit; he tried to get to Korea the conventional way. Regarding the placid green hills of Knox with contempt, the lantern-jawed instructor told his commanding officer he wanted to join the next batch of Leaders Course graduates shipping over.

"Von," said the captain, "a man with your ability is much more useful here."

The soldier retired, temporarily defeated. Then

Pfc (later Cpl.) Robert Von Kuznick served with 73d Medium Tankers in Korea. Here he examines barrel of gun on M-4 Sherman tank

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Sure favorite in your circle

Take a whiskey census among your friends. If your circle is typical, you should find twice as many "7 Crown men" as those favoring the next most popular brand. That's because Seagram's 7 Crown outsells any other whiskey *by more than two to one!*

Say Seagram's and be Sure

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK

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For the
LIFE OF YOUR DRINK
and the
DRINK OF YOUR LIFE!
USE
Sparkling
CANADA DRY WATER
with Blend-ability

WHAT'S BLEND-ABILITY?
IT'S CANADA DRY WATER'S UNIQUE ABILITY TO MAKE EVERY HIGHBALL TASTE BETTER. IT'S THE RESULT OF PIN-POINT CARBONATION AND FLAVOR-BALANCED FORMULA.
WHAT'S PIN-POINT CARBONATION?
AN EXCLUSIVE SCIENTIFIC PROCESS THAT KEEPS DRINKS LIVELY LONGER.
WHAT'S FLAVOR-BALANCED FORMULA?
ANOTHER CANADA DRY EXCLUSIVE THAT POINTS UP THE FLAVOR OF ANY DRINK.
CLUB SODA
CANADA DRY WATER
CANADA DRY
...MAKES DRINKS TASTE BETTER!

Security is tight on a war-bound troopship

a newspaper headline and a letter from home drove him to make a new appeal. The headline told of a friend who had been captured and slain by the North Korean Communists at Munsan; the letter disclosed that his brother, Carl, had been wounded in Korea.

"Captain, you've got to put me on pipe-line orders for Korea," Von Kuznick pleaded.

"Sorry, my boy." It was the same refusal. "You're one of the best instructors on the post."

Decides on Break for Korea

That night—Friday, October 26, 1951—Von Kuznick's simmering urge boiled over into a plan of action. He decided to make a break for the Korean battle front, halfway around the world, and there surrender to an American outfit in the hope that his actual presence on the scene would persuade the brass to let him remain.

First he signed out for a three-day pass. Then he donned a sharply pressed regulation-dress olive-drab uniform and folded the rest of the equipment he figured he'd need into a cargo pack: one field uniform, combat boots, underwear, socks, toothbrush, tooth paste, a razor and six blades. He gathered up his remaining personal effects and took them to the supply sergeant.

"What are these for?" asked the sergeant.

"Going to the hospital, Sarge," replied Von Kuznick, poker-faced. "Going to have my tonsils out."

He waved farewell to the sergeant, stuck a 10-cent cigar in his mouth and, armed with his three-day pass, set off to hitchhike to Korea.

His first stop was Cincinnati, Ohio, to say good-by to his fiancée, Shirley Taylor, a pretty seventeen-year-old high-school student and part-time cashier in a soft-drink stand. At a tearful farewell, he told her that he was on "direct orders" for Korea.

Then the man with a mission thumbed his way to Scott Air Force Base, near St. Louis, Missouri, and frog-legged the rest of the way to the Seattle (Washington) Port of Embarkation as a space-available hitchhiker on military aircraft. He arrived at Seattle on Monday morning, October 29th, just as his class back at Fort Knox was discovering that it had no teacher.

Von Kuznick admits now that his first whiff of Pacific Ocean air gave him a slight chill of misgiving. The air hops west had been easy enough. But now, at land's end, getting aboard a troopship undetected looked as formidable as gaining entrance to an atomic-energy plant.

Undaunted, however, the Fort Knox runaway got a shave and shower at a USO club and set about determining the facts of life at a port of embarkation. A damp autumn wind flapped his trousers as he pushed open the door of the Pit Bar and Restaurant at Westlake and Pine, cargo pack in hand. A military policeman and a shore patrolman were having coffee at the counter.

"Just flew in from the Presidio," Von Kuznick said, referring to the Army post at San Francisco. "Want to see a buddy shipping to the Far East. Where would I find him?"

Warned by Shore Patrolman

The SP, a tall, freckled gob with a Texas drawl, was happy to oblige. "Well, doggy," he said, "if your buddy's already been processed, reckon you'll find him over at Pier 91, waitin' for the Buckner. But," he squinted at Von Kuznick, "you'd better have your pass in order. You can get inside that fence at 91, but there's hell to pay getting out."

Since he was trying to sneak *on* an

Von Kuznick and bride, former Shirley Taylor, begin honeymoon

WIDE WORLD

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...ut he walked aboard—with the mess detail

outbound military transport, the private wasn't too concerned about the one-way fence. But his bravado was seriously dampened when the Texan went on to describe the airtight control clamped on every single GI in the shipping pipe line.

The SP said outbound GIs were first billeted at nearby Fort Lawton, where they were inoculated, their records were checked—and they received a line order number. Chalked on their helmets, stamped on all papers, the order number was almost literally a passport for the soldier in transit overseas. From Lawton, the processed troops were transferred to the fenced-in barracks at Pier 91 to await embarkation.

Things He Had to Worry About

A chastened Von Kuznick weighed his problem from a vantage point across the street from the guarded gate at Pier 91. There could be no mounting a gangplank, no shipboard mess card, no compartment assignment, no bunk without a line-order number. And once inside the gate there could be no turning back without exposure.

As he was to do again many times later, the Fort Knox private said a little prayer, then squared his shoulders and strode forward. Luck was with him. He talked his way past the guard into the barracks area. And during the next 24 hours of dodging around corners and picking up odd scraps of information, he found a vacant bunk and a place in the chow line. But he also picked up the disquieting knowledge that the transport USNS General Simon B. Buckner was tied up at Pier 39 instead of 91. There would be a line-up for buses to shipside, and another line-up at the gangplank for boarding.

However, a ray of hope remained. An advance party of GIs was scheduled to board ship for mess duty a few hours in advance of the rest of the troops. Perhaps he could smuggle himself into this detail.

The order for the advance detail to fall out came before dawn next morning. Von Kuznick, heart pounding, rolled out of his bunk fully clothed, made his way to the supply section for the cook's special whites and joined the rest of the mess detail at the bus for transportation to shipside.

Once more fate was on his side. Instead of the 32 soldiers who had been signed for the advance party, only 29 showed up. The driver only counted noses, so the AWOL private slipped aboard the bus with no questions asked.

But trouble was ahead. As the gray bulk of the troopship loomed out of the murk, the bus was waved down by a lieutenant in an overcoat with a red and white armband. The clipboard in his hand contained the names and order numbers of the advance party. The men were ordered out of the bus and into formation.

Von Kuznick's palms still perspire at the memory of that awful moment. The lieutenant started calling off numbers, the men replying with their names. But after only five or six names had been checked off, the rain thickened into a torrential downpour. The lieutenant hesitated, the list of names now soaked and blurred.

"Look," he said to the cadre sergeant bus driver, "any missing?"

"Two sir," replied the driver, who had counted noses, "and they're being brought up later."

"Okay," said the lieutenant. "Let's get the detail on board and out of this rain."

Von Kuznick started breathing again and went splashing up the gangplank in the rain.

Luck having got him aboard the Buckner, quick wits kept him out of trouble during the 16-day crossing. On permanent duty with the mess gang, the AWOL soldier in his cook's whites was able to avoid all formations and special details that would have unmasked him. With every alternate day off, he spent most of his time forward with the crew. As a result, the military personnel assumed he was a member of the ship's galley complement, while the crew took him for one of the several thousand officially processed GIs.

Only twice was he seriously threatened with exposure. Once during fire drill a steward barked at him to get to his right station. When Von replied he was on cooking detail, the steward squinted at him and said, "Say, ain't you dogfaces supposed to get in line order during drill? What's your number anyway?"

Von Kuznick coughed a couple of times, spluttered out a number and took off for topside.

Then, one night just before a movie show in the crowded recreation hall, the AWOL private was startled by the salutation, "Hey, Von!" from across the room. Two GIs were waving to him. They were acquaintances from Fort Knox. "How'd you get on board, Von? When did you leave camp?"

Von Kuznick tried to shrink into the crowd. "Got special orders," he called back weakly. "See you after the show."

As soon as the lights dimmed, he squeezed out of the hall and disappeared forward. He never encountered the Fort Knox GIs again.

Debarking Revives Problems

The Buckner's approach to Japanese shores brought the problem of debarking to the fore. It was the old line-order trouble again, the same obstacle that would plague Von Kuznick all the way to the front.

When the big troopship nuzzled up to the Yokohama dock November 23, 1951, the night was black and windy. Over the ship's speaker a voice shrilled, "Hear this, hear this, all commanders prepare your compartments in line-number order for debarkation."

The ranks started to form. The troops were in fatigues with horseshoe packs on their backs. Von Kuznick was also in fatigues, but his square-shaped cargo pack made him conspicuous. He hung back in the shadows, a furtive, lonely figure, as the troops filed past two sergeants checking numbers at the top of the gangplank.

When a beefy lieutenant rounding up stragglers tried to hustle him into line order, he calmly explained he was part of a detail checking the ship for GI equipment left behind.

"Well, let's get with it," snapped the officer, anxious to empty the ship.

Von Kuznick slithered out of view below deck—and there he found some MP white helmets and night sticks left behind by debarking shipboard MPs.

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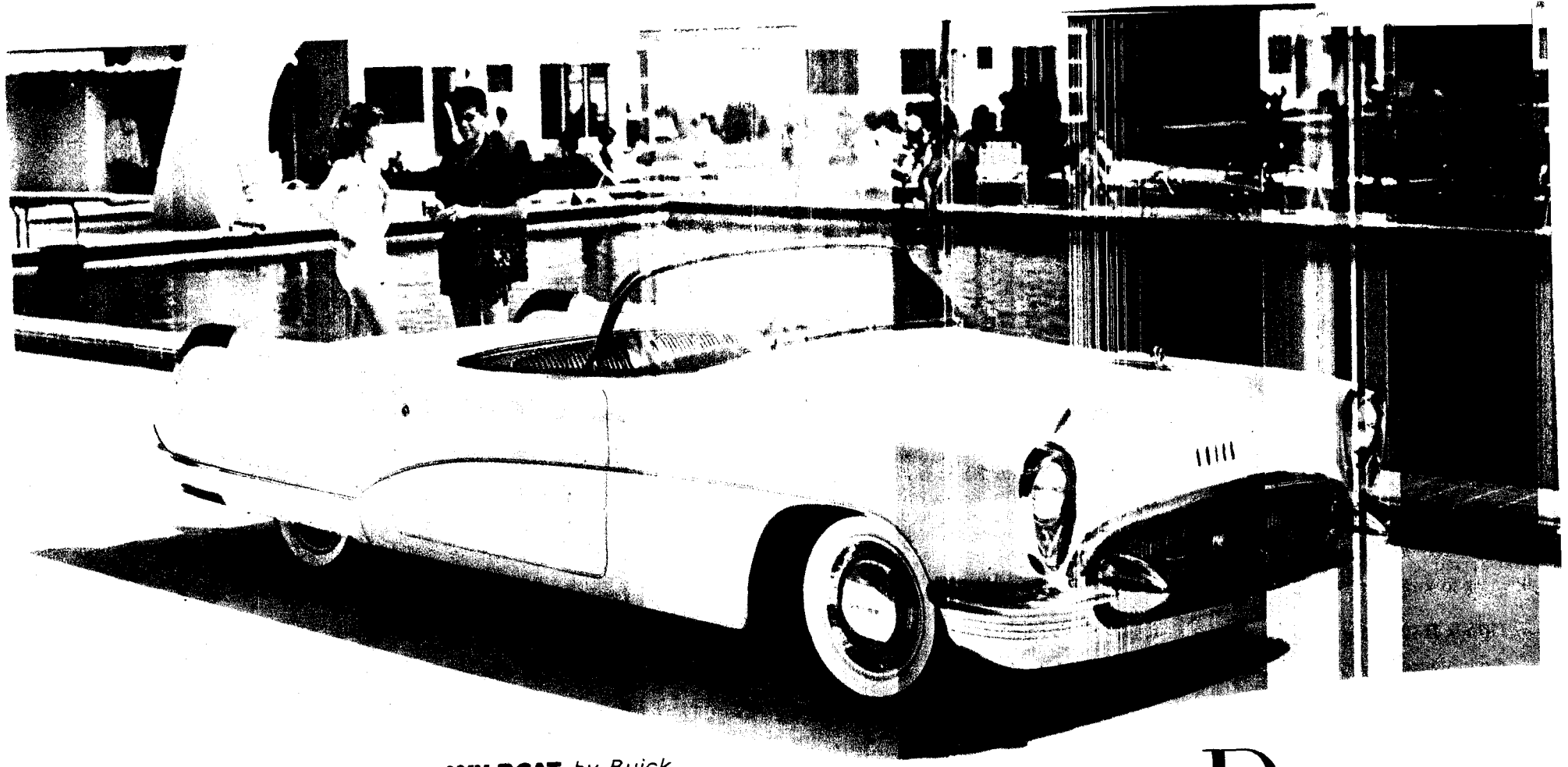

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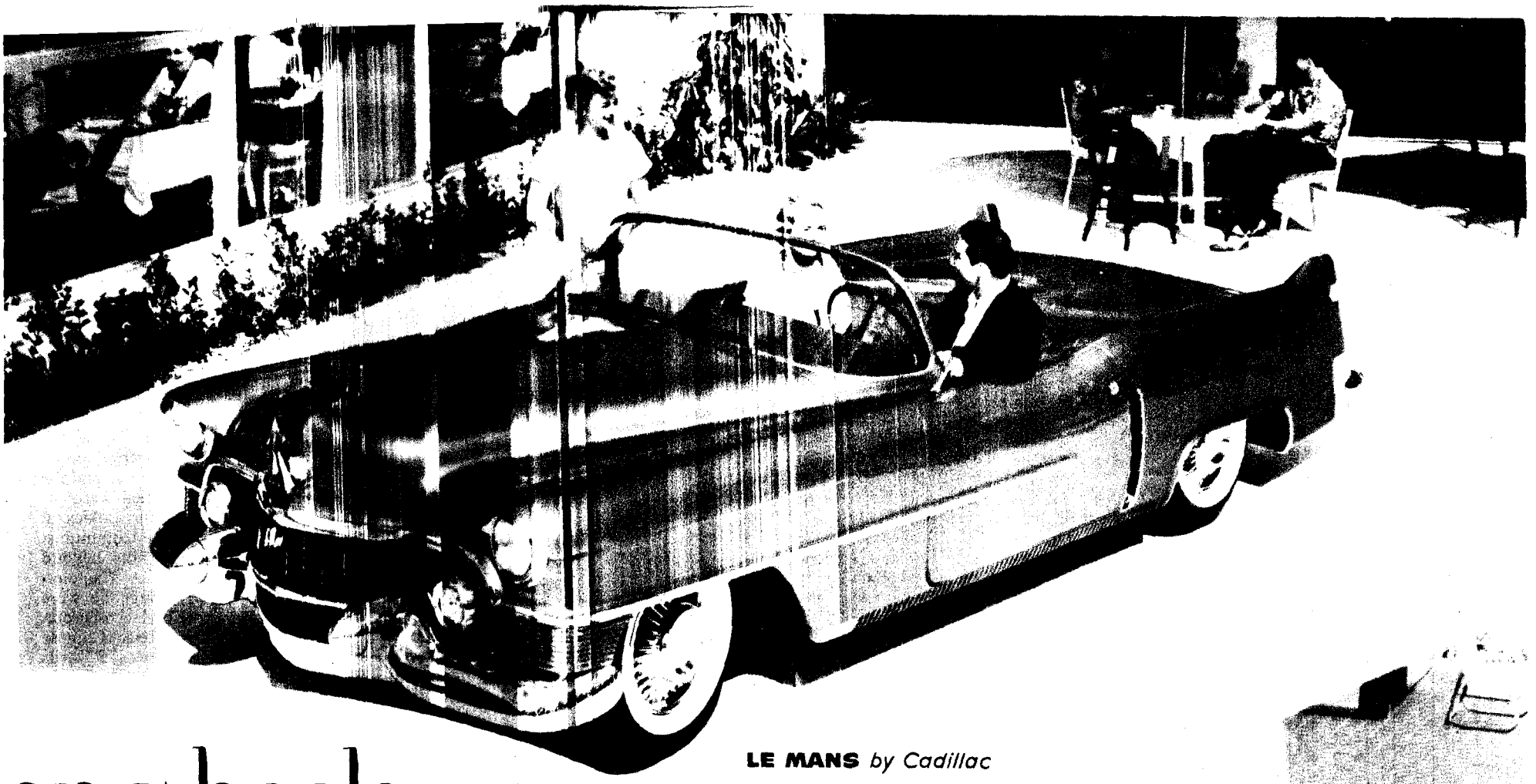

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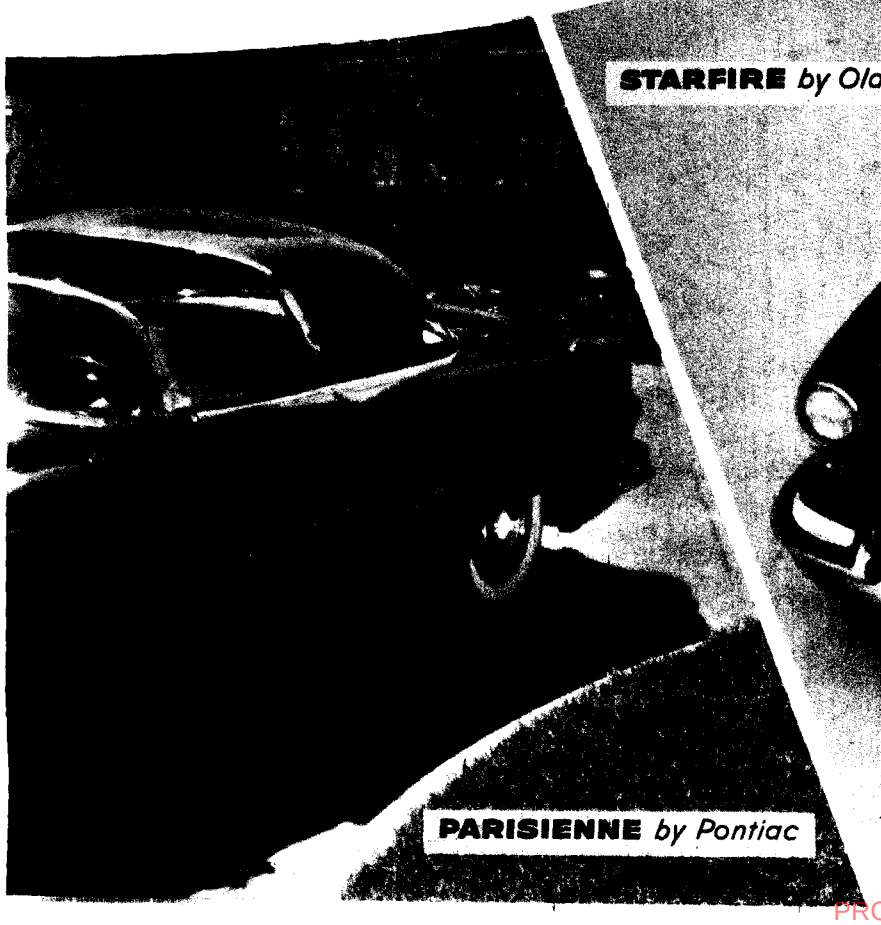

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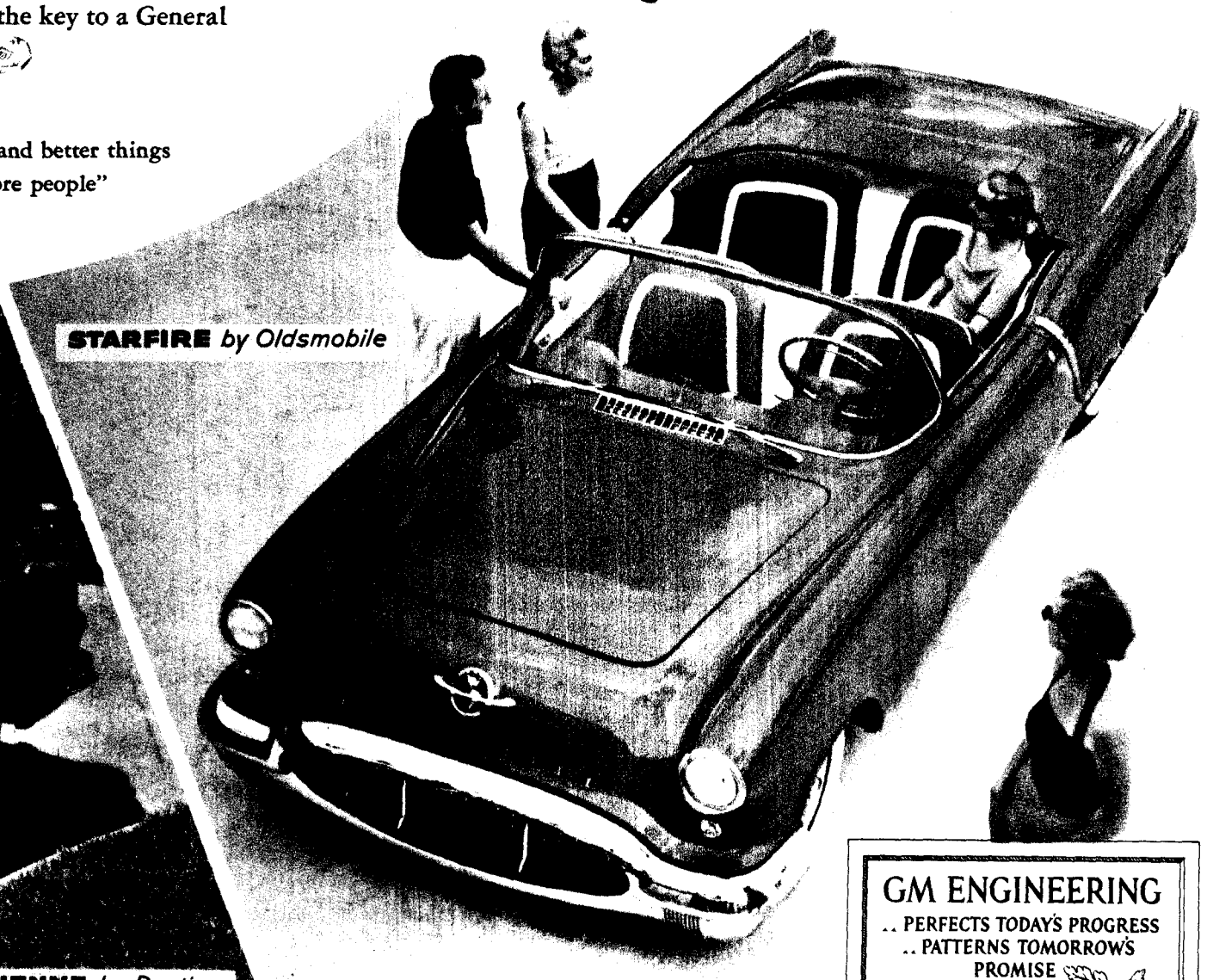

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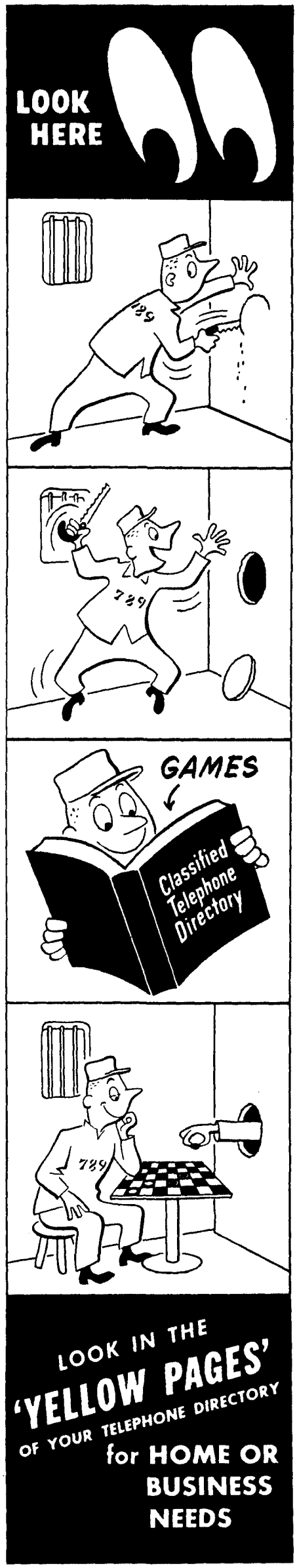


It was just like a field exercise—until the mortars opened up

AWOL stuffed his overseas cap inside his jacket. He donned a helmet, swung a night stick in his free hand and sauntered across the lower deck as casually as his trip-hammer heartbeat would allow. The guard in pea jacket and dungarees at the crew's gangplank waved as Von Kuznick descended to the solid footing of the dock. Von discarded the MP gear behind a convenient post—and pinched himself to make sure he was actually standing on Japanese soil.

The Von Kuznick reserves of both luck and quick wits were sorely tested in the next few days. He escaped from the dock area by sneaking a ride on a troop train as far as a village somewhere between Yokohama and Camp Drake, the processing center for newly arrived troops.

Then, using the old dodge—"I'm going to see a buddy off for the front," the AWOL traveler hitched rides to Sasebo, more than 500 miles southwest of Yokohama and the take-off port for Korea. He rode the last half of the distance in the conductor's compartment of a troop train. As the train chuffed into the Sasebo yards, Von jumped off, expecting to go his solitary way again. However, an MP spotted him and herded him back with the rest of the troops onto buses bound for Camp Mower and final processing for the combat zone.

At Mower the troops massed, at least 1,000 strong, to listen to a final orientation lecture by a frog-voiced major standing on a platform. After the lecture, noncoms shouted orders to the GIs to fall into line order for seat assignments on the dock-bound busses.

Boards Bus During Roll Call

As the roll call began, Von ducked behind the row of busses. There were about two dozen olive-painted vehicles —big, shiny, 40-passenger jobs—lined up nose to tail. The Japanese drivers were warming their hands over a bonfire a dozen paces away. On an impulse, Von crept unseen aboard the last bus.

"I took the last seat in the last bus," he recalls, "and just sat there numb, trying to pray. When the roll call was finished, the troops started boarding. They came single-filing down the aisle, and the first man to the rear said to me, 'You'd better get your right place. Everyone has his assigned seat, in line order.'

"So help me," Von Kuznick swears, "I don't know what struck me, but I found myself snapping back at him, 'Just take your seat, soldier, I'm cadre here!' "

It worked. The soldier sat beside the AWOL private and, thinking him a Korea veteran, drummed him with questions. "Whereupon," laughs Von, "I went into my old Fort Knox lecture. 'Sleep with your weapon,' I told him. 'Stay healthy. Keep dry. Avoid Korean whisky.' "

Getting aboard ship for the brief crossing to Korea was apple pie compared to earlier trials. The busses disgorged at the dock area, where an Army band was whipping up the St. Louis Blues and other soldier favorites. The battle-bound GIs gathered around the band and sampled Red Cross coffee and doughnuts. They completely lost the AWOL private, who found to his delight that the waiting troopship, the Tinta Maru, was a low-water vessel with a deck line that was almost flush with the dock.

Up and over the rail went Von Kuznick, undetected, and then forward to a hiding place in the life-preserver storage compartment. The compartment provided a refuge against line-order check both onto the ship at Sasebo and off again at Pusan, South Korea.

When His Ship Docked at Pusan

Thirty minutes after the last GI was checked off the ship at Pusan, the lone private with the cargo pack dropped down to the dock. At last Von Kuznick was in Korea. The date was November 27, 1951—just 31 days after he had left Fort Knox.

Inside the tin-walled dock shed at Pusan, the other GIs were getting chow. Von joined them, but swallowed his bacon and eggs fast when big trailer trucks pulled in and another line-order check began. He faded through a shed door and found the only obstacle ahead was a bespectacled, bantam-sized corporal on guard duty at the outer fence.

As Von sauntered up, the corporal said he'd like to go back inside for another cup of coffee. Von enthusiastically volunteered to watch the gate for him. The AWOL private dutifully held the post for all of 10 seconds, then stepped over the chain and took off on the road north alone.

In Korea a soldier thumbing his way *toward* the battle zone wasn't asked many questions. Nevertheless, the Fort Knox hitchhiker avoided U.S. Army vehicles. A ROK truck hauled him as far as Taegu, a Belgian army truck to Seoul. His last hitch to the front above Seoul was aboard a truck carrying troops of the Commonwealth Brigade's Princess Pats.

"Where you going, Yank?" they asked.

"To see a buddy up front with an engineers' outfit," Von replied.

"What?" a Canadian soldier said. "I'd make him come to see me!"

At a forward check-point, the weaponless American borrowed a helmet and a Sten gun, former property of a British soldier recently killed in his foxhole. Thus equipped, he arrived at the Commonwealth sector of the United Nations main line of resistance.

It was November 28th, and except for reporting to an American outfit, Pfc Robert W. Von Kuznick had achieved the goal he had set just over a month earlier.

Lighting a cigar in salute to his triumph, he surveyed the choppy Korean countryside. The Allied bunkers and the positioning of guns and men were exactly as he had taught his rookies at Fort Knox. And when the Communist positions in the rolling hills beyond were pointed out to him by a soldier, Von Kuznick felt as though he were watching a newsreel he had seen before.

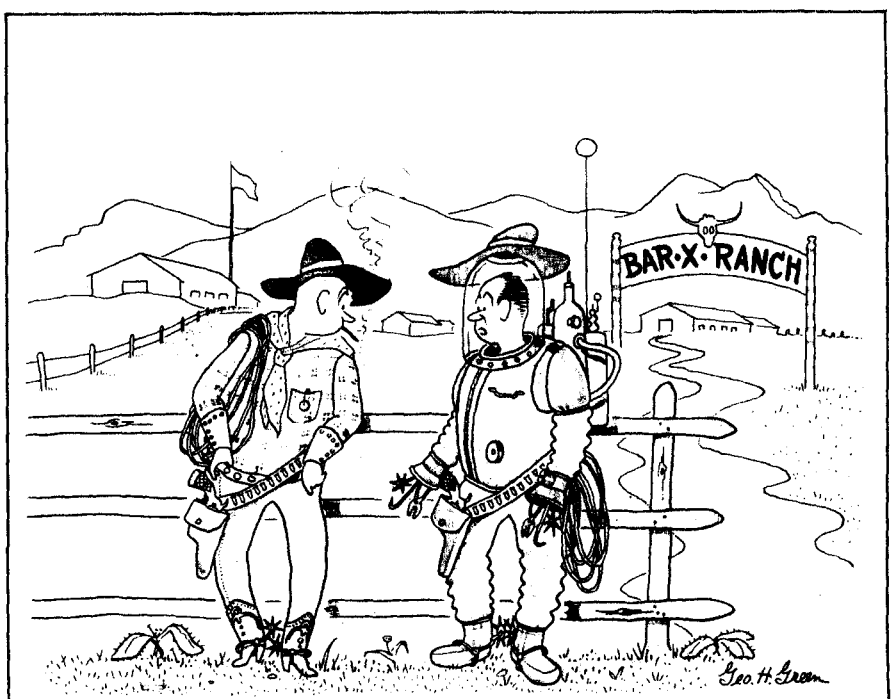
However, the crump of a Chinese mortar round landing only 75 yards away brought him back to reality in a hurry. A full barrage followed, and it unceremoniously transformed the hitchhiker into a combat soldier.

Huddled with his Canadian buddies behind the protective logs of a communications trench, Von sweated out the mortar attack, then saw a Communist patrol come over the brow of a hill some 600 yards away. Pulsing with inner excitement now, he lifted his Sten gun for his first shot at the Reds. It was far short; the Sten is a short-range weapon. So the American grabbed a British Enfield rifle, set the sights at 500 yards, and claims today that in 10 minutes he felt as though he had been shooting at the enemy all his life.

Chinese Attackers Repulsed

The Chinese patrol action turned into a skirmish, with the Canadians launching a platoon-sized counterattack. They invited the self-assured Yank along and in the action that followed four of the patrolling Chinese were killed and two of their mortar positions were knocked out. It was a hectic first day at the front.

After he had spent two days in the sector, Von's new buddies began asking



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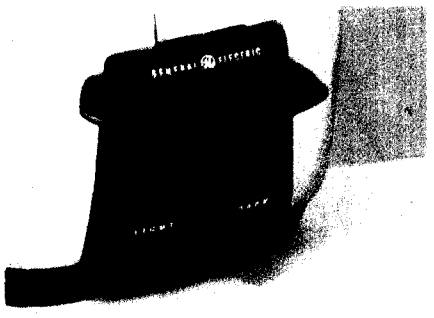

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The Army thought the AWOL soldier might b

him too many questions for comfort. He decided it was time to look for that American front outfit for the turn-in. Wearing a British parka and saucerlike helmet and carrying an Enfield, Von hoisted his cargo pack onto his back and hitchhiked down the road toward the left flank. He had been told he would find an American outfit there. Instead he came upon the 15th Regiment of the 1st ROK Division.

The South Koreans mistook the new arrival for a forward U.S. observer and warmly welcomed him. Most of the Korean noncoms spoke some English and they broke out cigarettes and C-ration tins of hash for the newcomer. Von swapped his British gear for American-made winter clothing and a Garand M-1 rifle.

The itinerant fighting man lingered three weeks with the ROKs because, he says, the shooting was good and the South Koreans asked no embarrassing questions. *"Daidan,"* the ROKs would smile when the American called for more ammunition. "You're okay."

Visions of Term in Jail

As satisfying as the action was to a man who loved to fight, it could not erase Von's growing worry over the consequences of his escapade. After 30 days, an AWOL soldier is listed as a deserter, and Von Kuznick had now been absent from his post at Fort Knox for more than 50 days. Sooner or later the punitive arm of military law would find him, and the next steps could be a court-martial, a trip back to the United States in the brig and a term in disciplinary barracks.

Von still thought his original plan of a voluntary turn-in to an American front-line outfit offered the best chance for light treatment. On December 21st, he packed his gear, slung the M-1 over his shoulder and shoved off, again to the left flank.

But instead of Americans, he ran into another ROK outfit, the 12th Regiment of the 1st ROK Division. A chilling drizzle, sometimes turning to snow, temporarily discouraged further travel. In the next three days with his new ROK friends, Von Kuznick helped beat off two Chinese attacks.

An American Tank on a Hill

On the fourth day, with blue sky overhead, Von was sitting relaxed in a communications trench. Suddenly he blinked his eyes at a distant hill to the rear. He reached for binoculars, then let out a war whoop. There on the hill was a tank, an American Patton, with an American soldier standing in the open hatch. Behind the first tank were two others, and some foot soldiers were near them.

"Sayonara—good-by!" cried the excited Yank.

He hurriedly shook hands all around and struck out across the ridges toward the tanks. Heeding a shouted warning to skirt a mine field, he strode up to a large, stained, shrapnel-torn tent. It was the forward mess tent of Charley Company, 73d Medium Tank Battalion, U.S. 7th Division.

Pulling aside the tent flap, the AWOL private surprised two burly sergeants sitting in their parkas, drinking coffee.

The man who had conquered a continent and an ocean to see combat found himself shaking with stage fright. It was December 24th and he finally was back with the U.S. Army.

"I had been rehearsing my turn-in speech," relates Von Kuznick, "but I was knocked off stride by the reception I got."

The sergeants, named Howard and Dawson, burst out almost simultaneously: "Aha, a replacement at last! When did they bring you up? How many of you are there?"

"Guess I'm a replacement if you want one," Von Kuznick sparred.

The two sergeants, tank command-

"Duncan Hines dropped in last Tuesday, had the number four with a side order of mashed, no gravy, and smiled an enigmatic little smile and went out"

COLLIER'S — ROBERT DAY

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a spy. Why else would he sneak into Korea?

ers, immediately launched a verbal battle for his services. Crews were short and rotation home had sapped frontline strength.

Sergeant Arnold L. Howard's extra stripe prevailed and he took the new arrival for his tank.

The AWOL soldier made one more attempt to reveal his status. "I don't think . . ." he began, but Howard cut him off: "Never mind, we'll get you set here. Put down that M-1, this is a tank outfit, no infantry weapons here. Grab this M-3 (submachine gun) and get aboard my tank."

Von gave the sergeant a long stare, lighted a cigar and walked out to the Patton. For the next week and a half he served as bow gunner inside the clanging iron monster. Twice it lurched across ditches and hillocks in engagements against the Reds. The grim climax to the second battle—Howard was killed by a shell fragment, and Von was almost trapped inside the disabled tank by a frozen escape hatch—persuaded the AWOL private that the time had come to confess his escapade and save Uncle Sam the possible problem of another unknown soldier.

That night—January 5, 1952—in the company area, Von Kuznick took counsel with the Catholic chaplain. The chaplain urged him to make a clean breast of the story to his commanding officer.

Thirty minutes later, the wobble-kneed Von Kuznick blurted out his confession in the orderly room. It touched off a chain reaction of astonished disbelief that hurdled him double-timing up the line of command, telling and retelling his story.

After Lieutenant Colonel Charles G. Turner, the battalion commander, took his turn listening to the incredible tale, he dispatched the culprit under guard to Eighth Army headquarters in Seoul, for two days of checking.

Who was this man, the Army wanted to know. An infantry deserter? A spy? A publicity-seeking newspaper writer? What was behind Von Kuznick's yarn about leaving the comforts of the States to hitchhike into combat?

Slated for Topside Attention

At Seoul, the Far East Command decided the case needed special topside attention, so the prisoner was flown to Camp Drake, Japan. There the inspector general's office heard his story and gave him cadre status with a rotation processing outfit while his case was under investigation.

It took nearly five months for all the reports to come in, from Fort Knox, Seattle POE, the Princess Pats, the ROKs, the 73d, and for the AWOL's scattered, lost and completely snafued records to be pieced together.

The court-martial finally was held on June 5, 1952, and the Far East Command assumed that the $10 fine would close its books on Pfc Robert W. Von Kuznick. Orders were cut for his return to Fort Knox.

But Von had one more surprise for the brass. He requested—and received—permission to rejoin his adopted outfit at the front, the 73d Medium Tankers. With them he completed a full combat tour of duty, serving more than seven additional months in some of the toughest slugfests of the 1952 phase of the Korean war.

As gunner, then tank commander, Von Kuznick saw heavy action in support of the French, Colombians, Ethiopians, ROKs, British and Americans in the historic engagements of White Horse Mountain, the Kumhwa Ridges, Old Baldy and Jane Russell Hill. During one 27-day stretch on the line in support of French infantry in the Iron Triangle, the doughty tanker twice received shrapnel wounds.

Ammo Truck Under Deadly Fire

Then one frosty day on White Horse last October, five tanks of his platoon became trapped on a forward slope. Von tried to recruit a detail to drive up a fresh supply of ammunition. So murderous was the enemy mortar and artillery fire blanketing the road and the exposed tanks that not a single support driver or reserve tanker would volunteer. Alone, Von Kuznick loaded big 90-millimeter high-explosive shells, belts of .50-caliber machine-gun bullets and cases of .30-caliber ammunition into the six-by-six truck. Then he climbed into the cab and started off along the shell-pocked road. Shells fell all around him, but he reached the beleaguered tanks safely and unloaded the precious ammunition beside them. For his act, the Army awarded him the Bronze Star Medal for Valor.

Soon thereafter, Von Kuznick was promoted to corporal. He finally left Korea for rotation home last January 3d. Part of the story of his exploits preceded him, however, and he arrived in San Francisco on January 26th a hero. He was rushed through Fort Ord at Monterey and given immediate leave to join his fiancée.

Shirley, meantime, had moved to Los Angeles with her family and was working as a clerk in a drugstore. At first, she refused to believe that the AWOL hero soldier was "my Bob," but, finally convinced, she said for publication that he was going to have to do some explaining about going AWOL from *her*.

Explanations were forgotten, however, when the couple met for the first time in 15 months in Los Angeles' Glendale depot at 6:25 A.M. on January 28th. And at 7:40 that evening, with a Los Angeles newspaper acting as Cupid, Corporal Robert Von Kuznick and Shirley Taylor were married. The newspaper financed their honeymoon at Palm Springs. A second honeymoon in Mexico City followed, with a Los Angeles television program footing the expenses.

Today in a beige sport jacket and pleated flannel slacks, Von looks like any other young southern Californian planning a home and a future with his bride. His plans for the future are still fluid. He hasn't decided whether to take up landscape architecture again, become a dental technician or try some other civilian occupation.

In fact, the man who buccaneered his way from Kentucky to Korea to fight the Reds isn't entirely reconciled to a return to humdrum life. As you pick up your hat to leave after visiting him at the Los Angeles home of his bride's parents, a sudden gleam comes into his eyes.

"Say," he says, "about that one hundred grand the Air Force is offering for a MIG—heck, if a guy could hitchhike over there and sneak one of those planes out . . ." ▲▲▲

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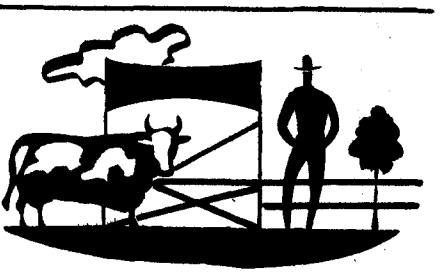

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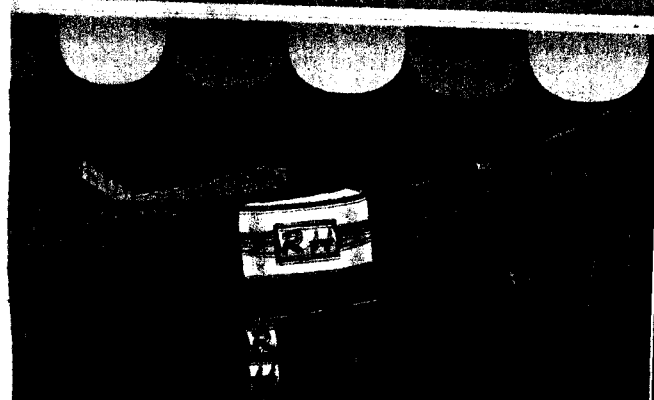
JUNE 21st

GRADS GROOMS

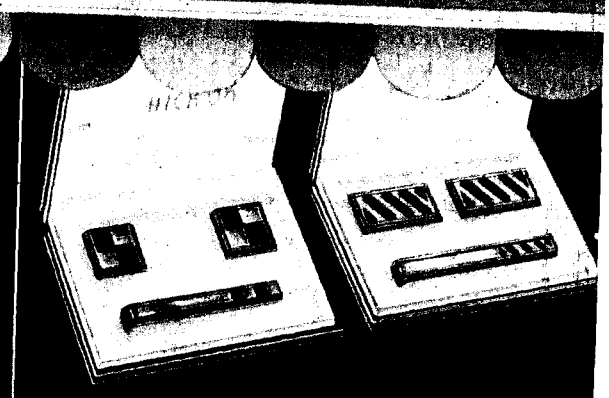
BIRTHDAYS

Anniversaries

SERVICEMEN



Pigskin Belt, $2.50. Slide Buckle, $2.50. The set, $5.
Alligator grained Belt, $2. Buckle, $1.50. Set, $3.50.*

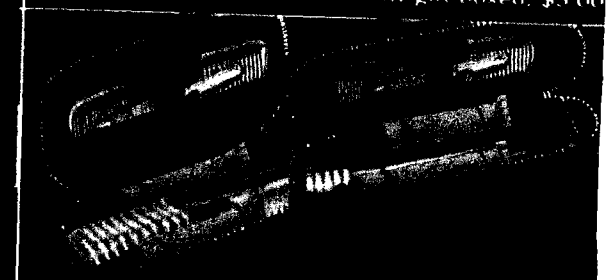


Black and Gold, and Charcoal and White Neat Loo
Tie Bars, $2.50. The Cuff Links, $3.50. Sets, $6.00

Setter Cuff Links, $2.50. Neat Look Shotgun Tie Bar,
$2.50. Rod and Gun Lighter, $5. Gift boxed set, $10.*

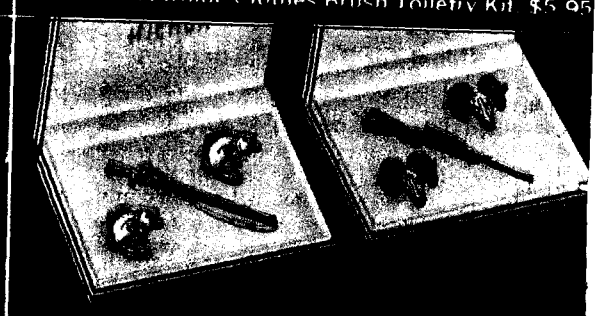
Tan Sierra hand rubbed Belt, $2.50. Two tone initi
Slide Buckle, $2.50. Set, smartly gift boxed, $5.00

Belt of Imported French Elastic, with Initial Buckle, $3.50.
Red Belt, $2.50. Ask to see other available colors.



Toiletry Kit with fitted accessories, $5.95, and Zippe
ed, fitted cowhide Clothes Brush Toiletry Kit, $5.95

Cowhide Belt, $3.50. Buckle with
Silver overlay, $3.50. Set, $7.*

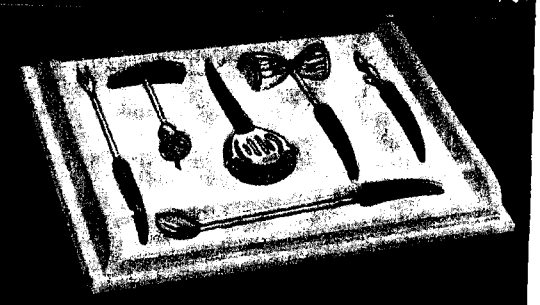


Sterling Casting Rod Tie Bar, $5. Bass Links, $5. Se
$10. Rifle Tie Bar, $2.50. Ram Links, $2.50. Set, $5

Don't forget to remember.

FATHER'S DAY

June 21st



Six piece Bar Accessory Set with Capehorn handle
Set, gift boxed, $17.95.* Items available separate

*Plus Fed. Tax

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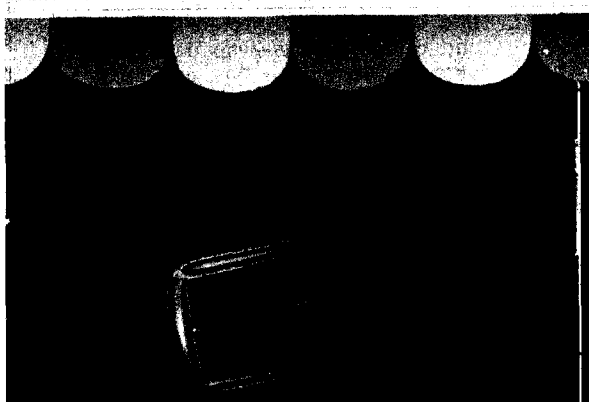
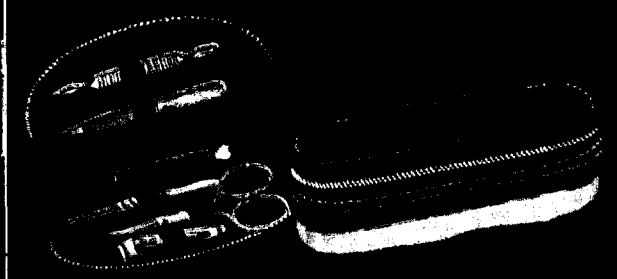
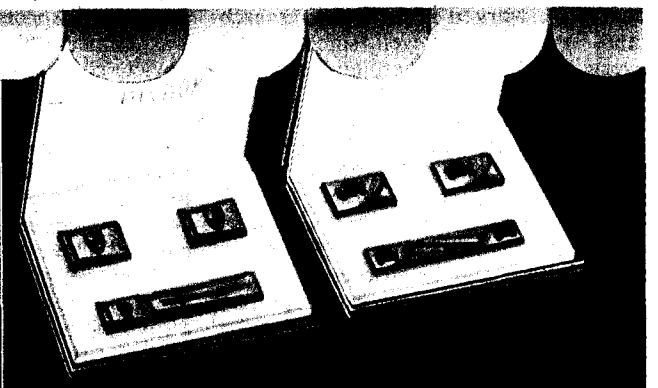


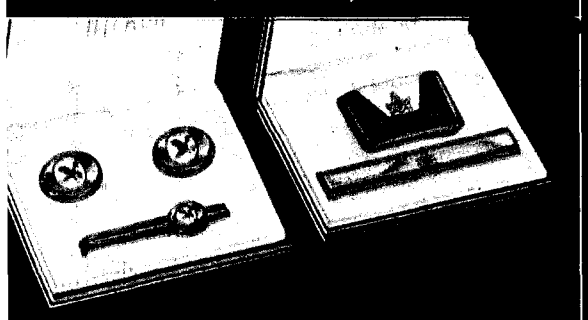
ahogany Saddle Leather Wallet $5. Matching hand obed Sierra Belt, $2.50. Set, gift boxed, $7.50 *



Mahogany Cowhide Manicure Set $4.95. Fitted Shoe shine Kit in top grain mahogany cowhide $3.95

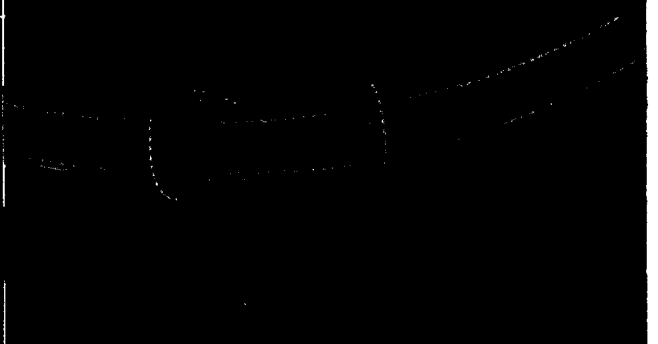


Neat Look Shield and Sword or Coach design Jewelry Tie Bars $2.50. Links $2.50. Sets, gift boxed, $5 *

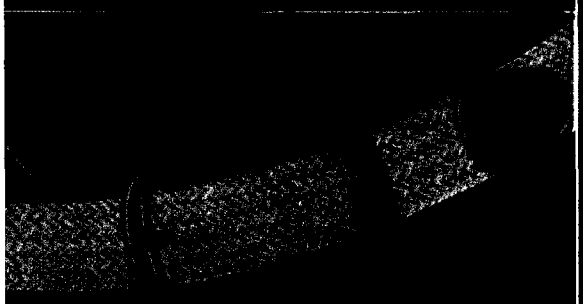


easant Tie Bar, $2.50. Cuff Links, $3.50. Set $6 ternal Jewelry sets, $5. * Other emblems available

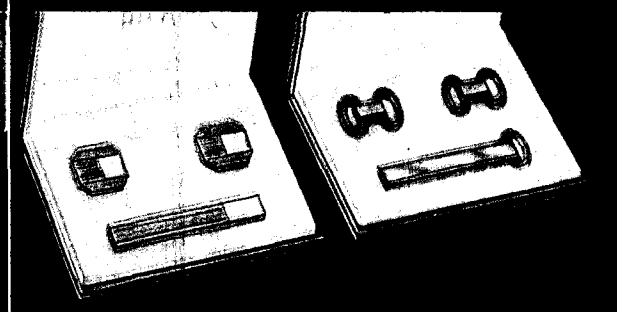
Monterey Initial Wallet, $5.00. Tan antiqued Floren fine Cowhide Wallet with fine Gold Embossing, $7.50



Continental Belt. Tan or Florentine Charcoal Contrast ing Nylon stitch, $3.50. Also in suede & other colors



muda Elastic Sports Belt, gift packed, $2.50 ny new shades and smart patterns to match slacks



Fine Sterling Tie Bar and Cuff Links with Engine Turn ed design, set $15. Bar and Ring Jewelry set, $10 *

Traveler's Aide Book Clock. Luminous Dial and Alarm in Simulated Blue Crocodile Zipper Case, $14.95 *

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Sierra hand rubbed Saddle Leather 1" Gray Belt, $2.50 Tan Sierra 3/4" Belt, $2.00. Other colors available

Brown Buffle Cowhide Belt, hand boarded grain, $2 Ribbon Initial Buckle, $1.50. Set, gift boxed, $3.50 *

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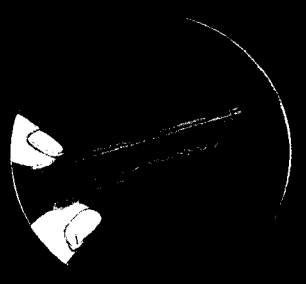

Monterey Initial Tie Bar, $2.50. Cuff Links, $2.50. The set, gift boxed, $5.00. Ascot Tie Guard, $2.50 *

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Beware, My Love

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

myself. Here he came along, a stranger, and, in a day, took away the friend I had had for years, the friend with whom I had started this adventure.

Evvy and I had come out to Los Alamos together, in the spirit of seeing other parts of the country. Evvy was a chemist; I was a biologist; so of course we worked in different research labs. It was just as well, since we did everything else together, and it added a little variety to our conversation.

We explored Los Alamos, a town, we felt, that laid stress on its ordinariness—Evvy called it Bronxville-in-the-sky. There were clean streets, lots of children, pastel-colored modern houses with bright green lawns. There were supermarkets and drugstores that sold comics. Yet there were odd features, too, like no television—something to do with the mountains. There were movies and schools with swimming pools, but no graveyard. The ordinary cafeterias, that always included frijoles and tamales in the menu, had posters saying, This Is Not the Place to Discuss Classified Information. And a perfectly ordinary-looking vacant lot would have a high wire fence around it and a sign that said, Danger. Contaminated Area. Keep Out. No trespassers ever ignored these signs—never.

Evvy and I loved our brand-new utility apartment, for which we bought modern furniture and some Mexican hide chairs and beautiful yellow-and-orange Indian rugs and some black pottery from San Ildefonso. We loved the clear air, and the way the Sangre de Cristo Mountains glowed like red wine and melted garnets, at sunset. We loved our jobs and the good friends we found so easily.

WE GOT used to the Hill and ceased to worry about the grim-looking steel boxes at certain places on certain streets, once we discovered they were only garbage containers. We ignored the sudden noises we heard, and the occasional jarring of the ground, and we were not so uneasy at the number of perfectly new and ever-ready fire engines so much in evidence. We hardly noticed the odd silver-colored structures and the enormous blank-looking buildings we knew nothing about.

Naturally the whole community was absorbed in the facts of atomic research, but you did your own job, and did not care for any information that was extraneous to it. Naturally, too, everyone who worked in Los Alamos—even the girls in the beauty shop and the Indian women who came up by the day to do housework—had been investigated, cleared and given a security rating. Everybody had a pass, and since Evvy and I worked inside the high wire of Tech Area, we had to carry other identification with us when we went to work. There were all kinds of scientific studies being conducted on the effects of atomic exposure, and so forth, and so forth, many of which might prove of vital importance. We all knew that in the back of our minds. We learned to be careful in our talk, automatically, except when we were with each other—Evvy and I—or with people we worked with and trusted. Everybody talks shop.

When we first went to Los Alamos, the problem of security was all fresh and lively again. They were still talking about Fuchs.

Dave Ellis and his wife gave a party, soon after Evvy and I arrived and I remember that during the course of the evening Dave said, "Fuchs? He seemed a perfectly decent, ordinary, quiet fellow. We all knew him." It still seemed to trouble him that none of his fellow scientists, who had known Fuchs well, seen him every day, worked beside him, had ever suspected that all he learned was immediately passed along to the Soviet government. Actually, Fuchs had never been given the usual security check, it turned out later. The British government had vouched for him, and the American government had admitted him straight to the heart of atomic secrets, by courtesy. "Never again, of course," Dave said. "But the thing that bothers me, even now, is that none of us once suspected him, and yet he was a spy—nothing more, nothing less."

"They don't wear cloaks and beards," somebody said, laughing.

Robert said, "Oh, of course not."

"A spy has to be ordinary," I said, because I'd been thinking about it a little; some of the research on vision and so on that we were doing was pretty special and new. "He has to feel he's doing the right thing for the best reasons. He doesn't sell secrets to the enemy. He honestly feels that the enemy is our friend."

"That's it," Dave said. "And at least Fuchs came from somewhere else. We might have been warned. Who let him in? Who vouched for him? But the spy who is here in Los Alamos today is one of us."

"Is there a spy here?" Evvy asked, shuddering.

"There must be," Dave said. "It stands to reason. He's passed all the tests, he's been cleared, he's guaranteed loyal—and none of us suspects him in the least."

"Don't," Evvy said.

But Dave was on one of his hobby-horses, and he wouldn't get down; or maybe he was warning the strangers, giving them something to think about, among all the day-to-day routines.

"The rest of us may wake up and worry now and then," Dave said, "about what we're doing, and the implications; about whether we locked up the papers in the safe; about whether we said something carelessly and off the record in the wrong place."

He glanced around the roomful of people, all of us in bright-colored, Southwestern-style clothes, holding drinks and cigarettes.

"The only one on the Hill who has a clear conscience, or no conscience," Dave said, "is the one to fear. His strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure. And he is a traitor."

"Oh, Dave!" his wife Mary protested. "There's no such person, please God; and would you mind getting some more ice?"

THERE were other parties, and lots of trips, as Evvy and I settled down. We bought a car and went somewhere almost every week end, for fear of becoming what local slang called Hill-happy, which was the same as loco, or stir-crazy. There were many fences around the ordinary community of Los Alamos, visible and invisible, all a part of the strain of working there; and there was a great compulsion to get away.

Robert and Evvy, who had met at Dave's party, fell in love abruptly, a few months later. Between their meeting and falling in love, though, Robert had been away abroad at some international congress of chemists, I think—and then when he came back, I was suddenly alone. More than that, I was thoroughly annoyed. I cooked dinner, and Evvy didn't come home—she and Robert had gone to the Lodge, to celebrate some private anniversary. I asked Evvy, "Are we going to Taos with the Myerses this week end?" And she said, "Oh, gosh! Didn't I tell you? Robert and I are going riding this week end—a pack trip with some friends of his from the East. They'll only be here a few days."

"No, you didn't," I said, bitterly. "And the Myerses don't know either."

"You go, darling," Evvy said. "I should have told you that I couldn't, but you and the Myerses will have fun."

I looked at Evvy. Love had not changed her much, except that she was thinner. She was working hard and late on a rush project of some sort, and often Robert—who had Q clearance and could go where he wanted and when he wanted to—went over at night and picked her up at the lab, or sat around waiting until she was through.

Evvy's gray eyes, off-blonde hair, and face and figure were unchanged, but to me, that day, she seemed more like a replica of herself than the real thing. She was so much in love that there was something missing. I mean that seriously; she had, as it were, given herself away. I hoped, when she was married and her life was settled and the strain had eased, that she would get herself back again. It wasn't only that I was left out and missed Evvy; I was worried about her.

I said, wearily, "Robert's got everything, and you, too. It isn't fair." . . .

There are certain kinds of looks, certain graces and qualities, that seem to result from a long line of distinguished ancestry, just the way the bloodlines of race horses reproduce characteristics. It makes you wonder if some families are the result of selection and breeding; until you console yourself with remembering that even the best families have weak links. For every professor and prize winner in certain distinguished families, there are those, equally distinguished, who cannot quite get along out of the sanitarium.

ROBERT was favored by nature. He looked younger than he must be, considering the importance of his work. He had gone to a good college on the Eastern seaboard, then to Oxford on a Rhodes scholarship. His family was rich, but various research institutes paid him handsomely, and he won awards and prizes regularly. On the Hill, he was one of those in charge of the whole chemical research setup, in which Evvy was a mere hired hand. I suppose that was part of the strain Evvy felt.

Robert had a queer, contradictory charm. His youthfulness concealed a certain power that you noticed when you knew him better. He had a deep voice, and he spoke with a quality I can't explain—you forgot what he was saying, just to listen to it. I warned myself, "You're jealous of Evvy. You wish Robert had loved you, instead." It was true. But I also felt an impulse to run whenever Robert was near me or accidentally touched me; and part of the strain I was under was this conflict in which I was involved, together with my best friend and her lover. I knew more about Robert than Evvy did. I saw his experience with women in his every look; it was part of his power. And Evvy was the kind of humble girl, for all her golden qualities, who would accept even unfaithfulness, she was so beside herself—and, again, I mean the phrase literally—with love for Robert.

I thought as the months went by that it wasn't good for her to love like that. She was jumpy. She came home from work, sometimes after midnight, drawn-looking and worried, and of course she and Robert courted at all hours. At

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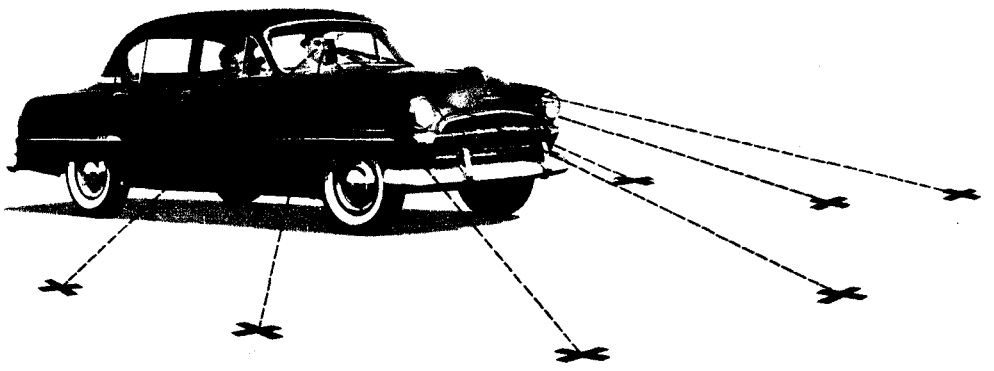
Looking at it or out of it—a beautiful view!

NEW '53 PLYMOUTH



Close-in, all-around vision is one of the features of the new '53 Plymouth that you'll notice and like immediately. The industry's sleekest, safest low-hood silhouette lets you see objects right up close to the front of the car, a great help in traffic or parking. The narrow corner posts, the low-cut windows, the new rear quarter-window, the wide, curving glass area in the rear — all contribute to exceptional vision.

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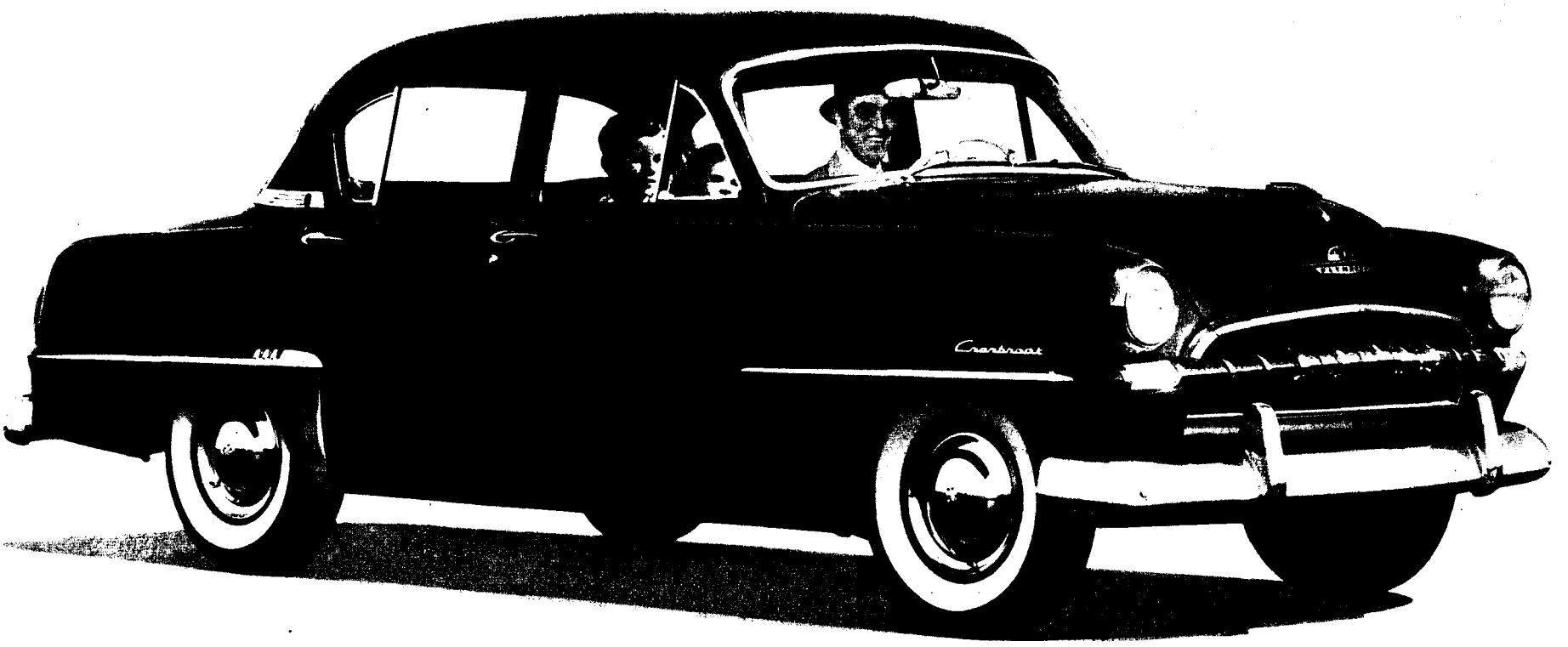

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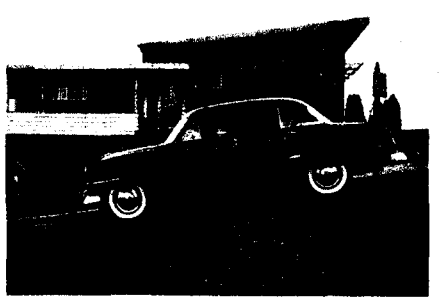

Control is smooth, sure, with Plymouth Safe-Guard Brakes. You get the same kind of stop for the same pedal pressure every time. This always-predictable action comes from the *two* hydraulic cylinders that Plymouth has in each front brake (where the other two leading low-priced cars have but *one*) and from the large braking area of Cyclebond lining.

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least, when they were married, she could catch up on her sleep, I thought.

Evvy finally told me she and Robert were going to get married at once, even though her family hadn't met him. They were rushing because he was going back to Washington soon on a very confidential mission, which had to do with coordinating the most important research going on at all of the atomic centers.

"It's a terribly important job," Evvy said, frowning; and I thought, again, she simply loved too much and took things too hard. Robert was older, and important, while she had lived a modest working-girl's life since college. Now she would have to travel, entertain—but why should it worry her so?

"I can imagine," I said. "He won't dare shake his head, for fear all those secrets and responsibilities will spill over. Are you going to get married up here?"

Evvy frightened me, she turned so white with anger. "No!" she said. "I don't want to be married anywhere around Tech Area, or inside a wire fence, or with a pass in my pocket. Marriage is personal."

"Honey," I said. Of course it is; and of course you don't have to be married in a white lab coat, either. Orange blossoms for you, and a veil. I just thought it might be in the church up here—"

Evvy said, looking at the floor, "We're going to get married, very quietly, without even you to see us. In Santa Fe. This week end."

I was stunned. "You mean your family won't even know beforehand, Evvy?" I said.

Evvy said, "I just want to be married to Robert. After that, nothing can separate us."

"What should?" I asked.

AND then I thought: Of course, I should have known. Robert had undoubtedly been entangled with other women and probably married at least once before. Evvy's family would hate that and, because he was so much older, would feel that Evvy had been overpersuaded and should wait.

"Nothing," Evvy said.

"After the ceremony, we may drive straight across the country, and call the trip our honeymoon," Evvy said. "I'll leave our car at the garage in Santa Fe. Robert has several meetings to go to, and several important people to talk to, in Chicago and New York, and so on. I'll leave my stuff in order, and as soon as we're settled in Washington, I'll send for it. It will be a nuisance, darling, but you'll do it, won't you?"

"You mean, you've already given notice?" I said. "Oh, Evvy, you might have told me. After all, we came out here together—"

Her voice was very low. "I'm sorry about so many things, Martha, and that's one of them," she said. "But I've decided about marrying Robert very suddenly. I can't wait."

She was crying, and, after all, I loved Evvy, and I didn't want to be on her conscience when she was about to take the most important step in her life. Evvy was a worrier, anyway. I was sure she felt guilty at having given such short notice, and about leaving me alone in an adventure we had started together. The best wedding present I could give her was peace of mind.

"It's all right, Evvy," I said. "I'll miss you, but getting married comes first. I wish you were happier about the whole thing. I wish I could say something that would make you laugh."

Evvy did laugh then, a pathetic little gulp of a laugh. "Martha," she said, and then shook her head because she couldn't say any more. She wept and went on with her packing with a grim tidiness that was full of compulsion: she *had* to destroy the notes and bits of paper that had to do with her job, she had to sort out old clothes I was to give Maria, our cleaning woman from Santa Clara, and so on. She tied up packages, but didn't address them to herself. How could she? She would have a new name—and there's a superstition about using that ahead of time, isn't there?—and she didn't have an address. I wondered where Robert had lived in Washington before.

I WENT to bed, and now and then I woke, and heard Evvy still moving around in the living room. At last she went to bed, but she didn't sleep. I was awake myself by now, and I knew by her stillness that she was not sleeping, and I wondered what her thoughts were. Finally, at daylight, I did fall into a heavy sleep, and when I woke, Evvy was gone. . . .

At ten that morning, when I was working in the lab, the telephone rang, and Robert said, "Martha, I'm sorry to disturb you, but do you know where Evvy is?"

"I thought she'd be marrying you about now," I said.

There was a brief silence. Perhaps Evvy wasn't supposed even to tell me she was marrying Robert today. "But she isn't here," Robert said. "We were to meet an hour ago."

"I don't know when she left, but it was a long time ago," I said.

"I'm very worried," Robert said, slowly and softly.

I thought it was odd, but natural, if you follow me. There were a dozen reasons why Evvy might be delayed, and I supposed a bridegroom would be in a state of tension, too, and would naturally be worried. But the thing was—and it was something that I had not been able to put my finger on before—I was quite sure that Robert was saying what he thought should be said in the circumstances, without any real feeling behind it. That was what had bothered me about him for some time, especially in relation to Evvy. I had been thinking he was not a person, but a set of carefully applied resemblances to a living man, who was in love, brilliant, famous. He made the gestures, he said the words, but everything was calculated—it had to be, since he was never himself.

"Don't worry," I said. "Evvy was a little excited. She might have stopped to say good-by to someone, or to have a cup of coffee, or to change a tire—ours are pretty bad."

Robert said, "Evvy is very unhappy, very upset. I thought, if we married at once, some of the strain might lift."

"Doesn't Evvy want to marry you?" I asked.

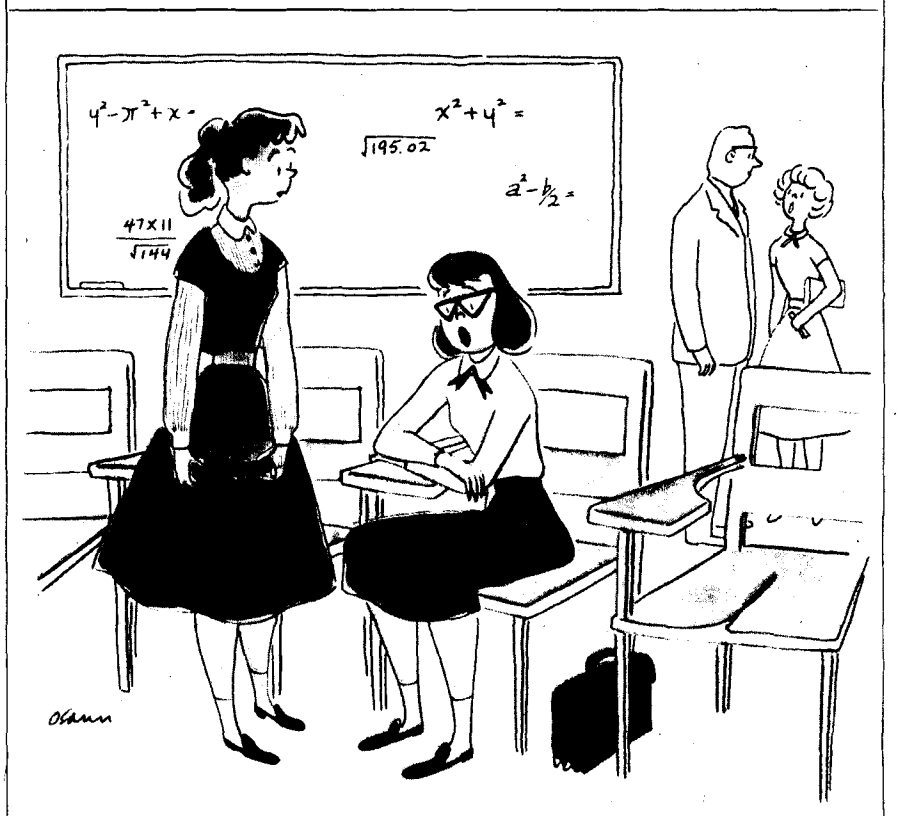
"Yes," Robert said. "She knew I had been married before, and that upset her too, but that was chiefly concern for her family's reaction. It was her very anxiety to marry me, at once, that showed me how troubled she was."

I stood holding the telephone. It suddenly felt warm, because my own hands had chilled so suddenly. "I love Evvy," I said, rather loudly, "and I've known her most of her life. I don't understand what you're trying to say."

He said, "Nothing. Just that I'm alarmed that Evvy is late."

HE HUNG up, and of course, a few hours later, we all knew why Evvy hadn't met him. And I knew, with the most overwhelming sense of stupidity, and coldness, and guilt, that if I had watched Evvy more carefully last night, if I had listened to what she obviously had forbidden herself to say, I would have known she never intended to marry Robert. And yet she loved him. She would have done anything in the world for him. Even as I thought that,

TIZZY



"I've decided it isn't fair to break up Mr. Willowby's marriage just to get a passing grade in math"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

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a cool little prickle of question raised itself, far at the edge of my mind: What was there required of her that Evvy could not do, even for Robert?

I arrived at the outskirts of Santa Fe, where there are old-fashioned bungalows with deep porches, and a few schools and stores. I kept on to the center of town. Evvy's people had flown in earlier, and we had arranged to meet at the hotel, and then I would take them to the church where Evvy waited in a closed coffin. A lot of people from the Hill would be there. A lot of people had been fond of Evvy.

ROBERT would be there. I had seen him once after she was found. All of us who knew her had had to answer questions—Evvy's boss, myself, Robert. I thought Robert must have put in forty-eight hours very much like mine, and perhaps worse, since he knew what it was Evvy meant in her note, which had been carefully put inside a tin box, and that put in the glove compartment. She wanted to make sure it was found.

"What happened, Martha?" Mrs. Frasee whispered to me. She seemed to have lost her voice with grief. She was a small, spare woman, neatly dressed in dark-blue teacher's clothes —she taught high school in Vermont. When I had last seen her, she had been all excited about Evvy coming to Los Alamos, and at the interesting scientific future before her. Evvy's older sister, Joan, wore black, but of course, she had had the black suit in her closet anyway. They looked positively garish in their plain dark Eastern clothes against the brightness of the day and the brilliant colors of the plaza. As we slowly crossed it, they looked with dull eyes at the governor's palace and at the Indian women selling necklaces made of corn. I don't know that they even saw them.

"She was in love with some man," Evvy's sister said. "I understand he was very distinguished and respected. Was it something to do with him? They *were* going to get married, weren't they?"

I couldn't say, "The wedding was supposed to be two days ago," and hurt them with new knowledge. I said, "Why, I'm sure they were. You never saw anyone so much in love as Evvy."

Mrs. Frasee sighed. "That isn't always enough, it seems," she said.

The church was cool and smelled blessedly old, as though to put today in its place and in proportion. Sunlight, stained all colors, fell on the people in the pews—Dave and Mary, a lot of Evvy's friends and people from the lab. Even Lieutenant Marrow was there, and I remembered how Evvy used to smile and wave at him.

Robert was alone, and he heard us come in, and I saw his face alter. I saw him glance over at me with a kind of desperate appeal to put aside the tangled antagonisms and jealousies that had complicated our relationships while Evvy was alive; and for all my resolutions to be kind to Robert, I could not. I looked at him closely, and I saw a careful replica of a human being, marked by guilt and grief, at a funeral. I saw that the youthfulness had faded a little, but I also felt that there was not one spontaneous move, or gesture, or feeling, in the entire Robert Payne Benson.

That was my clue, and all during the service for Evvy, I added remembered things together: a look in her eyes when she came in late at night from working on something special, and a sentence begun and not finished, and other things. By the time the service was over, I knew what Evvy did, or what she had suspected.

It supported me to know. I introduced Robert to Evvy's mother and sister, and saw how startled they were in the midst of their sufferings, and saw how it queerly comforted them, to see what a distinguished man Evvy had loved, and who had loved her in return. He spoke to them so nicely, so gently. They had no difficulty in sharing their grief with him. They wept for his loss as well as their own.

I was going to drive Mrs. Frasee and Joan back up to the Lodge at Los Alamos. They would want to talk about Evvy, and try to understand. They would take away her things. But Robert suggested he drive them, and I said, "Of course. There'll be coffee and sandwiches waiting at the apartment."

"Poor Martha," I heard Robert say, as he helped the women into his car. "This has been so very hard on her."

I stood there in the alien sunshine, and my eyes were dry. What I felt now was fear, because I knew, and there was nothing I could do without any proof. Even if I cast suspicion, my motives would be suspect; who would listen to the girl whose friend had driven off a cliff edge; who had, perhaps, been disturbed, and jealous, anyway?

There was one among us on the Hill —trusted, honored, duly certified and cleared by the government—who was a traitor. He would not call himself that. In his mind, his conscience was clear, and his purpose honorable. He did only what was necessary; his understanding was firmer than the others', and he was convinced that what he did was right. His loyalties were not divided; they were absolutely tied to the cause he worked for. Evvy tried to point him out, but it was a nightmare to me, knowing that he was free to come and go, not only in Los Alamos, but everywhere else where the country's secrets were kept. She had left a note with his name, and put a smashed car to mark the note, so it would be noticed, and somebody would wonder.

I GRIPPED the steering wheel, and the air felt hot and dry all around me, and the brightness frightened me.

Lieutenant Marrow spoke to me as I started the car. He came and put his lean brown hand on the side of the car, and I saw that he looked tired. "We look into notes like the one Miss Frasee left, very carefully," he said to me. "I didn't know if you knew that."

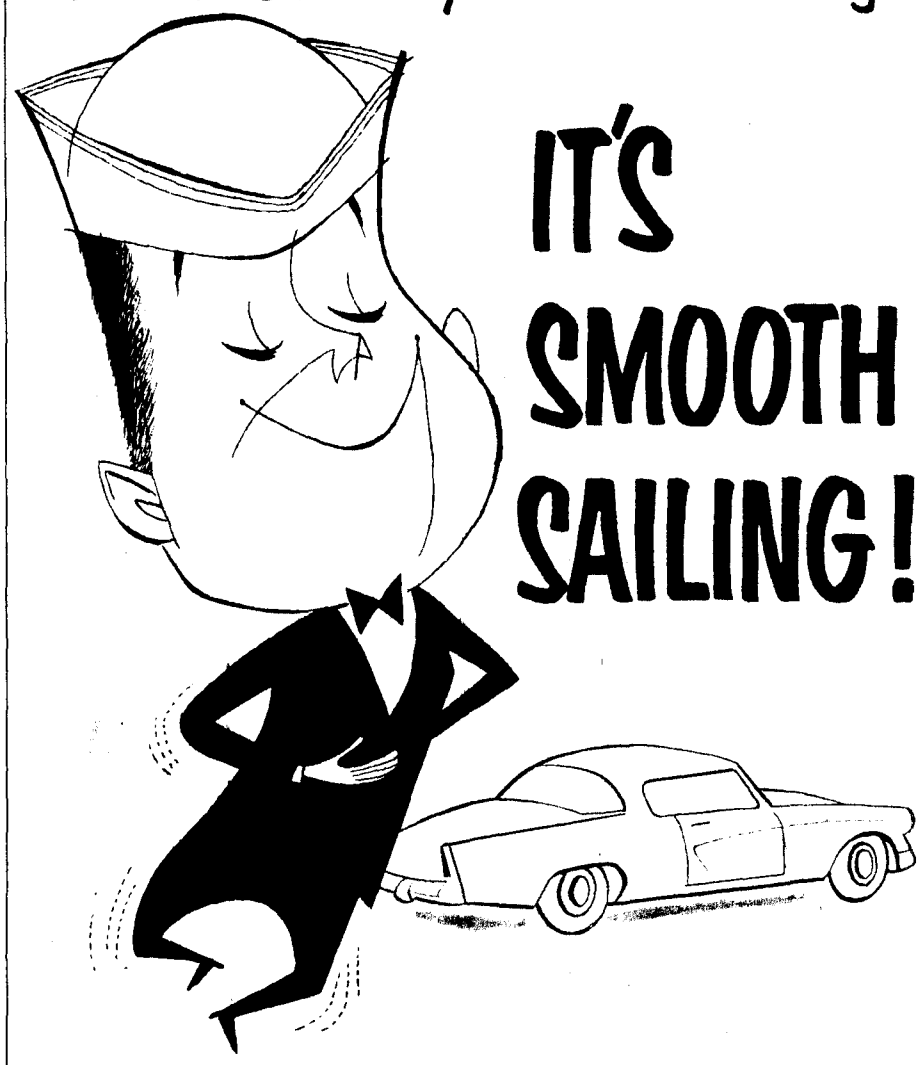
"I thought probably," I said.

"We don't just make a routine check," he said. "No matter how big the name is."

I looked at him again then, and thought I might as well go on back up the Hill, where all the queer, silver-colored buildings were, and I might as well go back to work in Tech Area, showing my pass, and locking the safe at night.

I could spend any spare time I had trying to understand what made a man of distinguished family, raised in every American privilege, talented in his own right, and honored for his own brilliant scientific achievements, become a spy, a plain traitor. If I could understand, and if the inquiry ever reached that point, perhaps there would be something I could say. Meantime, the bright nightmare of the day was all around me, and the peopleless land where so many people once had been, and all I could think was, if the other side won, Robert Payne Benson would be a hero. ▲▲▲

It's June! Get ready for vacation driving!



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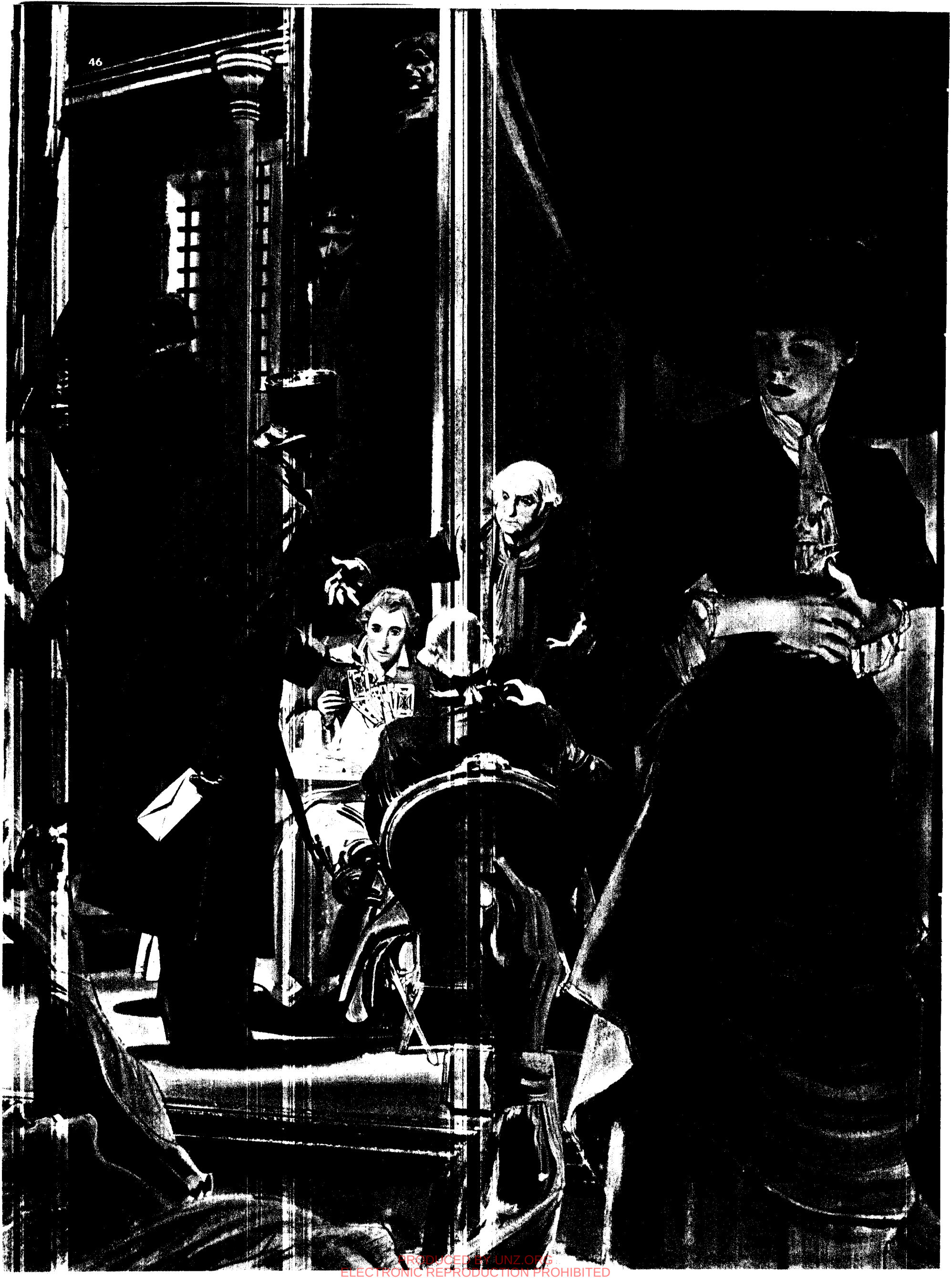

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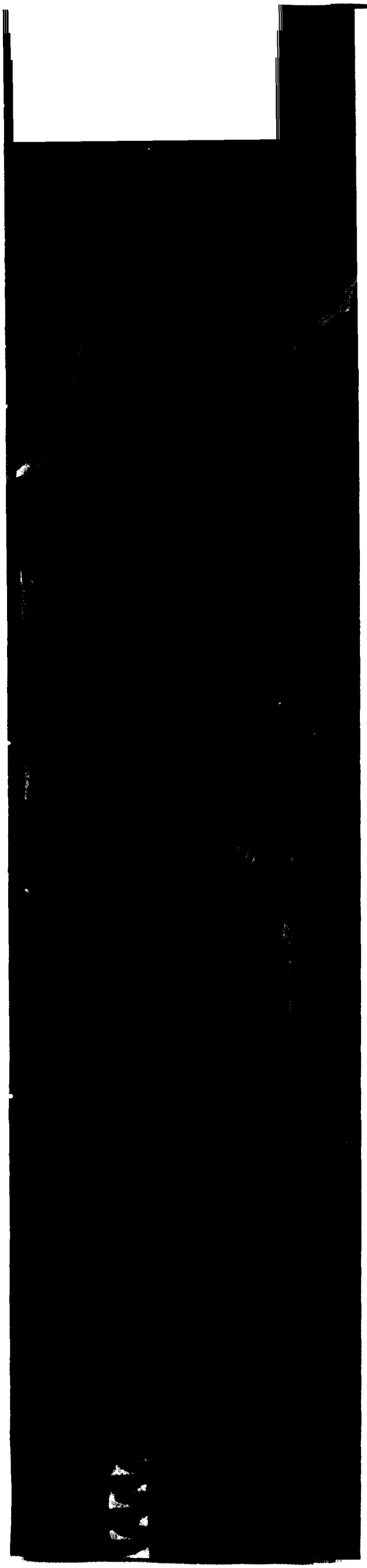
ANOTHER *NEW* SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY

The Adventure of the WAX GAMBLERS

By ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE
and JOHN DICKSON CARR

At midnight in a wax museum's deserted room of horrors, two of the dummies seemed to play at cards—and for mysterious stakes



WHEN my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes sprained his ankle, irony followed upon irony. Within a matter of hours he was presented with a problem whose singular nature seemed to make imperative a visit to that sinister, underground Room of Horrors so well known to the public.

My friend's accident had been unlucky. Purely for the sport of it, he had consented to an impromptu glove match at the old Cribb Sporting Club in Panton Street with Bully Boy Rasher, the well-known professional middleweight. To the amazement of the spectators, Holmes knocked out the Bully Boy before the latter could settle down to a long, hard mill.

Having broken Rasher's guard and survived his right hand, my friend was leaving the sparring saloon when he tripped on those ill-lighted rickety stairs, which I trust the honorary secretary of the club has since caused to be mended.

The intelligence of this mishap reached me as my wife and I were finishing our midday meal. I recall that it was in a cold season of rain and screaming winds, and though I have not my notebook at hand, I believe it was the first week in March, 1890. Uttering an exclamation as I finished reading the telegram from Mrs. Hudson, I handed the message to my wife.

"You must go at once and see to the comfort of Mr. Sherlock Holmes for a day or two," said she. "Anstruther will always do your work for you."

Since at that time my residence was in the Paddington area, it took me no great time to reach Baker Street. Holmes was, as I expected, seated upon the sofa with his back to the wall. He was wearing a purple dressing gown; and his bandaged right ankle rested upon a heap of cushions. A low-power microscope stood on a small table at his left, while on the sofa at his right lay a perfect drift of discarded newspapers.

The weary, heavy-lidded expression which veiled his keen and eager eyes made it clear to me that the misfortune had not sweetened his temper. Since Mrs. Hudson's telegram had mentioned only a fall on some stairs, I asked for an explanation and received the one with which I have prefaced this chronicle.

"I was proud of myself, Watson," he added, bitterly, "and careless of my step. The more fool I!"

"Yet surely some modest degree of pride was permissible? The Bully Boy is no mean opponent," I said.

"On the contrary, I found him much overrated and half drunk. But I see, Watson, that you yourself are troubled about your health."

"Good heavens, Holmes! It is true that I suspect the advent of a cold. But, since there is as yet no sign in my appearance or voice, it is astonishing that you can have known it!"

"Astonishing? It is elementary. You have been taking your own pulse. A minute trace of the silver nitrate upon your right forefinger has been transferred to a significant spot on your left wrist. But what on earth are you doing now?"

Ignoring his continuing protests, I examined and rebandaged his ankle.

"My dear fellow," I said, on completing my task, and endeavoring to raise his spirits as I might cheer any patient, "in one sense it gives me great pleasure to see you thus incapacitated."

Holmes looked at me fixedly, but did not speak.

"Yes," said I, continuing to cheer him, "we must curb our impatience while we are confined to our sofa for a fortnight, or perhaps more. But do not misunderstand me. When I had the privilege of meeting your brother Mycroft last summer, you stated that he was your superior in observation and deduction."

"I spoke the truth. If the art of detection began and ended in reasoning from an armchair, my brother would be the greatest criminal agent that ever lived."

"A proposition which I take the liberty of doubting. Now behold! Here are you enforced to the seated position. It will delight me to see you demonstrate your superiority when you are presented with some case—"

"Case? I have no case!"

"Be of good cheer. A case will come," said I.

"The agony column of the Times," said he, nodding toward the drift of newspapers, "is quite featureless. And even the joys of studying a new disease germ are not inexhaustible. As a comforter, Watson, you should be calling upon Job."

The entrance of Mrs. Hudson, bearing a letter

"A funny card game, sir!" the old man said. I agreed and began taking the cards from the wax fingers and putting them into envelopes

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which had been delivered by hand, momentarily cut him short. Though I had not actually expected my prophecy to be fulfilled with such promptness, I could not but remark that the note paper bore a crest and must have cost fully half a crown a packet. Nevertheless, I was doomed to disappointment.

AFTER tearing open the letter eagerly, Holmes uttered a snort of vexation. "So much for your soothsaying," said he, scribbling a reply for our landlady to give to a district messenger. "It is merely an ill-spelled note from Sir Gervase Darlington, asking for an appointment at eleven tomorrow morning, and requesting that it be confirmed by hand to the Hercules Club."

"Darlington!" remarked I. "Surely, Holmes, you have mentioned that name before?"

"Yes, so I have. But upon that occasion I referred to Darlington the art dealer, whose substitution of a false Leonardo painting for a real one caused such a scandal at the Grosvenor Galleries. Sir Gervase is a different and more exalted Darlington, though no less associated with scandal."

"Who is he?"

Again Holmes snorted. "Sir Gervase Darlington, Watson, is the bold, bad baronet of fiction, addicted to pugilism and profligate ladies. But he is by no means a dazzling figure of the imagination." My friend looked thoughtful. "At the moment, Sir Gervase had best mind his step."

"You interest me. Why so?"

"Well, I am no racing man. Yet I recall that Sir Gervase won a fortune during last year's Derby. Ill-disposed persons whispered that he did so by bribery and secret information. Be good enough, Watson, to remove this microscope."

I did so, and there remained upon the little table only the sheet of crested note paper which Holmes had flung down there. From the pocket of his dressing gown he took out that snuff-box of old gold, with a great amethyst in the center of the lid, which had been a present from the King of Bohemia.

"However," he went on, "every move made by Sir Gervase Darlington is now carefully watched. Should he so much as attempt to communicate with any suspicious person, he will be warned off the turf, even if he does not land in jail. I cannot recall the name of the horse on which he wagered—"

"Lord Hove's Bengal Lady," cried I. "By Indian Rajah out of Countess. She finished a furlong ahead of the field. Though, of course," I added, "I know little more of racing matters than yourself, Holmes."

"Indeed, Watson?"

"Holmes, such suspicions as you appear to entertain are base and unworthy! I am a married man with a depleted bank balance. Besides, why should horse racing concern you in such wild weather as this?"

"Well, the Grand National cannot be too far off."

"By Jove, yes! Lord Hove has two entries for the Grand National. Many fancy Thunder Lad, though not much is expected of Sheerness. But to me," I added in some haste, "a scandal attached to the sport of kings is incredible. Lord Hove is an honorable man."

"Precisely. Being an honorable man, he is no friend to Sir Gervase."

"But why are you sure Sir Gervase can bring you nothing of interest?"

"If you were acquainted with the gentleman, Watson, you would know that he could not be concerned in anything whatever of interest, save that he is a really formidable heavyweight boxer—" Holmes whistled. "Come! Sir Gervase was among those who witnessed my own trifling encounter with the Bully Boy this morning."

"Then what can he want of you?"

"Even if the question were of any moment, I have no data. A pinch of snuff, Watson? No? Well, I am not enamored of it myself, though it represents a pleasant change from smoking."

I could not help laughing. "My dear Holmes, your case is typical. Every medical man knows that a patient with an injury like yours, though the injury is slight and even of a humorous character, becomes as unreasonable as a child."

Holmes snapped shut the snuffbox and put it into his pocket. "Watson," said he, "grateful though I am for your presence, I shall be obliged if you do not utter one word for at least the next six hours, lest I say something which I may regret."

Thus, remaining silent even at supper, we sat very late in the snug room. Holmes moodily cross-indexed his records of crime, and I was deep in the pages of the British Medical Journal. Save for the tick of the clock and the crackle of the fire, there was no sound but the shrieking of the March gale, which growled and whooped in the chimney and drove the rain against the windows like handfuls of small shot.

AT LONG last, my friend said querulously, "No, no. Optimism is stupidity. Certainly no case will come to my— Hark! Was that not the bell?"

"Yes. I heard it clearly in spite of the wind. But who can it be?"

"If a client," said Holmes, craning his long neck for a glimpse of the clock, "it must be a matter of deep seriousness to bring someone out at two in the morning and in such a gale."

After some delay, during which it took Mrs. Hudson an interminable time to rise from her bed and open the street door, no less than two clients were ushered into our room. Both of them had been speaking at once, but their conversation became distinct as they approached the doorway.

"Grandfather, you mustn't!" a young woman was saying. "For the last time, please! You don't want Mr. Holmes to think you are," here she lowered her voice to a whisper, *"simple."*

"I'm not simple!" cried an old man. "Drat it, Nellie, I see what I see! I should have come to tell the gentleman yesterday morning, only you wouldn't hear of it."

"But, Grandfather, that Room of Horrors is a fearfully frightening place. You imagined it, dear."

"I'm seventy-six years old. But I've got no more imagination," said the old man, proudly, "than one of them wax figures. Me imagine it? Me, that's been night watchman since long before the museum was took where it is now, and was still here in Baker Street?"

The newcomers paused. The ancient visitor, squat and stubborn-looking in his rain-sodden greatcoat and shepherd's-check trousers, was a solid man of the people with fine white hair. The girl was different—though not perhaps from the highest circle of society, she spoke with refinement. Graceful and lissome, with dark hair and gray eyes, she wore a costume of blue with white frills at the wrists and throat. There was grace as well as timidity even in the gesture with which she held the dripping umbrella away from her dress, yet her delicate hands trembled.

Very prettily she apologized for this late call. "My—my name is Eleanor Baxter," she added, "and, as you may have gathered, my poor grandfather is the night attendant at Madame Taupin's exhibition of wax figures in the Marylebone Road." She broke off. "Oh! Your poor ankle!"

"My injury is nothing, Miss Baxter," said Holmes. "You are both very welcome. Watson! Our guests' coats, the umbrella; so. Now, you may be seated here in front of me. Though I have a crutch of sorts here, I am sure you will forgive me if I remain where I am. You were saying?"

MISS BAXTER, who had been looking fixedly at the little table, in evident distress at the lateness of their visit, now gave a start and changed color as she found Holmes's keen eye upon her. She said, "Sir, are you acquainted with Madame Taupin's waxworks?"

"It is justly famous."

"Do forgive me!" Eleanor Baxter blushed. "My meaning was, have you ever visited it?"

"Hum! I fear I am too much like our countrymen. Let some place be remote or inaccessible, and the Englishman will lose his life to find it. But when it lies within a few hundred yards of his own front door, he will not even look at it. Have you visited Madame Taupin's, Watson?"

"No, I am afraid not," I replied. "Though I have heard much of the underground Room of Horrors. It is said that the management offers a large sum of money to anyone who will spend a night there."

The stubborn-looking old man, who to a medical eye showed symptoms of very severe physical pain, nevertheless laughed hoarsely as he sat down. "Lord bless you, sir, don't you believe a word of that nonsense."

"It is not true, then?" said I.

"Not a bit, sir. They wouldn't even let you do it, 'cos a sporting gentleman might light a cigar or what not, and they're feared to death of fire."

"Then I take it," said Holmes, "that you are not unduly troubled by the Room of Horrors?"

"No, sir, never in general. They've even got old Charlie Peace there. He's with Marwood, too, the hangman what turned Charlie off not eleven year ago —but they're friendly-like." His voice went higher. "However, fair's fair, sir, and I don't like it a bit when those blessed wax figures begin to play a hand of cards!"

A sudden gust of wind rattled the rain against the windows. Holmes leaned forward. "The wax figures, you say, have been playing at cards?"

"Yes, sir. Word of Sam Baxter!"

"Are all the wax figures engaged in this card game, or only some of them?"

"Only two, sir."

"How do you know this, Mr. Baxter? Did you see them?"

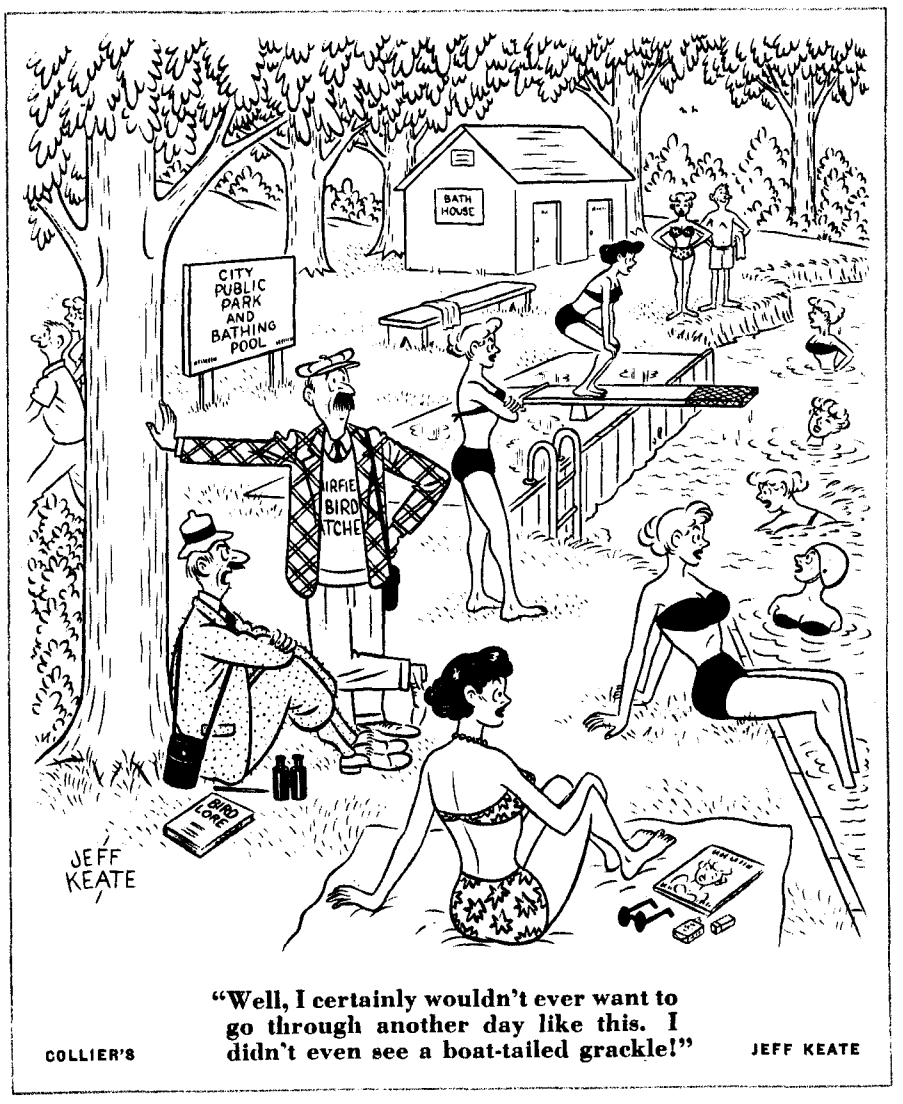
"Lord, sir, I should hope not! But what am I to think when one of 'em has either discarded from his hand or taken a trick, and the cards on the table are all mucked up? Maybe I ought to explain, sir?"

"Pray do," invited Holmes, with eager satisfaction.

"You see, sir, in the course of a night I make only one or two rounds down in the Room of Horrors. It's one big room, with dim lights. The reason I don't make more rounds is 'cos of my rheumatics. Folk don't know how cruel you can suffer from rheumatics! Double you up, they do."

"Dear me!" murmured Holmes sympathetically, pushing the tin of shag toward the old man.

"Anyway, sir! My Nellie there is a good girl, in spite of her eddication and the fine work she does. Whenever my rheumatics are bad, and they've been



"Well, I certainly wouldn't ever want to go through another day like this. I didn't even see a boat-tailed grackle!"

COLLIER'S — JEFF KEATE

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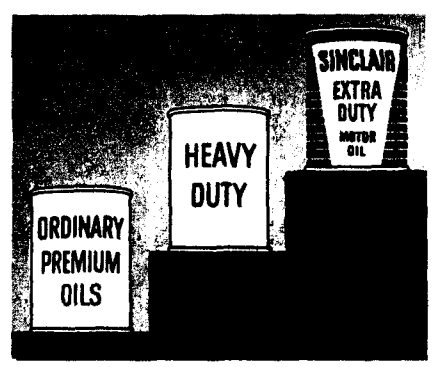

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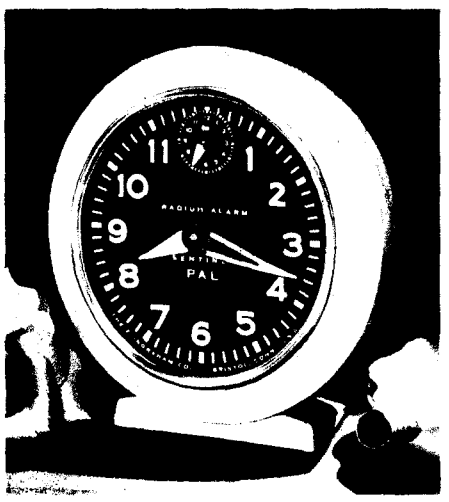

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bad all this week, she gets up every blessed morning and comes to fetch me at seven o'clock—that's when I go off duty—so she can help me to a omnibus.

"Now tonight, being worried about me—which she oughtn't to be!—well, Nellie turned up only an hour ago, right in the middle of the night, and she had young Bob Parsnip with her. Bob took over my duty from me, so I said, 'I've read all about this Mr. Holmes, and he's only a step away; let's go and tell him.' And that's why we're here."

HOLMES inclined his head. "I see, Mr. Baxter. But you were speaking of last night?"

"Ah! Well, about the Room of Horrors. On one side there's a series of tabloos. Which I mean: there's wax figures in each tabloo, and all together, they tell a story that's called The History of a Crime.

"This history of a crime is about a young gentleman—and quite a pleasant young gentleman he is, too, only weak—who falls into bad company. He gambles and loses his money; then he kills the wicked older man, and at last he's hanged, just like Charlie Peace. It's meant to be a—a—"

"A moral lesson, yes. Take warning, Watson. Well, Mr. Baxter?"

"Well, sir! It's that wretched gambling tabloo. There's only two of 'em in it, the young gentleman and the wicked wrong 'un. They're sitting in a lovely room, at a table with gold coins on it, only not real gold, of course. It's not a-happening today, you see, but in old times when they had stockings and britches."

"Eighteenth-century costume, perhaps?"

"That's it, sir. The young gentleman is sitting on the other side of the table, so he faces toward you straight. But the old wrong 'un is sitting with his back turned, holding up his cards as if he was laughing, and you can see the cards in his hand.

"Now last night! When I say last night, sir, course I mean two nights ago, because it's toward morning now. I walked straight past that blessed tabloo without seeing nothing. Then, about a hour later, all of a sudden I thinks, 'What's wrong with that tabloo?' There wasn't much wrong, and I'm so used to it that I'm the only one who'd have noticed. 'What's wrong?' I thinks. So I goes down and has another look.

"Sir, so help me! The wicked older man—the one whose hand you can see—was holding less cards than he ought. He'd discarded, or had played a trick maybe, and they'd also been messing up the cards on the table.

"I've got no imagination, I tell you. Don't want none. And when Nellie here came to fetch me at seven yesterday morning, I felt so cruel, what with rheumatics and this too, that I wouldn't tell her what was wrong with me—that was just in case I might really have been seeing things. Today I thought perhaps I dreamed it. But I didn't! It was there again tonight.

"Now, sir, I'm not daft. I see what I see! You might say, maybe, somebody did that for fun—changed the hand and messed up the cards on the table and all. But nobody couldn't do it in the daytime, or they'd be seen. It might be done at night, 'cos there's a side door that won't lock properly. But it's not like one of the public's practical jokes, where they stick a false beard on Queen Anne or maybe a sunbonnet on Napoleon. This is so little that nobody'd notice it. But if somebody's been playing a hand of cards for those two blessed dummies, then who did it and why?"

For some moments, while great gusts of wind and rain threatened to drive in our windows, Sherlock Holmes remained silent. "Mr. Baxter," he then said gravely, and glanced at his bandaged ankle, "your patience shames me in my foolish petulance. I shall be happy to look into this matter."

"But, Mr. Holmes," cried Eleanor Baxter in stark bewilderment, "surely you cannot take the affair seriously?"

"Forgive me, madam. Mr. Baxter, what particular game of cards are the two wax figures playing?"

"Dunno, sir. Used to wonder that myself, long ago when I was new to the old place. Nap or whist, maybe. But I dunno."

"You say that the figure with his back turned is holding fewer cards than he should. How many cards have been played from his hand?"

"Sir?"

"You did not observe? Tch, that is most unfortunate! Then I beg of you carefully to consider a vital question. Have these figures been gambling?"

"My dear Holmes—" I began, but my friend's look stopped me.

"You tell me, Mr. Baxter, that the cards upon the table have been moved, or at least disturbed. Have the gold coins been moved as well?"

"Come to think of it," replied Mr. Samuel Baxter, after a pause, "no, sir, they haven't! Funny, too."

Holmes's eyes were glittering, and he rubbed his hands together. "I fancied as much," said he. "Well, fortunately I may devote my energies to the problem, since I have nothing on hand at the moment—save a future dull matter which seems to concern Sir Gervase Darlington, and possibly Lord Hove as well. Lord Hove— Dear me, Miss Baxter, is anything wrong?"

Eleanor Baxter, who had risen to her feet, now contemplated Holmes with startled eyes. "Did you say Lord Hove?" asked she.

"Yes. How should the name be familiar to you, may I ask?"

"Merely that he is my employer."

"Indeed?" said Holmes, raising his eyebrows. "Ah, yes. You do typewriting, I perceive. The double line in the pile of your costume a little below your elbows, where you press your arms against the table, proclaims as much. You are acquainted with Lord Hove, then?"

"No, I have never so much as seen him, though I do much typewriting at his town house in Park Lane. So humble a person as I—"

"Tch, this is most unfortunate! However, we must do what we can. Watson! Have you any objection to going out into such a tempestuous night?"

"Not in the least," said I, much astonished. "But why?"

"This confounded sofa, my boy! Since I am confined to it as to a sickbed, you must be my eyes. It troubles me to trespass upon your pain, Mr. Baxter, but would it be possible for you to escort Dr. Watson for a brief visit to the Room of Horrors? Thank you—excellent."

"But what am I to do?" asked I.

"In the upper drawer of my desk, Watson, you will find some envelopes."

"Well, Holmes?"

"Oblige me by counting the number of cards in the hand of each wax figure. Then, carefully keeping them in their present order from left to right, place each set in a separate envelope, which you will mark for identification. Do the same with the cards upon the table, and bring all of them back to me as quickly as you may accomplish it."

"Sir—" began the ancient man in excitement.

"No, no, Mr. Baxter, I should prefer not to speak now. I have only a working hypothesis, and there seems one almost insuperable difficulty to it." Holmes frowned. "But it is of the first importance to discover, in all senses of the word, what game is being played at that wax exhibition."

TOGETHER with Samuel Baxter and his granddaughter, I ventured forth into the rain-whipped blackness. Despite Miss Baxter's protests, within ten minutes we were all three standing

COLLIER'S "Funny, this isn't at all the kind of a picture I thought 'Flora of the Tropics' would be" DICK CAVALLI

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before the gambling tableau in the Room of Horrors.

A not ill-looking young man named Robert Parsnip, clearly much smitten with the charms of Eleanor Baxter, turned up the blue sparks of gas in the dusty globes. But even so the chamber remained in a semigloom in which the ranks of grim wax figures seemed to wait with a horrible, spiderlike repose, unmoving only until a visitor turned away, and then reaching out to touch him.

MADAME TAUPIN'S exhibition is too well known to need any general description. But I was unpleasantly impressed by the tableaux called The History of a Crime. The scenes were most lifelike in both effect and color, with their wigs and eighteenth-century small swords. Had I in fact been guilty of those mythical gambling lapses charged upon me by Holmes's ill-timed sense of humor, the display might well have harassed my conscience. This was especially so as we approached the two gamblers in the mimic room.

"Drat it, Nellie, don't touch them cards!" cried Mr. Baxter, quite testy and irascible now that he was in his own domain. But his tone changed as he spoke to me. "Look there, sir! There's"—he counted slowly—"there's nine cards in the wicked wrong 'un's hand. And sixteen in the young gentleman's."

"Listen," whispered the young lady. "Isn't someone walking about upstairs?"

"Drat it, Nellie, it's only Bob Parsnip! Who else would it be?"

"As you said, the cards on the table are not much disarranged," said I. "Indeed, as observed, the small pile in front of the young gentleman is not disarranged at all. Twelve cards lie at his elbow—"

"Ah, and nineteen by the wrong 'un. Funny card game, sir!"

I agreed, and curiously repulsed by the touch of waxen fingers against my own, I put the various sets of playing cards into four marked envelopes, and hastened up from the stuffy den. Despite the old man's horrified protest, I insisted on sending Miss Baxter and her grandfather home in a cab, whose driver had just deposited some hopelessly intoxicated gentleman against his own door.

I was not sorry to return to the snug warmth of my friend's sitting room. To my dismay, however, Holmes was no longer resting on the couch. He was standing by the desk with the green-shaded lamp, eagerly studying an open atlas and supported by a crutch under his right arm.

"Enough, Watson!" he silenced my protests. "You have the envelopes? Good, good! Give them to me. Thank you. In the hand of the older gambler, the wax figure with his back turned, were there not nine cards?"

"Holmes, this is amazing! How could you have known that?"

"Logic, my dear fellow," Holmes replied. "Now let us see—"

"One moment," I said firmly. "You spoke earlier of a crutch, but where could you have obtained one at such short notice? That is an extraordinary crutch. It seems to be constructed of some lightweight metal, and shines where the rays of the lamp—"

"Yes, yes, I already had it in my possession."

"Already had it?"

"It is made of aluminum, and is the relic of a case before my biographer came to glorify me. I have already mentioned it to you, but you have forgotten. Now be good enough to forget the crutch while you examine these cards. Oh, beautiful, beautiful!"

Were all the jewels of Golconda spread out before him he could not have been more ecstatic. He even rejoiced when I told him what I had seen and heard.

"What, you are still in the dark?" said he. "Then take these nine cards, Watson, and put them upon the desk in their order, and announce the name of each as you do so."

"Knave of diamonds," said I, placing the cards under the lamp, "seven of hearts, ace of clubs—good heavens, Holmes!"

"Do you see anything, then?"

"Yes. There are two aces of clubs, one following the other!"

"Did I not call it beautiful? But you have counted only four cards. Proceed with the remaining five."

"Deuce of spades," said I, "ten of hearts—merciful powers, here is a third ace of clubs, and two more knaves of diamonds!"

"And what do you deduce from that, Watson?"

"Holmes, I think I see light. Madame Taupin's is famous for its real-life effects. The older wax figure is a brazen gambler, who is depicted as cheating the young man! By a subtle effect, they have shown him as holding false cards for his winning hand."

"Hardly subtle, I fancy. Even so brazen a gambler as yourself, Watson, would surely feel some embarrassment at putting down a winning hand which contained no less than three knaves of diamonds and three aces of clubs?"

"Yes, there are difficulties," said I.

"Further, if you count all the cards, both those in the hands and those upon the table, you will observe that their total number is fifty-six, which is four more than I, at least, am accustomed to use in one pack."

"But what can it mean? What is the answer to our problem?"

The atlas lay upon the desk where Holmes had put it down when I gave him the envelopes. Snatching up the book, and leaning on that curious crutch, he eagerly opened it again. "At the mouth of the Thames," he read, "on the island of—"

"Holmes, my question concerned the answer to our problem!"

"This is the answer to our problem."

THOUGH I am the most long-suffering of men, I protested strongly when he packed me off upstairs to my old room. I believed that I should get no sleep upon the rack of this mystery, yet I slept heavily, and it was nearly eleven o'clock when I descended to breakfast.

Sherlock Holmes, who had already breakfasted, again sat upon the sofa. I was glad of my clean, fresh shave when I found him deep in conversation with Miss Eleanor, whose timidity was lessened by his easy manner. Yet something in his grave face, his direful bearing, arrested my hand as I rang the bell for rashers and eggs.

"Miss Baxter," said he, "though there still remains an objection to my hypothesis, the time has come to tell you something of great importance. But what the devil—"

Our door had been suddenly dashed open. To be precise, it was kicked open with a crash. But this had been done only as a jest by the man who kicked it, for his loud, overfed burst of laughter rang like a brazen trumpet.

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faced gentleman with a shining hat and a costly frock coat, open over a white waistcoat to show the diamonds on his watch guard and the single flaming ruby in his cravat. Though not so tall as Holmes, he was far broader and heavier; indeed, with a figure not unlike my own. His loud laugh rang out again, and his cunning little eyes flashed, as he held up a leather bag and shook it. "Here you are, cully!" cried he. "You're the Scotland Yard man, ain't you? A thousand gold sovereigns, and all yours for the askin'!"

Sherlock Holmes, though astonished, regarded him with the utmost composure. "Sir Gervase Darlington, I think?"

Without paying the slightest notice to either Miss Baxter or myself, the newcomer strode across the room and rattled the bag of coins under Holmes's nose. "That's me, Mister Detective!" said he. "Saw you fight yesterday. You could be better, but you'll do. One day, my man, they may make prize fightin' legal. Till they do, a gentleman's got to arrange a neat little mill in secret. Stop a bit, though!"

Suddenly, catfooted despite his weight, he went to the window and peered down into the street. "Curse old Phileas Belch! He's had a man following me for months— Ay, and two blasted manservants in succession to steam open my letters. Broke the back of one of 'em, though." Sir Gervase's shattering laugh rang out again. "Never mind!"

Holmes's face seemed to change; but an instant later he was his cool, imperturbable self as Sir Gervase Darlington turned back, flinging the bag of money onto the sofa. "Keep the dibs, Scotland Yarder. *I* don't need 'em. Now, then. In three months we'll match you with Jem Garlick, the Bristol Smasher. Fight a cross, and I'll skin you; do me proud, and I can be a good patron. With an unknown feller like you, I can get eight-to-one odds."

"Do I understand, Sir Gervase," said Holmes, "that you wish me to box professionally in the ring?"

"You're the Scotland Yarder, ain't you?" Sir Gervase said. "You comprey English, don't you?"

"When I hear it spoken, yes."

"That's a joke, hey? Well, so is this!" Playfully, deliberately, his heavy left fist whipped out a round-arm which passed—as it was meant to pass—just an inch in front of my friend's nose. Holmes did not even blink. Again Sir Gervase roared with laughter. "Mind your manners, Mister Detective, when you speak to a gentleman. I could break you in two, even if you didn't have a bad ankle!"

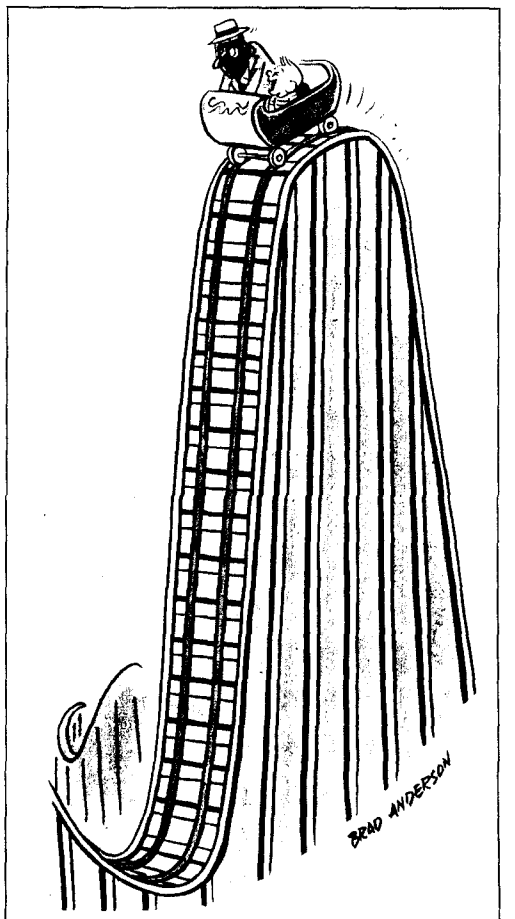
MISS ELEANOR BAXTER, white-faced, uttered a little moaning cry, and seemed to be trying to efface herself against the wall.

"Sir Gervase," cried I, "you will kindly refrain from using offensive language in the presence of a lady."

Instantly our guest turned round, and looked me up and down in a most insolent manner. "Who's this? Watson? Sawbones feller? Oh." Suddenly he thrust his beefy red face into mine. "Know anything about boxin'?"

"No," said I. "That is—not much."

"Then see you don't get a lesson," retorted Sir Gervase playfully, and roared with mirth again. "Lady? What lady?" Seeing Miss Baxter, he looked a little disconcerted, but directed at her a killing ogle. "No lady, sawbones. But a fetchin' little wench!"



"Let's get a hot dog next, Pop. I'm about starved"

COLLIER'S BRAD ANDERSON

"Sir Gervase," said I, "you are now warned for the last time."

"One moment, Watson," interposed the calm voice of Sherlock Holmes. "You must forgive Sir Gervase Darlington. No doubt Sir Gervase has not yet recovered from the visit he paid three days ago to the wax exhibition of Madame Taupin."

In the brief silence that followed, we could hear a coal rattle in the grate and the eternal rain on the windows. But our guest could not be dismayed.

"The Scotland Yarder, eh?" he sneered. "Who told you I was at Madame Taupin's three days ago?"

"No one. But, from certain facts in my possession, the inference was obvious. Such a visit looked innocent, did it not? It would arouse no suspicion on the part of anyone who might be following—some follower, for instance, employed by that eminent sportsman Sir Phileas Belch, who wished to make certain you did not win another fortune by secret information, as you did on last year's Derby."

"You don't interest me, my man!"

"Indeed? And yet, with your sporting proclivities, I feel sure you must be interested in cards."

"Cards?"

"Playing cards," said my friend Holmes blandly, taking some from his dressing-gown pocket and holding them up fanwise. "In fact, these nine cards."

"What the devil's all this?"

"It is a singular fact, Sir Gervase, that a casual visitor to the Room of Horrors, on passing the gambling tableau, can see the cards in the hand of a certain wax figure without even giving them more than an innocent-appearing glance.

"Now some strange tampering was done one night with these cards. The cards in the hand of the other player, the 'young gentleman,' had not even been touched, as was shown by their dusty and gritty condition. But some person, a certain person, had removed a number of cards from the hand of the so-called 'wrong 'un,' throwing them down on the table and, further, adding four cards from no less than two extra packs.

"Why was this done? It was not because someone wished to play a practical joke that would create the illusion that wax dummies were occupied in reckless gambling. Had that been the culprit's motive, he would have moved the imitation gold coins as well as the cards. But the coins were not moved.

"The true answer is simple and indeed obvious. There are twenty-six letters in our alphabet; and twenty-six, doubled, gives us fifty-two, the number of cards in a pack. Supposing that we were arbitrarily to choose one card for each letter, we would easily make a childish, elementary substitution cipher—"

SIR GERVASE'S loud laughter blared shrilly. "Substitution cipher," jeered he, with his red hand at the ruby in his cravat. "What's that, hey? What's the fool talkin' about?"

"—which would be betrayed, however," said Holmes, "should a message of only nine letters contain a double 'e' or a double 's.' Let us imagine, therefore, that the knave of diamonds stands for the letter 's' and that the ace of clubs stands for the letter 'e.' "

"Holmes," interposed I, "this may be inspiration, but it is not logic! Why should you think a message must contain those letters?"

"Because I already knew the message itself," Holmes replied. "You told it to me, Watson."

"*I* told you?"

"Tut, Watson. If these cards represent the letters indicated, we have a double 'e' toward the beginning of the word and a double 's' at the end of it. The first letter of the word, we perceive, must be 's,' and there is an 'e' before the double 's' at the end. No cunning is required to give us the word 'Sheerness.' "

"But what in the world has 'Sheerness'—" I began.

"Geographically, you will find it toward the mouth of the Thames," interrupted Holmes. "But it is also, you informed me, the name of a horse owned by Lord Hove. Though this horse has been entered for the Grand National, you told me that little is expected of it. But if the horse has been trained with the utmost secrecy, as another smashing winner like Bengal Lady—"

"There would be a tremendous killing," said I, "for any gambler who could learn that well-guarded secret and back the horse!"

Sherlock Holmes held up the fan of cards in his left hand. "My dear Miss Eleanor Baxter," cried he, with a sorrowful sternness, "why did you let Sir Gervase Darlington persuade you? Your grandfather would not like to hear that you used the wax exhibition to leave this message telling Sir Gervase what he wished to know, without ever speaking to him, writing to him or approaching within a mile of him."

If previously Miss Baxter had turned pale and uttered a moan at seeing Sir Gervase, it was as nothing to the piteous look now in her stricken gray eyes. Swaying on her feet, she began to falter out a denial.

"No, no!" said Holmes, gently. "It

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really will not do. Within a few moments of the time you entered this room last night, I was aware of your—your acquaintanceship with Sir Gervase Darlington here."

"Mr. Holmes, you cannot have known it!"

"I fear so. Kindly observe the small table at my left. When you approached me last night, Miss Baxter, there was nothing upon the table save a sheet of note paper, emblazoned with the somewhat conspicuous crest of Sir Gervase Darlington."

"Oh, Heaven help me!" cried the wretched young lady.

"Yet you were strangely affected. You looked fixedly at the table, as though in recognition. When you saw my eye upon you, you gave a start and changed color. By apparently casual remarks, I elicited the fact that your employer is Lord Hove, the owner of Sheerness—"

"No! No! No!"

"It would have been easy for you to have substituted the new cards for those already in the wax figure's hand. As your grandfather said, there is a side door at Madame Taupin's which cannot be properly locked. You could have made the substitution secretly at night, before you called formally to escort your grandfather home in the morning.

"You might have destroyed the evidence before too late, if on the first night your grandfather had told you what was amiss in the museum. But he did not tell you until the following night, when both he and Robert Parsnip were there, and you could not be alone. I do not wonder you protested when he wished to see me. Later, as Dr. Watson quite unconsciously told me, you tried to seize and scatter the cards in the wax figure's hand."

"Holmes," cried I, "enough to such torture! The true culprit is not Miss Baxter, but this ruffian who stands and laughs at us!"

HOLMES said, "Believe me, Miss Baxter, I would not distress you. I have no doubt you learned by accident of Sheerness' powers. Sporting peers will speak quite carelessly when they hear only the harmless clicking of a typewriter from an adjoining room. But Sir Gervase, long before he was so carefully watched, must have urged you to keep your ears open and communicate with him in this ingenious way, should you acquire any information of value.

"At first the method seemed almost too ingenious. Indeed, I could not understand why you did not merely write to him, until, when *he* arrived here, I learned that even his letters are steamed open. The cards were the only possible way. But we have the evidence now—"

"No, by God!" said Sir Gervase Darlington. "You've got no evidence at all!" His left hand, quick as a striking snake, snatched the cards from Holmes's grasp. As my friend instinctively stood up, the pain from his swollen ankle making him bite back a cry, Sir Gervase's open right hand drove into Holmes's neck and sent him sprawling back on the sofa. Again that triumphant laugh rang out.

"Gervase!" pleaded Miss Baxter, wringing her hand. "Please! Don't look at me so! I meant no harm!"

"Oh, no?" said he, with a sneer on his brutal face. "No? Come here and betray me, would you? Make me jump when I see you, hey? You're no better than you should be, and I'll tell that to anybody who asks. Now stand aside, damn you!"

"Sir Gervase," said I, "already I have warned you for the last time."

"Sawbones interfering, eh? I'll—"

Now, I am the first to admit that it was luck rather than judgment, though perhaps I may add that I am quicker on my feet than my friends suppose, but suffice to say Miss Baxter screamed.

DESPITE the pain of his ankle, Sherlock Holmes again leaped from the sofa. "By Jove, Watson! A finer left on the mark and right to the head I never witnessed! You've grassed him so hard he will be unconscious for ten minutes!"

"Yet I trust," said I, blowing upon cracked knuckles, "that poor Miss Baxter has not been unduly distressed by the crash with which he struck the floor? It would also grieve me to alarm Mrs. Hudson, whom I hear approaching with bacon and eggs."

"Good old Watson!" said Holmes.

"Why do you smile, Holmes? Have I said something else of humorous character?"

"No, no. Heaven forbid! Yet sometimes I suspect that I may be much shallower, and you far more deep, than customarily I am wont to believe."

"Your satire is beyond me. However, there is the evidence. But you must not publicly betray even Sir Gervase Darlington, Holmes, lest you betray Miss Baxter as well!"

"Humph! I have a score to settle with that gentleman, Watson. His offer to open for me a career as a professional boxer I could not in honesty resent. In its way, it is a great compliment. But to confuse me with a Scotland Yard detective! That was an insult, I fear, which I can neither forget nor forgive."

"Holmes, how many favors have I ever asked of you?"

"Well, well, have it as you please, Watson," my friend said. "We shall keep the cards only as a last resort, should that sleeping beauty again misbehave. As for Miss Baxter—"

"I loved him!" cried the poor young lady passionately. "Or—well, at least, I thought I did."

"In any event, Miss Baxter, Watson shall remain silent as long as you like. He must not speak until some long, long distant date when you, perhaps as an ancient great-grandam, shall smile and give your leave. Half a century ere that, you will have forgotten all about Sir Gervase Darlington."

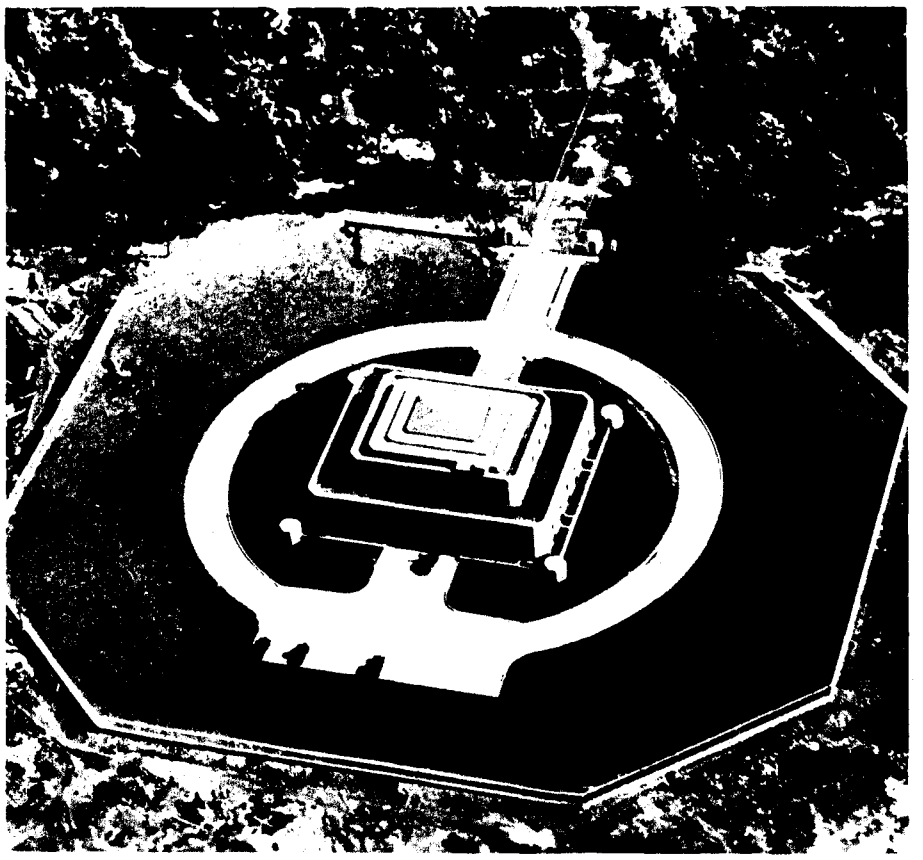
"Never! Never! Never!"

"Oh, I fancy so," smiled Sherlock Holmes. "Love lodged in a woman's breast is but a guest." There is more wisdom in that line of Sir Henry Wotton's than in the whole works of Henrik Ibsen." ▲▲▲

In Collier's — Next Week

SHERLOCK HOLMES
in
The Adventure of Foulkes Rath

The squire had been brutally murdered, and unless Holmes could disprove Scotland Yard's evidence, an innocent man would hang



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Baseball Needs Three

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Boston Red Sox	*New York Giants*	*San Francisco Seals*
Washington Senators	*Baltimore Phils*	*Seattle Rainiers*
Philadelphia Athletics	*Montreal Royals*	*Denver Bears*
Chicago White Sox	*Chicago Cubs*	*St. Louis Cards*
Detroit Tigers	*Pittsburgh Pirates*	*Kansas City Browns*
Milwaukee Braves	*Cincinnati Redlegs*	*Dallas Eagles*
Toronto Leafs	*Cleveland Indians*	*Minn.-St. Paul Twins*

(Editor's note*: Tickets for the new major-league alignment may be on sale about the same time as commuters' tickets to the moon. Do not send any money *NOW!)

By TOM MEANY

BASEBALL, as we know it, is on the ropes and fighting for survival. It is beset with vexing problems, ranging from television to horse racing, from dwindling crowds to rising costs. But it is searching for a solution and it is hopeful that the transfer of the Braves from Boston to Milwaukee may prove a direction post.

The game's predicament brings to mind the famous retort Arthur (Bugs) Baer made many years ago to the solicitous manager of a Southern hotel. Exhausted by a cross-country drive, the humorist had just put his head to the pillow about midnight when his phone rang.

"This is the manager, Mr. Baer," explained that gentleman, pleased to be host to a celebrity. "Is there anything you want?"

"Yes," answered Bugs, "a few kind words and a road map."

That's what baseball needs today—especially the road map. The game doesn't lack for kind words. People argue baseball and read about baseball as avidly as they ever did. The hitch is that not so many of them go to see it.

Like boxing, baseball today has more fans and fewer spectators than it had a few years ago. Television is the reason, although it isn't the entire explanation for baseball's troubles. Racing hasn't hurt boxing at all but it has hurt baseball. That racing outdraws baseball isn't surprising. Any game played with a dollar is going to outdraw any game played with a ball. Racing, unlike baseball and boxing, is not harmed by TV, and it won't be until some genius invents a gadget which combines a 21-inch TV screen with a pari-mutuel window.

Baseball is alert to its precarious position. The transfer of the Braves' National League franchise from Boston to Milwaukee just 26 days before the 1953 season opened was the first such shift in a half century, but it won't be the last. And there won't be a 50-year interval before the next one.

The Commissioner Faces the Facts

Commissioner Ford C. Frick is well aware that he inherited the leadership of a sport which is in the throes of transition. He realizes that the two major leagues, with their franchises concentrated along the Atlantic seaboard and in the Midwest, will have to keep step with the shifting centers of population in order to survive. The populous and prosperous Pacific Coast and Southwest territories cannot be ignored much longer.

"It is possible, even probable, that we eventually will have three major leagues," Frick told me recently. "There are several cities which undoubtedly could support major-league franchises under the proper conditions. There's already been agitation for big-league ball in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Baltimore, Montreal, Kansas City, Dallas and Toronto. It's easy to think of other possibilities—Seattle, Portland, Denver, Houston, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Buffalo and New Orleans."

Frick also told me it is his belief—his personal opinion only—that a third major league inevitably will be formed; it will be organized along sectional lines and, at the same time, there'll be a realignment of the current franchises and added clubs from top minor leagues.

My own idea of the possible alignment of the three leagues (see above) admittedly may be imperfect and is intended only as a starting point for discussion. It is important to remember that when the third major league comes to pass, some current league affiliations must be discarded. A team now in the American League—like the Indians—would have to play in the National League, or even the Western League, if such a shift made for smoother scheduling.

My guess is that 10 new cities will be represented in the three-league setup. Two of them

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Big Leagues to Survive

won't come to the major leagues, the major leagues will have to go to the fans

will simply take over the existing major-league franchises; the other eight cities will develop their own clubs.

The American League will add Milwaukee and Toronto and lose Cleveland and the St. Louis Browns. The National League will add three new cities—Cleveland, Montreal and Baltimore—but only two new teams, since the Phillies will be transplanted to Baltimore.

A New Home Town for the Brownies

In the Western League, of course, the setup will be almost entirely new. Two of the current major-league teams, both St. Louis organizations, will survive; but while the Cardinals will remain in Busch Stadium, the Browns will be shifted to Kansas City—giving that league a total of seven cities which never before have had major-league representation.

Reorganizing the leagues on a sectional basis doesn't pose too much of a problem, except possibly in the Western loop, where distances are vast.

In the American League, New York, Boston, Washington and Philadelphia could represent the East; Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee and Toronto, the West.

In the National League, Brooklyn, New York, Baltimore and Montreal would represent the East; and the West would have Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh always had been a Western club until the Braves moved to Milwaukee this year.

In the new league, St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis-St. Paul and Dallas would form one segment; Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and Denver the other.

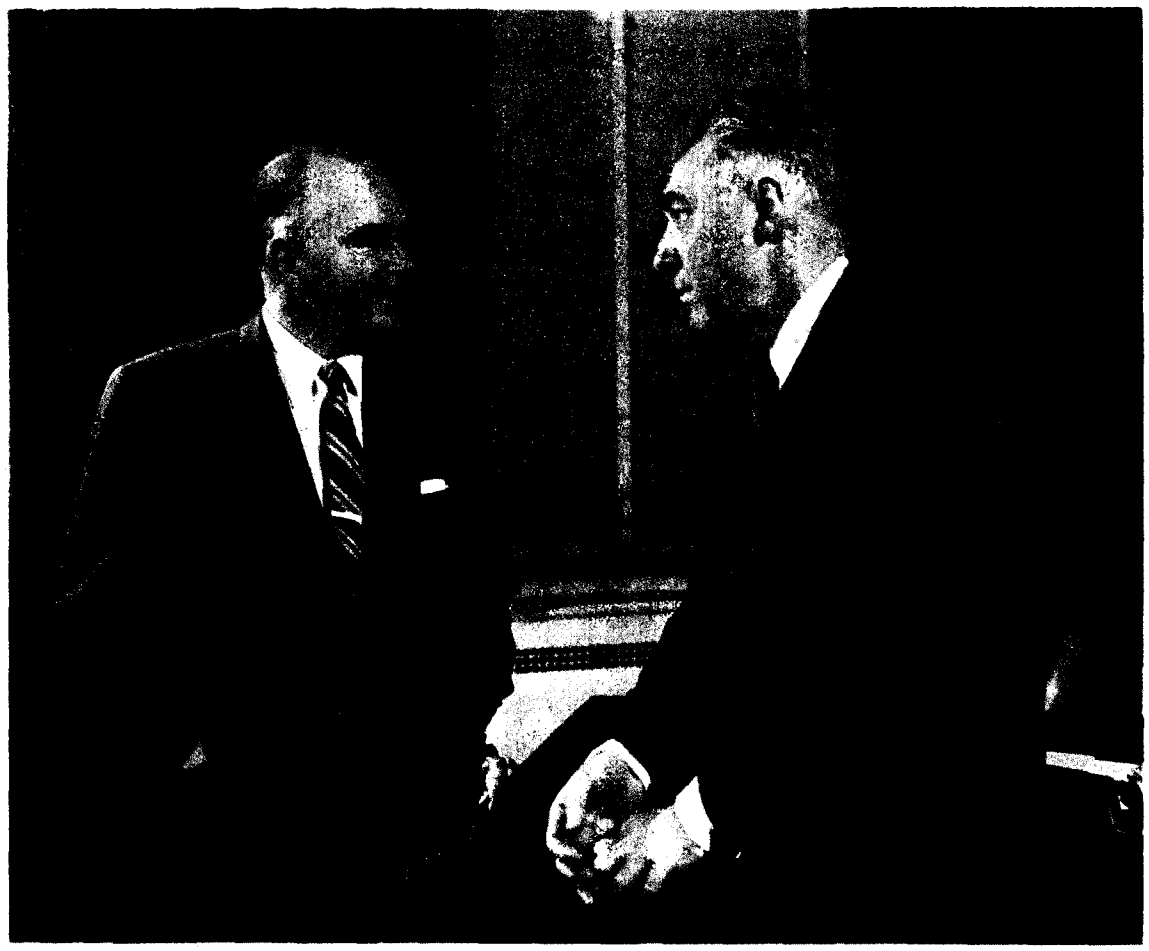
Did the man in the last row ask what about a three-league World Series? That's a cinch. Why not play a round robin among the three pennant winners, each team being the home club for two games? No club would play more than four times during the first six games. That way each of the three pennant winners would be guaranteed a minimum of two home games in the event of a four-game sweep. And that's as many home games as a club is certain of in the World Series now. The games would be played in strict rotation, and the first team to win four games would be the world's champions.

Balloting to pick teams for the All-Star game could be worked out simply by adding players from four Western League clubs to the American League and those from the other four to the National.

Naturally, this realignment will not come to pass without many arguments and, therefore, modifications. There are handicaps to be solved, just as there are specific details to be worked out before the first rocket ship takes off for space. But the fact remains we should see the creation of a third big league sometime before man lands on the moon.

Many times in the past, particularly when Californians were whooping it up for Los Angeles and San Francisco to be granted major-league status, it was suggested that the American and National Leagues realign themselves into two 10-club circuits.

Commissioner Frick believes that a third league—even one consisting of six clubs rather than the traditional eight—would be more feasible than two major leagues of 10 clubs each.



JOE COVELLO

Baseball Commissioner Ford C. Frick (r.) chats with long-time friend, Collier's associate editor Tom Meany. Like Meany, Frick believes there are three big leagues in baseball's future. Adding new cities to the present leagues is less practical because of travel costs

"Transportation would have to be a prime consideration," Frick pointed out. "It would be pretty silly to have Boston and, say, Los Angeles in the same league. The distance would make travel costs almost prohibitive and scheduling nearly impossible.

"As for a six-club league," he continued, "it would impose a minimum of travel and schedule problems. It strikes me it would be better to have six solid clubs to start out with than to begin with eight clubs, two of them weak sisters that would have to be dropped later."

Something More Than a Fan's Opinion

Although the commissioner was careful to stress that he was speaking as a baseball fan and not as the game's top official, it was evident that his views had been carefully thought out and, in all probability, discussed with other baseball executives.

Frick's remark about the transportation problems involved in the addition of new franchises went to the heart of the matter. Can you imagine owning 25 healthy ballplayers—paying them salaries ranging from $5,000 to $80,000—and having them idle for three days as they ride cross-country, advancing into the dining cars three times a day at your expense?

Despite the celerity with which the National League granted Lou Perini's request to move his Braves from Boston to Milwaukee—just 48 hours after the American League had rejected Bill Veeck's petition to shift his Browns from St. Louis to Baltimore—it takes more than a few approving nods and a chorus of "ayes" to transfer a franchise.

Perini had everything going for him, except the fans of Boston. He owned the Milwaukee franchise, and Milwaukee had a splendid county-built stadium eagerly awaiting a major-league club. He found Toledo without an American Association franchise, for the first time in many years, and promptly switched the Milwaukee Brewers there. There is no such fortuitous combination of circumstances visible on the horizon for similar changes in the immediate future.

Now that Milwaukee has cracked the major-league ranks, which presented a united front for 50 years, everybody wants to get into the act. At least three cities are clamoring to house the Browns, who in the meantime aren't being mobbed by any rush of customers in St. Louis, their home base. (It may be that, in the case of the Brownies,

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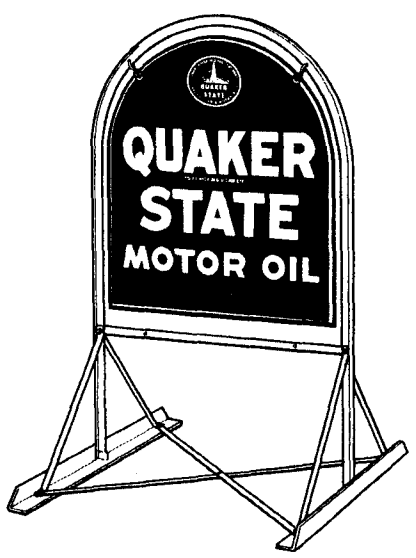

QUAKER STATE REFINING CORP., OIL CITY, PA.
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Does Milwaukee, with its fine early support of the Braves and a

distance lends enchantment.) And these three don't include Baltimore, whose fans were outraged when their city was denied the privilege of seeing the Browns in action this year.

Ernie Mehl, sports editor of the Kansas City Star, and a man too experienced to go plunging blithely off the deep end, says: "I know Bill Veeck has been giving Kansas City serious thought. I think maybe he's convinced by now that his failure to move into Baltimore was a blessing. Baltimore can never be the baseball town that Kansas City can be."

The Dallas Eagles are owned by Dick Burnett, a Texas oilman—if that description isn't a redundancy. Dick says that if the city fathers will build a park seating over 30,000, Dallas could have a big-league franchise in a year. And in Toronto, Jack Kent Cooke, owner of the Maple Leafs, has made an offer to the city to buy back Maple Leaf Stadium, which the city took possession of 20 years ago for delinquent taxes. By owning the park, Cooke explained, "we'd be able to build the extra seating necessary for a major-league club."

Milwaukee, which now has its big-league club, Baltimore, which is still in there pitching, and Kansas City, Dallas and Toronto are Johnny-come-latelies so far as their major-league aspirations are concerned.

The Pacific Coast League took steps to come into the majors as a body as long ago as the winter meetings in Columbus, Ohio, in December, 1945.

Minors' Ball Parks Inadequate

But the bald truth is that, as you are reading these lines, there isn't a minor-league city in the country with a ball park adequate for big-league operations. And there are few which could be expanded to meet big-league requirements.

Fred Haney, who managed Hollywood on the Coast last year and was promoted—if that's the word—to be manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, quite frankly admits that there are no parks in the Pacific Coast League which would come up to major-league needs.

"Maybe Seals Stadium in San Francisco could be expanded enough for big-league ball, but it has no roof on it," Fred said. "Wrigley Field in Los Angeles is a nice ball park, but it's too small. And they're the only parks in the league with more than 15,000 capacity. Several of the parks are pretty old. Parts of the San Diego bleachers have been condemned because of termites and have been roped off so spectators can't use them."

Johnny Lindell, the old Yankee pitcher and outfielder who is trying a comeback with the Pirates as a knuckle-ball artist, was an interested listener. He had a few rather unkind words to say about Lucky Beaver Stadium in Portland, Oregon, one of the most archaic in the league.

"I wouldn't even keep turkeys in it," he said.

Baltimore, which had a near miss in landing the Browns, has a football stadium which is being converted for big-league baseball. Last summer it was strictly minor-league, as Jim Turner, Yankee pitching coach, attests.

"I was sent down to look over a pitcher who was to work in Baltimore during a Sunday double-header," Jim recalls. "It developed that he didn't pitch until the second game. So I sat on that concrete seat, baking for about five hours, with no roof to keep the sun from beating on me. It was no fun."

Drawbacks of Other Stadiums

Consider some of the stadium handicaps in other cities which yearn for major-league franchises:

Minneapolis-St. Paul: Both ball parks old and hopelessly outmoded. Neither will seat 11,000. Rosy Ryan, general manager at Minneapolis, suggested hopefully as long ago as 1950 that the city might build a ball park; but so far nobody has turned over even a spadeful of earth.

Kansas City: Old park, seats 17,476 and is owned by the Yankees, who hardly would hand it to another major-league club.

Toronto: Club owner Cooke claims he could increase the present capacity of 18,320 if the city would sell him the park. Possible.

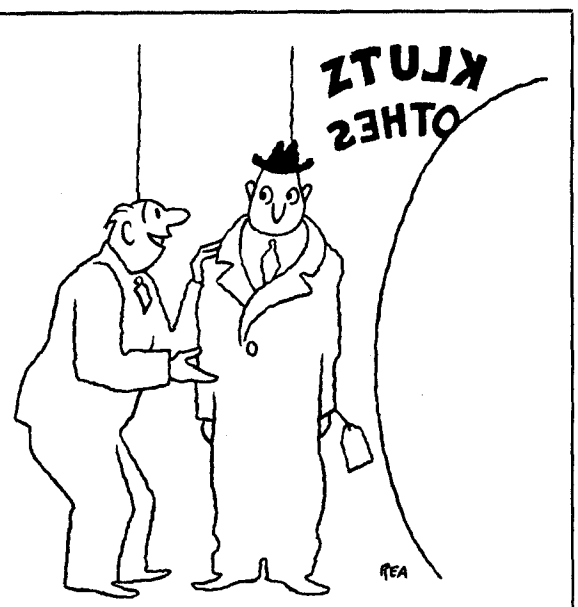
Montreal: Questionable if the park could be double-decked to increase its capacity (20,142). Present location excellent.

Denver: Park seats more than 19,000, but probably won't be expanded, although it may possibly be double-decked. Denver outdrew all other minor-league cities in 1952 with attendance of 461,419. This year, however, will be Denver's first on the coaxial cable.

Dallas: No way to expand the park (11,000), which is flanked by an armory. Would need a new site.

New Orleans: Valuable property, adjacent to a railroad spur, and between planned new speedway and main highway, but no way to increase capacity of 9,500.

Houston: Fine ball park; a replica of those in Columbus and Rochester. Seats 11,561, and expansion is possible.



"Another thing about buying a Klutz suit—you won't have to worry too much if anything happens to it"

COLLIER'S — GARDNER REA

Buffalo: Seats 15,012, but no likelihood of expansion.

So much for the run-down on some of the current minor-league sites. (And about many of them, the term "run-down" is used advisedly.) It has become obvious that a city seeking a major-league franchise must build a new ball park and build it with municipal funds, for construction costs have risen so sharply that private financing is out of the question. Oilman Edwin Pauley, although a multimillionaire, found that out some time ago, when costs were not as high as they are now.

Long before Veeck got control of the Browns, Pauley looked into the possibility of purchasing the St. Louis franchise and transferring it to the Los Angeles area. Fortnight, a West Coast publication, revealed that Pauley finally abandoned the idea when an estimate convinced him the total cost would run to about $13,000,000. He could see no possibility of a profit on such an investment in the foreseeable future.

Purchasing the Browns' franchise would have been only one of the major cost items. The big expense would have been building a ball park. Fortnight estimated the cost at $840 a seat, which may have been a misprint. Milwaukee County Stadium, to give the new home of the Braves its proper handle, cost $5,000,000 and seats 28,011, which comes to about $178 per seat. Bleachers have increased the capacity to nearly 36,000 and funds have been set aside to add 12,000 more seats.

When the Yankee Stadium, the last major-league park to be built with private funds, was opened in 1923, Colonel Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston, Colonel Jacob Ruppert's partner in the venture, estimated that it cost about $18 a seat. Today a stadium of 50,000 capacity would cost about $125 per seat or $6,250,000 in rough figures. And those *are* rough figures!

Cities Charge Token Rents

Since a municipally built stadium must have tenants, the rent is usually attractively low and there are no tax problems. Today Cleveland and Milwaukee are the only major-league clubs playing in such stadiums. Both pay token rent, the Braves only $1,000 for the season, which comes to about $12.99 per game. Contrast that with the $175,000 a year the Browns are supposed to be paying to rent Busch Stadium since they sold the park to the Cardinals for $800,000.

Operational costs in baseball have increased nearly 100 per cent since the war. Travel and lodging have gone up at least 50 per cent. The Brooklyn Dodgers figure that their scouts cost them about $125,000 a year in salaries and about $80,000 in expenses.

"The scout's expenses are the same whether he is Andy High, our chief scout, or Joe Doaks," says Fresco Thompson, in charge of Brooklyn's minor-league operations. "The railroad or airline charges just as much to carry Doaks as they do High, and the hotel charges just as much to put him up. Furthermore, Doaks will eat

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...ity-owned stadium, symbolize the future?

just as much as High—maybe more, because Andy is used to eating out."

Meantime, baseball attendance has dropped steadily since its postwar boom. The peak year was 1948, when the American and National Leagues drew a total of 20,920,842. Last year, the majors drew 14,633,044, a decline of roughly 30 per cent.

Remark Arouses Indignation

It was perhaps his knowledge of the mounting costs of baseball which prompted Commissioner Frick to make an incautious remark in Florida last spring when the franchise shifts were being discussed. In the belief that he was talking off-the-record, Ford said he thought the day was nearing when only New York and Chicago could support two big-league clubs apiece. His remark found its way into print and the resulting howls of indignation from St. Louis and Philadelphia, the only other two-club cities, were startling.

With some heat, Bob Carpenter, youthful owner of the Phils, asserted he would decide for himself whether or not his National Leaguers could survive and that he had no intention of moving elsewhere.

The Athletics, owners of Connie Mack Stadium, let it be known that they considered themselves just as much a part of the Philadelphia scene as the statue of William Penn. (And there are times, too, when the A's are just about as mobile.)

The most pointed remark to emerge above the screams of outraged civic pride in St. Louis was made by Rudie Schaffer, general manager of the Browns, who asked plaintively, "If the fans here love us so much that they can't bear the thought of losing us, why don't they come out and see us?"

Although you couldn't get Frick to repeat his remark now if you cornered him in a soundproof room and threatened him with a baseball bat, the chances are the commissioner was right the first time. And the Browns will be the first to take the plunge when an opportunity presents itself.

A third major league will throw baseball open to the entire country and Canada, instead of merely the East and the Midwest. The impetus a major-league franchise would give a city hitherto deprived of that privilege already is apparent in the zooming figures for Milwaukee, where the season's attendance will more than triple that which the Braves drew in Boston last year. Since the customers aren't coming to the major leagues, the most natural thing for the majors to do, indeed the only alternative in their battle for survival, is to go to the customers.

TV Isn't the Whole Answer

It's usual to blame baseball's fading attendance on ol' debbil TV, but that isn't the whole answer by any means. Like all other sports except racing, baseball is caught in the switches of changing living habits. The number of night games is steadily increasing, and many fans, particularly World War II veterans who have moved to suburbs, won't add another couple of hours to their travel time just to come into town and see their heroes in action. Especially when they can see the game in their living rooms. The click of a switch is obviously far less arduous than an hour's drive through traffic.

Frank (Shag) Shaughnessy, president of the International League, was the original prophet of doom regarding television. At the meetings in Los Angeles in December, 1946, Shag said: "Radio merely whetted the appetite of the baseball fan, but television satisfies it." Shaughnessy regrets he has been proved so reliable a seer, for within four years after his declaration two of the most profitable franchises in his circuit, Newark and Jersey City, closed their gates.

"It had to happen," Shaughnessy said recently in his Montreal headquarters. "With a Yankee, Giant or Dodger game on TV almost every night, it was foolish to expect the fans in Newark or Jersey City to go out to their local ball parks. Our attendance figures for 1952 point up the fact. Toronto and Montreal, where television is negligible, drew almost as many as the other six clubs in the league together—759,200 against 940,814."

Tom Yawkey, who poured millions into the Red Sox and won one pennant in 20 years, is aware of the game's changing pattern.

With the Braves gone, Yawkey now finds himself in undisputed possession at Boston, but cautious. He turned down a suggestion to double-deck Fenway Park, to make room for National League fans left without a team.

Boston As a One-Club Town

Actually, Tom is not now too happy about Boston being a one-club town, even though that one club is his own. "Look at it this way," he explained. "There are thousands of New Englanders who were interested in no sport except baseball between April and October. When both the Red Sox and Braves were operating they had 154 games a year to follow.

"Now they have only our 77 home games. On days when there is no baseball in Boston, they will look for other recreations and there certainly is the possibility that a percentage of them will become wrapped up in their new interests and will lose their zest for baseball."

Branch Rickey, the Pittsburgh Mahatma who has called many a turn in baseball since he first fancied himself as a catcher back in 1903, believes baseball will weather the current storm and sail into another golden era. He is by no means unaware of the perils of the moment, but he bases his optimism on the hundreds of thousands of potential baseball fans being developed by the Little League, the Little Bigger League and American Legion baseball.

"The present trouble," said Rickey, "is that baseball, both major and minor, geared its expenditures to the tremendous increases in attendance following World War II. Now they must realize that, even though it is undeclared, we are in World War III, and every business, including baseball, must tighten the hatches."

Although the Mahatma often has been accused of an inordinate fondness for paring expenses, even in boom times, he makes sense in his approach to the problem. He wrapped it all up in one closing sentence: "It is a fundamental precept that you can't pay out what doesn't come in." ▲▲▲

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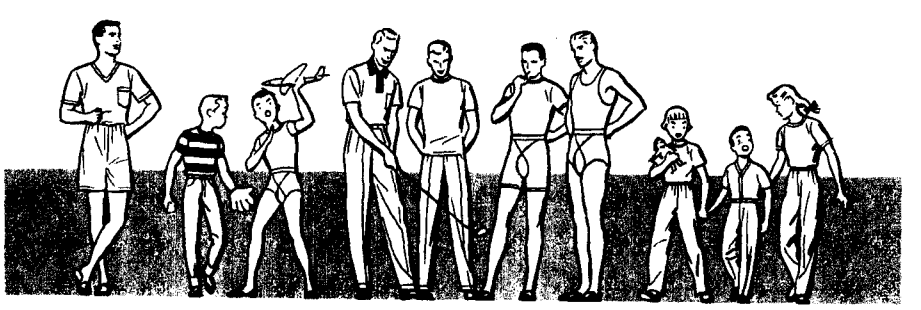

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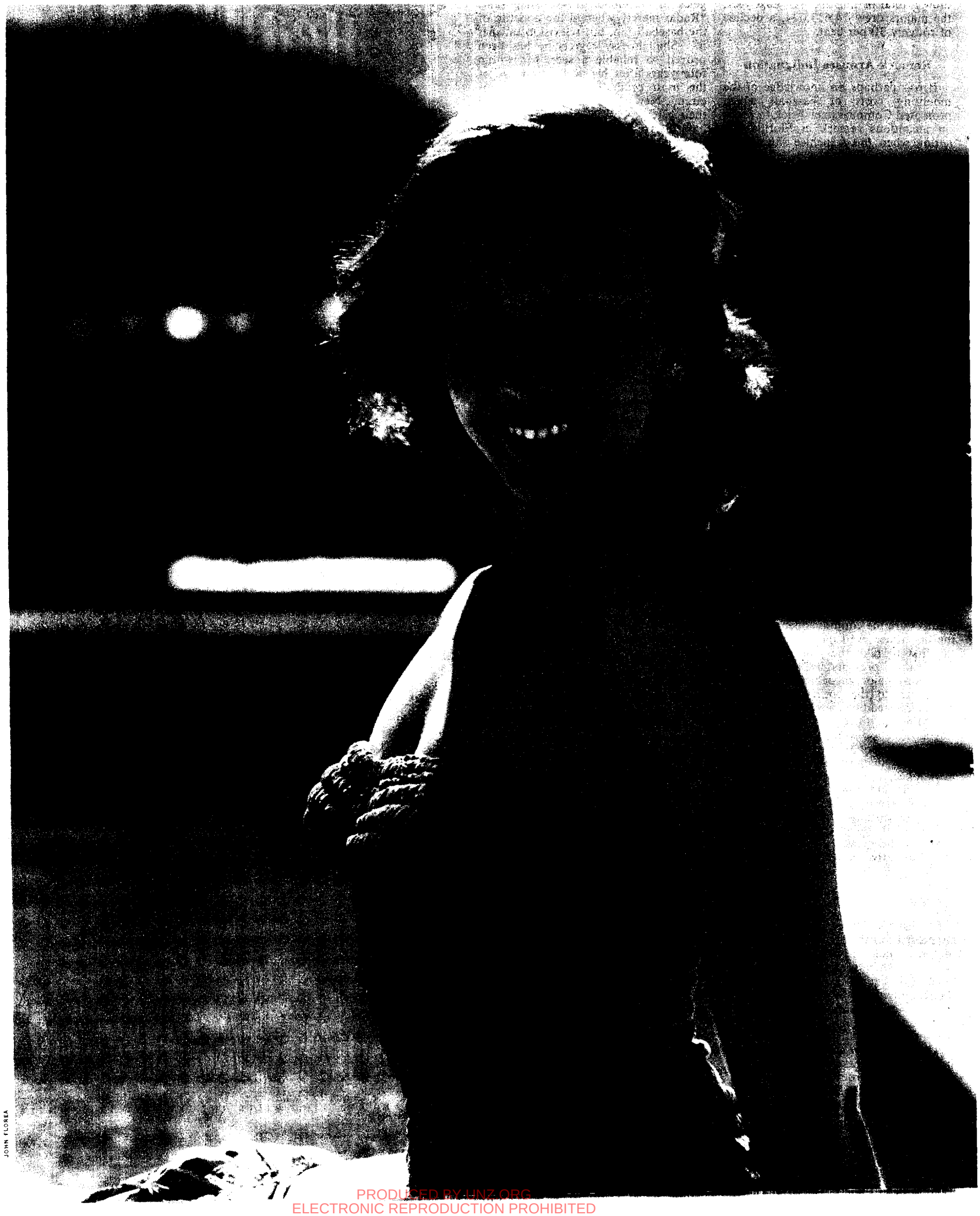
Pretty Piper Picks Up a Peck



JOHN FLOREA

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of Pretty Profits

When lovely Piper Laurie makes a movie, she hits the road to sell it. She goes for almost any stunt the publicity men dream up, from posing for cheesecake to helping charities—and it's paying off big

By RICHARD G. HUBLER

SEE that sweet kid?" demanded a motion-picture-theater man from Mobile, Alabama. He pointed to a small, pert-faced, apricot-haired girl of twenty-one, who looked eighteen and acted as if she were thirty. Dressed in a white velvet gown and sable wrap, she was sitting at a table in a Southern department store autographing photos for a crowd of 1,500 adults and squealing teen-agers.

"She's sold more that $4,000,000 worth of product in the last two years. Not all of it very good, either." The exhibitor was talking about Piper Laurie, possibly the most remarkable saleswoman of movies yet discovered by Hollywood.

And he knew what he was talking about. By traveling more than 100,000 miles in three years —during which she has met 250,000 people and appeared before a million more—Piper has been responsible for about 25 per cent of Universal-International's estimated income of $20,000,000 from her first nine pictures. Studio statisticians arrived at this estimate by comparing ticket sales for her pictures in cities where she made personal appearances with attendance in cities where she didn't appear.

Piper balks at almost nothing that will win friends and customers for her pictures, from being patted patronizingly on the back by a drive-in owner from Winnetka, Illinois, to an interview with a U.S. senator with whom she hardly felt equal to discussing the political gyrations of Washington. She even wears her clothes with a purpose —like a garment patterned after the skirt she wore in Mississippi Gambler, and manufactured to be marketed when one of her pictures of that name opened.

Tie-ins like that are only the preliminaries to the publicity campaign which precedes her tours, like the red carpet before royalty. For her latest opus, The Golden Blade, she will have the most elaborate publicity build-up of her young career.

The Golden Blade is a sand-and-slaughter melodrama in which Piper plays the Princess Khairuzan, daughter of the caliph of Bagdad. The princess, in order to escape forced marriage with the villain, disguises herself as a stable boy and flees the palace. The plot twists around a mysterious amulet, and a magic sword which gives complete protection to its wearer—a commoner named Harun, played by Rock Hudson. Ultimately, Piper discards male clothes, reveals that she is the princess, and Harun falls in love with her. All ends well under the desert stars, with Harun as the new caliph and Khairuzan set to become his wife.

For the build-up of this story of violence and romance, the studio's publicity department prepared a long memo. Some significant excerpts:

"Fix up a story with columnist Earl Wilson on how tough it was to make Laurie look like a boy."

"Laurie does not wear the usual harem trousers. Cook up a story by a designer saying trousers are not as sexy as skirts. Controversy?"

"Half of Hollywood's great adventure films might have been lost to the world had not the glamor girls disguised themselves as guys. Show how Laurie does it."

"Photo layout showing Laurie in sexiest harem pose."

"Photos showing how Piper Laurie, the princess, becomes Piper Laurie, the stable boy. A chance for provocative dressing and undressing (in good taste, of course)."

"Shoot Laurie on magic carpet floating through the air."

"Laurie will do an exotic dance. Take her from

Piper and Charlie Yeager, diminutive Yale football manager, who got into Harvard game for one play, to snag a scoring pass. Piper's press agent promptly posed them

Cub scouts greet Piper as she arrives in Boston to beat the drums for The Prince Who Was a Thief

Piper Laurie in Korea, on one of two trips during which she appeared before 85,000 servicemen. At right, she and Julia Adams are made honorary fire chiefs in New Orleans—a stunt staged to promote their smash hit, Mississippi Gambler

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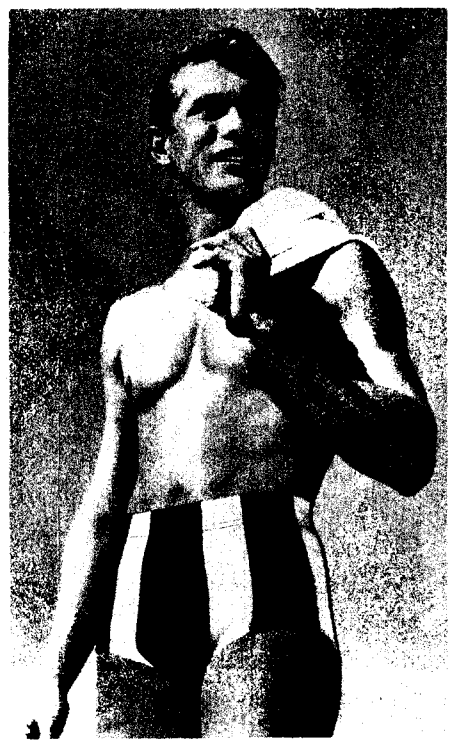

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Piper was upset when her press agent had GIs name her "the gi

rehearsal in jeans through costume, make-up and increasingly sexy changes of garments to the dance itself in which she looks ravishing."

"This is Piper Laurie's third role as an Arabian Nights princess. Can't we convince some cosmetic company that a Princess Piper perfume will make money?"

Piper's film career began in 1950, when she made a picture called Louisa. Before then, she had won public attention only as the owner of the legs that appeared in every studio holiday publicity shot—under a valentine, shamrock, firecracker, turkey or a Bikini Santa Claus suit.

Featured As a Flower Eater

A U-I publicity man, previewing Louisa, saw a sequence which seemed to offer a magnificent opportunity to get Piper talked about. The sequence showed Piper eating a marigold salad. He had her eat flowers for the still cameras, and the next day the columns of the movie capital bloomed with the planted news that Piper doted on gardenia and rose-leaf hors d'oeuvres.

Three newspaper wire services called for exclusive interviews. They were each given "exclusives" on three successive days as Laurie nibbled demurely at a few gardenia and rose petals scattered over a mound of lettuce with French dressing. How did it taste?

"Never again," says Laurie.

She never did eat another floral cocktail, but she won some fame as Piper (Gardenia) Laurie. Her first public success came with the release of her third picture in which she was co-star, The Prince Who Was a Thief. She went out on an extensive tour to plug it with a handsome, toss-haired juvenile named Tony Curtis. Her role was described as that of "a lovable gamin."

The picture was a routine Arabian fantasy, but by the time Curtis and Laurie were halfway through their eight-week, 26-city series of bows before the nation, it was on its way to grossing nearly $2,000,000 and becoming one of U-I's biggest pictures of the year. Curtis had been transformed into a full-fledged star and Laurie's fan mail had risen to more than 600 a month (it now tops 100,000 a year).

Proving that Piper's success was not entirely due to Curtis, the studio recently sent her on another grand tour to pitch for Mississippi Gambler. Laurie and Julia Adams, the leggy second feminine lead, accompanied by a bevy of unknown beauty-contest winners, covered 25,000 miles, 14 cities and three successive *"premières"* along the Mississippi in a couple of months. They did so well that Mississippi Gambler—helped, of course, by the prominence of the leading man, Tyrone Power—promises to do above a $3,500,000 gross, and become U-I's second best money-maker of all time, next to The Egg and I ($5,500,000 since its release in 1947).

The excitement sparked by Laurie's appearances may be judged by the New Orleans opening. A 1,200-seat theater took in a near-capacity 2,300 customers during the first two showings; fans were so enthusiastic police were called out; and one reviewer was so carried away that he headlined his article: Gambler Best Film Since Gone with the Wind. This overstatement of the decade did the trick. One exhibitor, representative of the 328 theaters in and around New Orleans, declared: "The ballyhoo gave me $1,500 extra in the week-end box office."

The personal appearance, with its accompanying blare of publicity, promises to be a powerful shot in the arm for Hollywood, one sadly needed in an industry where the number of theatergoers has reportedly dropped from 75,000,000 a week to 50,000,000 a week in the last few years. U-I actors have done more than five times as much junketing as those of any other competitor in the last four years; over that period the studio has sent out 160 personalities for average tours of three to 10 weeks each at a cost of about $100 a day per person. Sometimes, more than 20 U-I stars and unknowns are crisscrossing the country at the same time, glad-handing the public. Most are expected to give a month or two of each year to travel—all contracts include such a catchall provision—and spend 38 weeks of the year making pictures to plug.

This ballyhoo has paid off beyond question. U-I grossed more than $64,000,000 in 1952 and profited by $2,307,000. In the first quarter of 1953, a revenue rise of more than 15 per cent over the same period in 1952 was reported—a spectacular comeback for a company that was more than $4,000,000 in the hole four years ago.

Much of this zoom is attributed by U-I officials to the down-to-earth policy of "giving the stars to the public." According to William Goetz, head production executive, "We sell faces and they sell pictures." Sam Israel, studio publicity director, claims that "personal appearances get a picture going fast and Laurie seems to pitch faster and better than anyone else."

Piper's pitching has taken her from New York to Korea, where she has entertained 85,000 men; during the last three years, she has plugged her pictures in an average of 122 American cities a year. She is tireless. When she reaches a city, she is up and dressed by the time the train pulls in, no matter how early in the morning, so the newspaper photographers can get shots for early editions.

After posing at the station, she hurries off to her hotel, where more pictures are made for the hotel's publicity department. Then—if her press agent has been able to arrange it—she shows up for an early-bird radio or TV show. After breakfast, the rest of the morning is spent dashing off to pose with the mayor, climbing up on fire engines for the photographers, signing autographs, filling any other radio or TV engagements that have been made. The local theater manager throws a luncheon at which she makes a speech, after which there's an autograph party, a press conference and an amateur photographers' session.

During the afternoon, she makes appearances wherever there is an opportunity to get a crowd. She meets other people, signs more autographs, until time for the inevitable cocktail party and dinner. The day ends with a triumphant appearance at the *première* of her picture. After a late supper, she stores up a little sleep against the rigors of a tomorrow which will be an almost exact duplicate of the day she has just finished.

Piper herself invents some of the gags which get her newspaper space. One of her most successful was a statement to interviewers that Tyrone Power's kisses "make me hear bells. Like switch engines." But, naturally, most of the stunts are invented by press agents.

Piper cheerfully goes along with almost anything the tub thumpers dream up. But sometimes they don't consult her about a stunt—and when they don't the results can be unhappy. Once they had a unit of GIs designate her "the girl we'd most like to have wriggle into our tent." Piper didn't like that.

But for every dark second in her on-tour life, there are minutes of glory. She frequently has the happy opportunity to help others—and others help her. She cherishes her copy of a letter sent to her studio by M. A. Lightman, who controls 65 theaters in Tennessee, Arkansas and Kentucky. The letter reads, in part:

"Laurie was asked to sell *première* invitations over the radio for the benefit of a home for convalescent children. She jumped at the chance and did it for three hours. I want you to know that in her you have probably the finest ambassador for good will I know of in Hollywood."

The ambassador for good will was born Rose Etta Jacobs, the granddaughter of a Polish baker who came to the United States in 1902. His son was Alfred Jacobs, a furniture salesman, who married a girl named Charlotte Sadie Alperin. They lived in Cleveland, then New York and ultimately in Detroit. Both their daughters—Sherrye Arlene and Rose Etta—were born in Detroit, Rose Etta on January 22, 1932, a couple of years after her sister.

When Her Sister Had Asthma

By the time Rose Etta was seven, it was clear that Sherrye had a bad case of asthma; the doctor recommended southern California. The family journeyed out to Tujunga Canyon near the Pacific and there, for $25 a week, boarded both girls at a children's home called Restlocks, and then returned to Detroit.

"That was the most terrible year of my life," says Laurie, who had volunteered to stay behind and keep her sister company. "Not that the place was something out of the pages of Dickens: it was kindly, healthy and well-run. But it was simply not home. The worst thing was that they weighed us every Saturday morning and my sister and I were always called 'the fat ones.' We weren't; the rest were so skinny."

She was 10 years away from the Piper Laurie tag—a plump, red-haired, freckled, pig-tailed little girl with an almost pathological shyness. She found it hard to speak to anyone; she would sit alone in her room for hours to gather courage to say hello. She says she spent

Don't Sit In That Chair!

Of antiques I would say,
With a trace of a frown,
That their price goes up
As their value goes down.
—RICHARD ARMOUR

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most of her time reading fairy tales from the local library. Her dreams in those years were "of becoming someone like Deanna Durbin; to wear a beautiful dress; to come into a room and find everyone looking at me." The hitch was that Piper Laurie always knew she would burst into tears, turn around and run out again.

In a Beverly Hills Bungalow

Her parents finally left Detroit and settled in southern California. Rose Etta and Sherrye joyously joined them in a small apartment near the children's home. They lived there for a while, then took another apartment in suburban Los Angeles where they stayed for about eight years. Four years ago, the family bought a house in Beverly Hills. It is a small brown-and-white bungalow furnished in 1890 style. Laurie considers it her parents' home rather than her own; her most prominent possessions in it are a kimono tray and a Korean tea set that she brought back from the Far East.

She and her sister spent two years at grammar school and graduated three years afterward from the John Burroughs Junior High School. Rose Etta entered Los Angeles High School with a yen for acting. Her ability was not thought of highly; she was turned down three different times when she tried to get roles in plays given by her drama class. Determined to find out what it was like to pretend in public, she joined one of the little drama schools that dot the Hollywood landscape.

Laurie put on an act of her own, pretending to be eighteen when she actually was sixteen. She made excuses both at the drama school for not rehearsing between nine and three—"I'm taking postgraduate work"—and to the high-school crowd for not joining their activities: "I have to help my mother."

One of her friends introduced her to Sam Jaffe, an agent. He got her an interview at a studio. They tested her and burned the film. Jaffe did not get in touch with Piper for another 371 days —she counted each one of them. After that Jaffe arranged for her to test at a second studio, which also shuddered; but U-I heard about it, sent her to the studio's drama coach, ran their own test, and gave her a contract.

Unfortunately, Laurie was still seventeen. U-I told her that her salary would not start for two months, until her eighteenth birthday. Laurie agreed to pose for still pictures for free until she was eighteen. At about this time she graduated from the U-I schoolhouse, her name was changed, and the juggernaut of publicity began mangling her private life. Three weeks later she began her first picture and in another eight months she was billed as a star.

Her name was not particularly catchy, so she and her family cast about for a new one. They got nowhere until an anonymous letter came, suggesting "Piper Laurie." It stuck. Piper's first picture was Louisa. Then she made two more—The Milk Man, with Jimmy Durante and Donald O'Connor and The Prince Who Was a Thief—and her career was off to a promising start. She did Francis Goes to the Races, Son of Ali Baba, Has Anybody Seen My Gal, No Room for the Groom and Mississippi Gambler in quick succession.

What with making pictures at such a rapid clip and gadding about the country a good part of each year, Piper has had little time for boy friends. Currently she is engrossed in a gossamer romance with Richard Eller, an oil-company employee whom she worshiped when he was a football star in high school.

But Hollywood gossip has her engaged to fifty-year-old Leonard Goldstein, who gave her her first job and produced her first really successful picture, The Prince Who Was a Thief. Piper denies the gossip, but says Goldstein has been a godfather to her career. "We've been friends ever since my first picture," she says, "and he still gives me lots of good advice, even though he's moved over to 20th Century-Fox."

Of the thousands of boys Piper has met, she remembers with particular tenderness a GI in Korea. She made her first trip to Korea in December, 1951, spending three weeks touring the rear areas and visiting hospitals. Once she wangled her way to a front-line position with a chaplain. "There were about twenty men there," she said. "We were talking when I felt someone touch my hair. I turned around and a sergeant was feeling it. He apologized and said: 'But it feels so good; it smells so good.' "

Laurie oame back home so affected by the ruggedness of what she had seen that, with the help of her mother, she personally answered mail from servicemen that ran as high as 300 letters a week. Last March she was asked by the Army to make another trip to Korea. She cheerfully undertook it.

What Teen-Agers Want to Know

Her tours at home, of greater box-office value but certainly far less important, are more spectacular. Laurie took only two suitcases with her to Korea; for a junket at home she carries two hatboxes, two fortnight cases, a wardrobe trunk, and separate bags for underwear, shoes, toilet articles, handbags and gloves, and make-up. She does her own sewing, make-up, hair and fancy washing. Her hardest interviews are with teen-agers. They press her with such questions as: "Whom do you like to kiss best?" or "What do you think of low-cut dresses?" She answers the latter demurely: "Every woman should take advantage of what she has."

Laurie's salary, which started at $100 a week in 1950 and jumped to $400 in 1952, is now up to $750 a week. Her contract will expire in 1958. If it is renewed then, she will get $2,250 a week. Her value as a stalking horse for U-I pictures is so considerable at this time that there is no new picture script prepared for her. When the studio welcomed her home from her last trip to Korea, it began getting ready to send her on a junket to London, Paris and South Africa.

Laurie has no objections. Once she rests up from the effects of the virus pneumonia contracted on her second trip to Korea, her will-to-be-a-star will take her anyplace and get her to do anything in or slightly out of reason. She appears still to enjoy the antics that made her a movie leading lady. "It's like the fairy stories I used to read," she says. "You know, where the kitchen maid wakes up and finds she is a princess—and it's all on account of she wished so hard." ▲▲▲

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H.C. was staring at the microphone as if it were a snake. I saw Garvey give him a quick, worried look, and then the engineer's arm came down

Talk to Home

When H.C. got on the radio, with that fool lump in his throat, anything could happen

By JEFF BROWN

THE first news of the big event appeared in the camp newspaper, The Korean Bugle. Right after that, they started drawing the lots. The elimination began up at regiment, worked its way down through battalions and companies; and finally the whole business wound up right in our barracks, and H.C. was it.

Lieutenant Berger reached into the upturned helmet, drew out a folded slip of paper, smoothed it flat and read out the name: "Private H. C. Fuller!"

There was a moment of stunned silence before H.C.'s high-pitched Tennessee drawl went, "Aw, go on . . ." in tones of great disbelief. The rest of the men laughed as the tension broke.

We had been drawing for the chance to talk over a special radio hookup, to the United States. A well-known program in New York was planning to bring the winner's family, all expenses paid, to the city for the broadcast; and here in this Korean rest area, the Army was co-operating in high gear. The lottery had gone off like close-order drill, and the atmosphere was thick with bulletin-board announcements, press releases and enthusiastic messages from the Special Services office.

I caught H.C.'s eye as he stood there being congratulated, and threw him a mock salute. I was glad he'd got the break. We'd been out of the States for over a year, and the area in which we were now stationed was muddy and dull. H.C. had been down in the dumps for weeks, and it seemed inevitable that this would cheer him up.

The more I thought about it, the gladder I was that H.C. had won instead of me. My family lives in New York, in the first place, and they don't like radio shows in the second. H.C. comes from a town called Curtis in Tennessee, with a population of about fifteen hundred. I figured that his family would probably get a big thrill out of the trip to New York and the broadcast, and they could never have made it if they'd had to foot the bill themselves.

I went on K.P. the next morning; so it was about two mornings later that H.C. talked to me about the show. He caught up with me on the way back from the mess hall, and it was obvious that he'd been brooding. In the few months that we had been together I'd got to be pretty close to H.C., and I could tell when he was upset, even though his long, pale face never seemed to change expression.

H.C. was a skinny kid, about nineteen years old, and he had a farm boy's slow, careful way of talking. He didn't like to waste time in conversation, and I got a kick out of watching him take a subject under his wing and brood over it for a while before hatching out a few well-chosen words.

He came trotting up behind me. There was a long Army muffler wrapped around his neck, and his coat collar was turned up. "Hey," he said, "I want to ask you something." His accent was about as Southern as an accent can get. "I was thinking," he said, as we walked along, "about you being from New York and all. You ever see how any of them radio shows work?"

"Sure," I said. "I used to write in for tickets when I was a kid."

"Maybe you could learn me a couple of the tricks," he said anxiously. "I never seen one."

"There's nothing special about it, H.C.," I said. "Nobody's expecting you to do any acting. Just answer some questions, say hello to your folks, and maybe you'll feel like asking some questions yourself."

"Damn," H.C. said, "I get this fool lump in my throat just thinking about what a fool I'll be, talking on the radio."

"There's nothing to worry about," I told him firmly.

H.C. stuck a gloved hand into the front of his overcoat and took out a worn leather wallet. Inside

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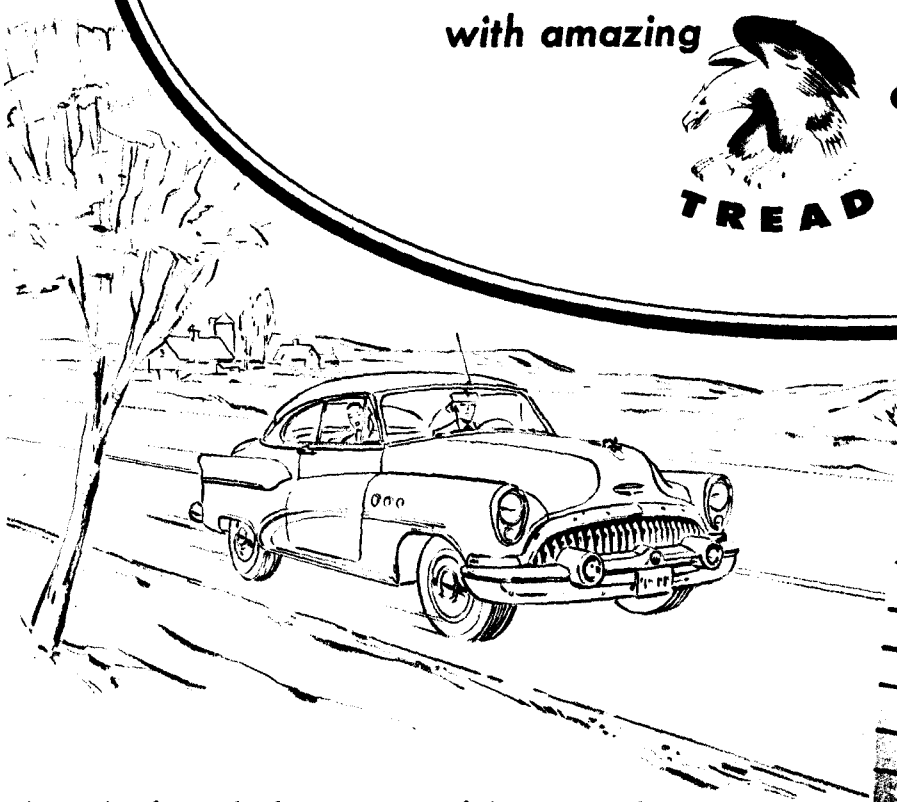

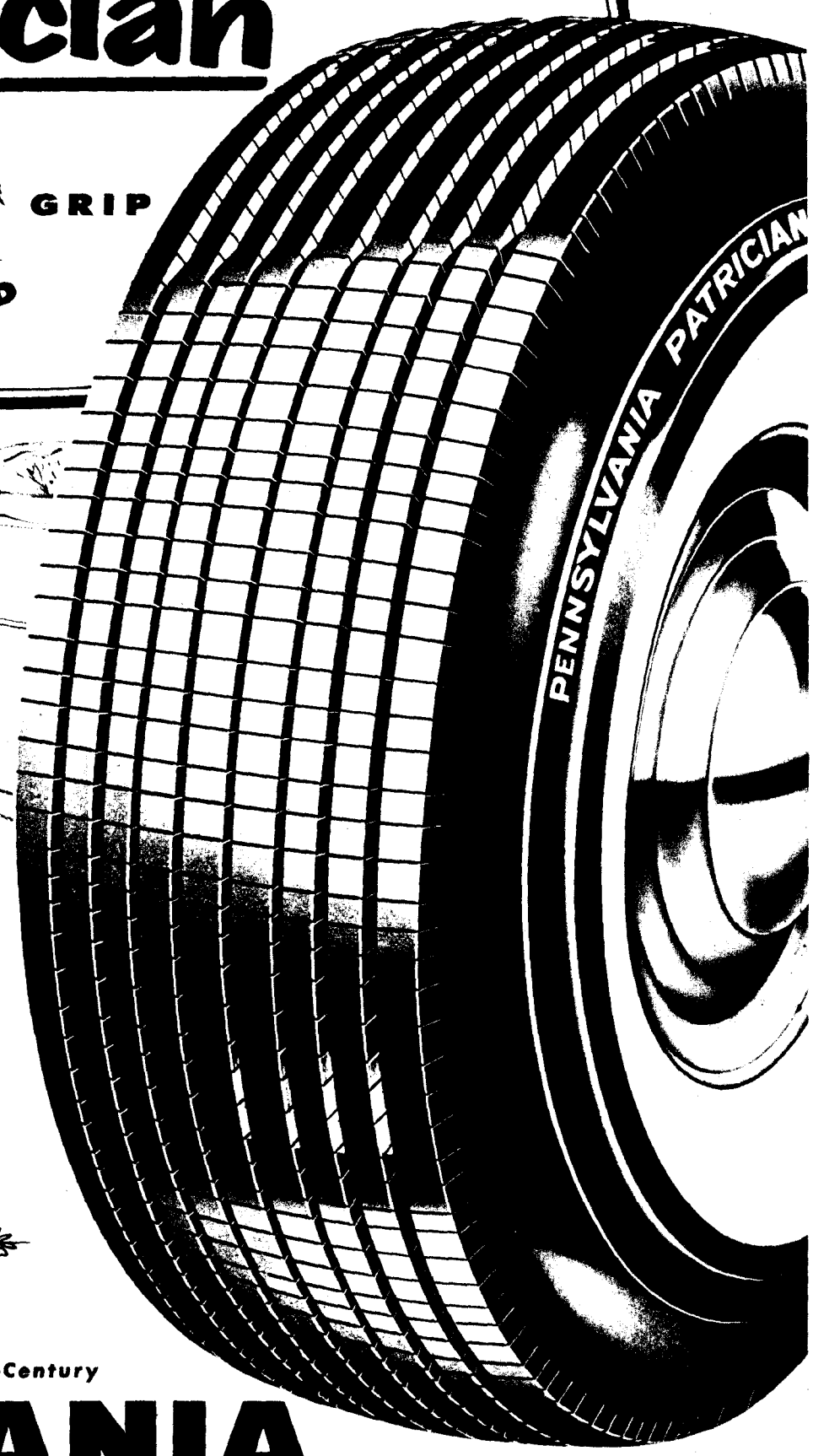

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HAGGAR CO.-DALLAS

Enter $2,000 Baseball Contest. Ask your dealer about Haggar Slacks' $2,000 "Batting Champ" contest.

the wallet, protected by a celluloid cover, was the picture of a pretty girl. The girl was wearing a simple cotton dress and a ribbon in her hair. She was posed against a brick building that could have been nothing but a school.

"That's Erna Mae Brennan," H.C. said. "I went with her a long time."

"What happened?" I asked.

"She met a fellow going to college in Nashville," H.C. said mournfully. "Fellow with a car and all."

He put the snapshot carefully back into the wallet and tucked it away. "Man," he said, "that fellow was a real dinger. Had a car with a top that come down, and his pa owned a big store in Nashville. Used to come driving into Curtis, going about ninety miles an hour, shoot up in front of Erna Mae's house to get her and then drive off again, just as fast. Never said a word to anybody in Curtis."

I wasn't sure just how much H.C. wanted to get off his chest. He looked cold and puzzled and terribly worried. "Did she marry this guy?" I asked.

"Well, she didn't," H.C. said. "I had a long talk with her one night after I got my letter to go away to the Army. I went over to her place, and we sat out on the porch, talking. I come right out and asked her if she was going to get married with this Nashville fellow. She told me no, not right away for a while; she'd have to think on it."

We were in front of our barracks by now, but we kept on walking down along the line. There was nothing on the schedule that day except some kind of lecture in the afternoon, and nobody paid much attention to where we went or what we did, as long as we showed up for the scheduled events.

The dirt road was pretty much frozen solid, but in spots it was soft where the sun had warmed it, and we picked our way carefully, to avoid the mudholes.

H.C. lighted a cigarette and took a few deep drags. "I done a lot of thinking when I come away," he said. "There was a lot of things she didn't say, but I could figure from the way she talked. He was a real city boy, this Nashville slicker, pretty good at making jokes and all, I reckon. I guess she figured he was a lot better quality than any boy from Curtis."

"That's a woman for you," I said foolishly.

H.C. didn't seem to feel that the remark was unnecessary. "Thing I was thinking about," he said slowly, "Erna Mae and all the rest of the folks in Curtis will be listening to that show. I got to sound all right."

I told him I was sure he would sound fine, and after a while he seemed to cheer up. We walked back to the barracks, and I promised I would keep him company the night of the broadcast.

THAT came two days later. About seven o'clock in the evening we walked over to the wooden recreation hall, where we usually read magazines or played Ping-pong. At the door H.C. wiped his shoes with great care, and I noticed that he was wearing a clean shirt and that his short yellow hair was slicked down hard.

A plump woman in a Red Cross uniform came up to us. "Private Fuller?" she asked, looking at me.

"That's me," H.C. said. "This here is a buddy of mine."

"Well!" the woman said heartily, "this is a real pleasure. So you're the lucky winner! I'm Mrs. Hatton. Would you like some coffee?"

"No, thank you, ma'am," H.C. said. "Are you the one who's going to introduce me over the radio?"

"Gracious me, no," said Mrs. Hatton. "I'm just one of the hired hands." She laughed, but I could tell from the

"My client's reputation for innocence is a matter of record: 1933, innocent; 1936, innocent; 1941, innocent; 1943, innocent; 1947, innocent; 1950 . . ."

COLLIER'S

GLENN R. BERNHARDT

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"You've toasted statehood for Hawaii eleven times. So now let her get back in the act!"

COLLIER'S — MARY GIBSON

uncomfortable expression on H.C.'s face that he couldn't see where she'd said anything funny.

"Just sit down over there," Mrs. Hatton said to me, pointing at some little folding chairs along the wall. "I'll take Private Fuller here over to the radio people and introduce him."

I sat down and watched. At the far end of the room was an ordinary wooden table with a microphone hung from an arm above it. A few feet from the table was a control board, somewhat resembling a telephone switchboard. There was an inset area, with a stool by it, and a great many dials and knobs. A set of earphones was plugged into the board. I picked up my chair and carried it down to the end of the room where all this business was. Nobody bothered about me.

"I just have H.C. down on my notes for your name," Mrs. Hatton said to H.C. "Now, what do those initials stand for?"

"Just H.C.," H.C. said. "That's what I was baptized. It don't stand for anything special."

"That's cute," Mrs. Hatton said.

A LARGE man, in Army shirt and trousers, but without insignia, was checking through some notes at a table against the wall, behind the radio equipment. He got up as Mrs. Hatton approached with H.C. and came forward with his hand out. "I'm Bill Garvey," the man said, "the guy who'll sort of be go-between for you and the home folks tonight."

He had a real radio announcer's voice. It was full of richness and goo, and I could see from H.C.'s face that it made him uncomfortable. Garvey and H.C. shook hands. "How long have you been in Korea?" Garvey said.

"A little over a year," H.C. said. He had a terrible frog in his throat, and he kept trying to clear it without anyone noticing.

Another civilian in Army clothes came out of the little room at the end of the hall and threw a switch at the radio panel. A low hum came out of the board, and the man tuned it out by spinning a dial. He put on a set of earphones and listened for a moment. Garvey looked at him inquiringly, and the man winked and made an okay sign with his fingers.

"What does H.C. stand for?" Garvey asked, turning back.

"Just initials," H.C. said patiently, "they're my name. They don't stand for anything special."

"Okay," Garvey said, "H.C. it is."

Mrs. Hatton patted her back hair and said, "Colonel Phillips should be here any minute. My message distinctly said—"

I saw H.C. blink. "Is the colonel coming?" he asked worriedly.

"Just to watch, kid," Garvey said, winking at Mrs. Hatton. "Don't worry, he won't court-martial you."

H.C. and Garvey sat down, and Garvey gave directions. "We'll sit here, facing each other," he said. "I'll ask you questions, and you answer them into the mike. Don't lean forward to talk, and don't feel that you have to raise your voice. And don't shift your chair around when we're on. It scrapes on the floor."

"I'm not much good at acting," H.C. said apologetically.

Garvey said, "Who is?" and laughed as if he had made a joke. He went over to talk to the engineer, and I saw H.C. look around as if he were afraid to get up without permission.

I went over to him. "What's the mat-

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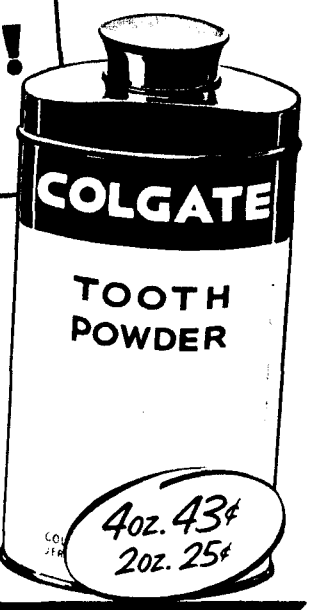

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ter?" I said, trying to cheer him up. "You look as if you thought a tank was running over you."

"Man," H.C. said, taking a deep breath, "that man sure don't cotton to me."

"Sure he likes you," I said. "All those radio people are the same. Always kidding. They never give you a straight answer."

H.C. smoothed his hair down with his hand. "I hope so," he said, "I sure hope so."

The colonel came in the front door. I'd never seen him before, except from a distance, and I looked at him curiously. He was so short that by the time he got close he was completely concealed by Mrs. Hatton, who kept walking backward in front of him, laughing and telling him how glad she was that he had arrived in time. You'd have thought she was planning on a Regular Army career.

THE engineer said, "Three minutes," very sharply to the room at large, and I went back to my seat. The colonel and Mrs. Hatton sat down right near me, along the wall. Garvey went over to the microphone table and took a chair facing H.C.

First a hum came out of the loud-speaker mounted over the control board, and then a girl's voice singing a torch song. It was all about how she could remember what this fellow had said to her last Monday night, but would he say it again on Friday?

Garvey said, "This is our cue number. When she gets finished we'll be hooked up and introduced."

H.C. was staring at the microphone as if it were a snake. I saw Garvey give him a quick, worried look, and then the engineer's upraised arm came down, and Garvey began reading his script into the microphone. His voice was strong, filling the room with enthusiastic, happy excitement. "Hello, America! This is Bill Garvey in Korea! We're ready with the Talk to Home feature of Your Week End Revue."

Garvey carried on for a few minutes, telling the audience about how H.C. had been chosen by lot from all the rest, and then he gave the big introduction: "Ladies and gentlemen of the United States, Private H. C. Fuller!" He made a little gesture toward the microphone, but H.C. sat without moving.

"Well, H.C.," Garvey said briskly, "how about a word or two of greeting for the folks back home?"

H.C. cleared his throat. I wondered whether he was going to be able to produce any words at all, but slowly and distinctly he said, "Hello, folks."

Garvey's voice became low and intimate. "Tell me, H.C.," he said, "what do those initials, H.C., stand for?"

H.C.'s head shot up in surprise. "That's what you asked me before," he said angrily, "and I answered you. They don't stand for nothing special. They're my name."

Garvey looked so startled at having been turned on this way that H.C. sensed he had done something wrong. He went on, slightly confused, "My daddy liked the sound of it, I guess, and nobody couldn't talk him out of it."

"Tell me, H.C., how long have you been here in Korea?" Garvey asked.

"About fifteen months, Mr. Garvey," H.C. said.

"Listen, you just call me Bill," Garvey said, chuckling. "I'm certainly not going to stand on ceremony with anyone who's done as much for his country as you have, H.C."

H.C. looked stunned. He hadn't won any medals or performed any unusual services, and I knew he couldn't figure out what Garvey meant.

Garvey started again, "And now, folks, we want you to meet H. C. Fuller's family and friends!" he said. "H.C., are you ready to Talk to Home?"

H.C. froze in his chair, and then a new voice came clearly out of the loud-speaker. "Hello there in Korea, Bill Garvey," said the voice, "this is Tony Barnett in New York. Is H. C. Fuller ready?"

"Okay, Tony Barnett," Garvey said, "we hear you fine. And who have you got waiting there with you in the studio, waiting to talk to H. C. Fuller?"

There was some crackling from the loud-speaker, and Barnett's voice came through clearly again: "There are a lot of folks from Curtis, Tennessee, here with me, Bill, all family and friends waiting to talk to H.C. out there in Korea. But these folks have a little game they want to play, Bill. They want to find out if H.C. will remember their voices! They won't tell who they are until H.C. guesses! They'll give hints, but that's all. Are you ready, Korea?"

I had a swift picture of getting my hands around the throat of the genius who'd thought up that little guessing stunt, but Garvey seemed to think it was the greatest entertainment idea since talking pictures. "Okay, Tony, you're on," he said enthusiastically. "What do you say, H.C.? Are you ready for some guessing?"

Wildly, H.C. said, "I'm not much good."

Garvey saw his panic and said soothingly, "Don't you worry. I know you won't have any trouble recognizing these folks. Go ahead, Tony Barnett, who's the first to talk to H. C. Fuller here in Korea?"

"There's a lady here," said Barnett's voice.

H.C. stared in fascination at the grilled face of the loud-speaker. He started when a woman's voice came through. The voice was hesitant and soft, and it seemed to me that the drawl was very similar to H.C.'s

"Hi, there, H.C., how're you?" it said.

H.C. licked his lips.

"I guess you know who this is, H.C.," the voice said shyly. "I used to be awful good at doing English homework."

"Sara," said H.C. softly.

"That's right," said the shy voice with noticeable pleasure, "this is your sister Sara. And I got somebody standing right next to me wants to say hello too."

"H.C.?" asked the next voice, as though she were doubting he were there. "That you, boy?" This voice was older and a little stiff.

H.C. leaned toward the microphone. "It's me, all right, Mama," he said.

There was a burst of applause from the invisible studio audience in New York. H.C. listened. Then he said, "You all right, Mama?"

The old voice said, "I'm just fine, H.C. How're you?"

"I'm okay, Mama, just fine," H.C. said. "They're treating me real good."

"That's fine, H.C." said the old lady. The relief in her voice was apparent.

"Where's Pa?" H.C. asked.

"I'm sorry to tell you this, H.C.," his mother said gently, "but your pa busted his ankle on the porch steps just when we was fixing to leave, and he couldn't make the trip. He's awful sorry, and he told me to tell you he hopes you're all right."

H.C. was visibly upset. "I'm sure sorry," he said. "I hope he'll be all right in time for the plowing. You had better see if Uncle Ralph will come over and—"

Tony Barnett's voice came in sharply, the vigor of it contrasting sharply with the soft tones of H.C. and his mother. "I've got lots more people who want to say hello to you, H. C. Fuller," he said, "so we'd better keep the show moving!"

"Who's next, Tony?" Garvey asked quickly, just as H.C. was opening his mouth to ask some more questions. It occurred to me that Garvey was afraid that if he kept quiet too long, people might forget about him.

"What say, H.C.?" came the next voice. "Can you guess who I am?" The question was asked so haltingly that I was sure whoever it was had been told what to say. H.C. looked baffled.

"I can give you a hint, H.C.," said the voice, still in the same halting fashion, "I'm the fellow who kept trying to beat you out for second base."

"Ernie!" H.C. shouted, "Ernie Mason! Well, how're you, Ernie?"

"Pretty good, H.C., pretty good." said Ernie Mason's voice, fuller and more confident now that he had been recognized. "The whole gang asked me to say hi to you."

H.C. started to say something, and Garvey cut in: "Well, H.C., I'll bet you send the same good wishes right back to the old gang in Curtis, Tennessee, don't you?"

H.C.'s mouth clamped shut, and then he said quietly, "That's right."

"Don't you worry," said Tony Barnett's voice over the loud-speaker. "I'm sure everybody down in Curtis knows you're thinking about them just as much as they're thinking about you."

A GIRL was next. Her voice was very pleasant and low, almost indistinct. "It's me, H.C.," she said.

H.C. looked as though he had been struck between the eyes. "Erna Mae?" he asked huskily.

There was a moment of complete silence, and then Tony Barnett's voice came through, heartier than ever: "No, H.C., it's not Erna Mae, whoever that lovely lady may be! You'd better be careful, or you'll find yourself in plenty of hot water with more than one girl when you get back home!"

There was a burst of appreciative laughter from the studio audience.

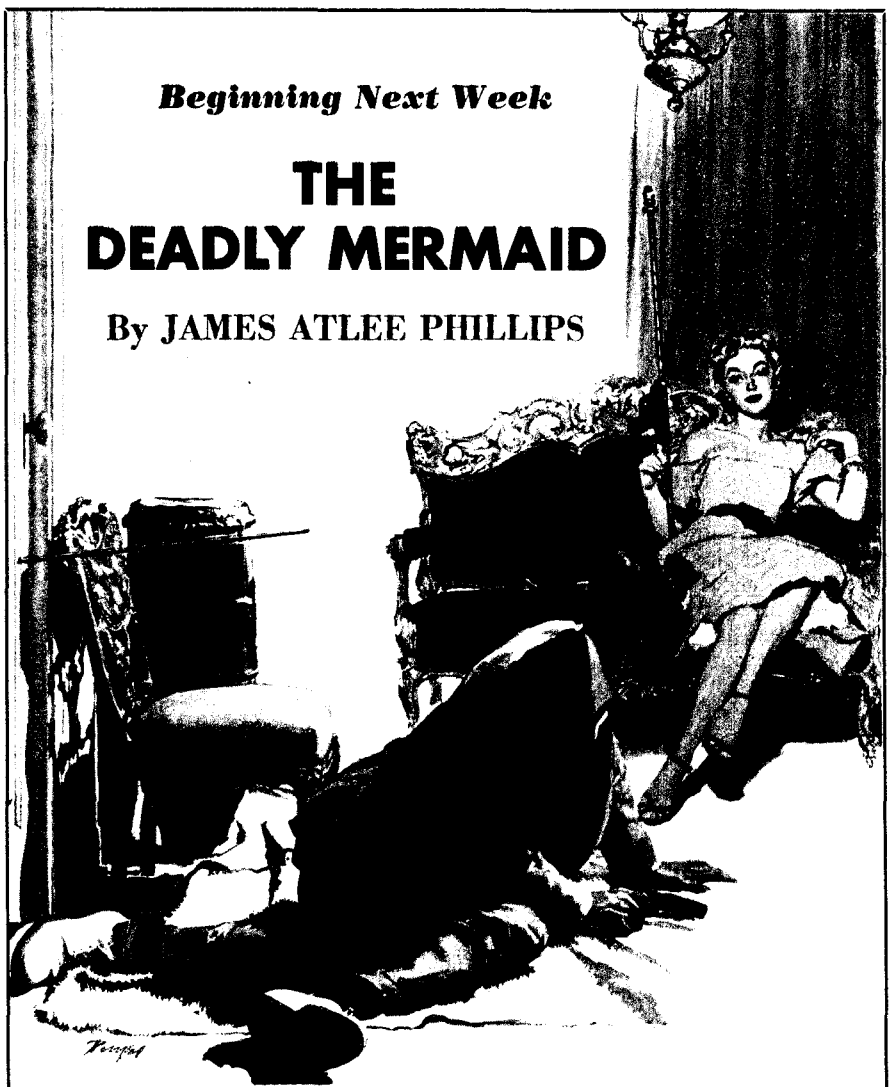
"I'm sorry," H.C. said.

The girl's voice said, "That's all right, H.C. My hint is, 'Once you were awful mad at me because my brother took your lunch at the church picnic.' "

Beginning Next Week

THE DEADLY MERMAID

By JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS



All secret agent Harry Donner had been told was that there was a Communist-inspired revolution due in the Dominican Republic, and that a boatload of munitions from behind the Iron Curtain had got away from the U.S. agents assigned to bottle it up at Vera Cruz. Harry's instructions were simple—to stop the revolution.

Harry flew down to Haiti and got himself mixed up with a crowd of expatriates who were making a movie on the dangerous sport of spear-fishing. Any of them could have been the key Communist agent Harry was looking for. There was a hard-drinking young Texan, a rich and nervous boy from the East, a mysterious, brutal blond giant, and—in the background—two beautiful women. It was fast company. They played rough—and for keeps.

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"You look much better now. I didn't care much for you as a bachelor"

COLLIER'S — IRVING ROIR

"Oh, it's you, Elizabeth," H.C. said. "How are you?"

Tony Barnett said, "And now I've got somebody else who wants to talk to you, H.C. But this lady says we have to tell you who it is right away. H.C., here's your high-school English teacher, Miss Harriet F. Grady!"

"Good evening, H.C.," said a small prim voice. "I've been picked out to represent all the schoolteachers tonight, and I didn't want you to have to waste any of this precious time playing guessing games."

"That's okay, Miss Grady," H.C. said. "How's everybody out at the school?"

"All fine," Miss Grady said, "and wishing you the same. Good night, H.C."

Garvey checked his watch. "It's almost the end of the Talk to Home portion of our show, H.C.," he said. "Is there any final message you'd like to give before we sign off? Who would you like to talk to again?"

H.C. cleared his throat. "Is my mother still there?" he said.

"Tony Barnett, is Mrs. Fuller still beside you at the microphone?" Garvey asked.

"Standing right here, Bill," Barnett said.

H.C.'s mother said, "Bless you, son." She sounded as though she were crying.

"Don't you worry about me, Mama," H.C. said, "I'm just fine."

"Come home soon, H.C.," his mother told him.

"Just as soon as I can," H.C. said. He paused and leaned forward toward the microphone. "You take care of yourself, you hear, Mama? Tell Pa I said hello."

"That's right, son," said H.C.'s mother. "I sure will."

Garvey picked up a signal from the control board and threw his script down. "That's it. We're off," he said.

H.C. got up and walked over to me. "Let's go," he said grimly.

The little colonel came up behind him and put a hand on his back. "That was fine, boy," he said kindly.

H.C. whirled about at the touch and started when he saw that it was the colonel. He began a salute, stopped, and then finished it. The colonel returned it gravely and walked away.

Mrs. Hatton asked us if we wanted coffee, but I said no, and H.C. and I went out. We lighted cigarettes and walked along, not talking. Finally H.C. said, "Well, I sure messed things up."

We stopped walking.

"It wasn't so bad," I said. H.C. didn't answer, and I felt I ought to say something. "Who's the girl named Elizabeth?" I asked. "Nice?"

"She's all right," he said. "Sure was foolish, me thinking it was Erna Mae. I should have kept my mouth shut till I was sure."

I said, "Too bad about your father breaking his ankle. Why don't you write him a letter or something?"

"Guess I will," H.C. said.

When we got back to the barracks, I saw him sit down by his foot locker and start the letter; but first he took the slip of paper with his name on it, the one that had been drawn out of Lieutenant Berger's helmet in the lottery, and put it down in the bottom of his barracks bag, down with the bolt of Korean silk and the Chinese sword and the other trophies of war. ▲▲▲

ERIE ... Mark of PROGRESS in Railroading

The case of the talking caboose

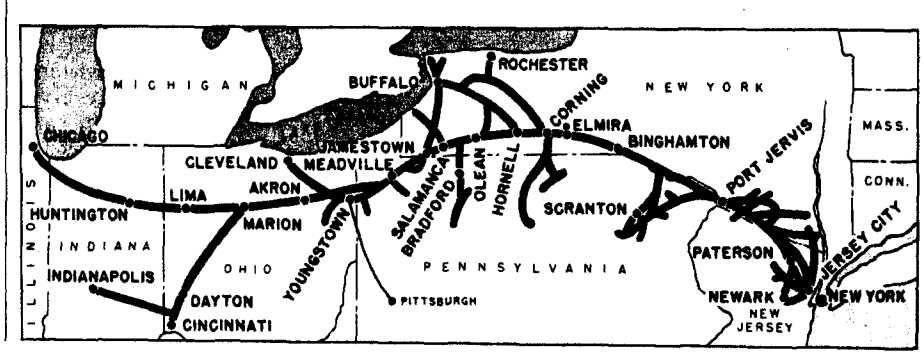
● Your first look tells you that this new Erie caboose is different. No cupola—instead a bay window from which the conductor can watch his train. But the sign on the side tells you of a bigger difference. This caboose "talks"!

In Erie's radio-equipped cabooses, the conductor can talk to the engineer by radio-telephone even on the longest trains. He can talk to passing trains and wayside stations. Erie's main line between New York and Chicago is now 100 per cent covered by a radio-telephone system—the most complete installation of any railroad.

"Radio-equipped for safety, for service" says the sign on the caboose, pointing up another example of Erie's progressive railroading—the constant aim to provide the best in safe, dependable transportation. That's why shippers who want super service say "Route it Erie!"

Erie Railroad

SERVING THE HEART OF INDUSTRIAL AMERICA



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PAUL C. BURNS

She had known I'd been holding out on her financially; I wondered what she'd been thinking

LOAN SHARK

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

I WATCHED the teller count out the money: fourteen crisp bills totaling fourteen hundred dollars, the result of two years of saving and scrimping in secret, a hard thing to do when your wife's budget-conscious.

I put the money in my wallet, left the bank, and took a cab to our apartment.

"I hope it's a successful party," Ann said, as I was checking equipment in the kitchen. "We haven't seen some of these people for ages." She looked at the clock. "Anyway, we're ready."

"Almost ready," I said, and I went into the bedroom.

I took out my wallet, removed the fourteen one-hundred-dollar bills and slipped them under my pillow. Just then the doorbell rang, and I heard Ann greeting Lou Sheldon.

Other guests began arriving; I was busy in the kitchen for a while, and then finally everyone was on hand. The guests all knew one another, but this same crowd had not been together for a long time—to be exact, for two years, three months, one week and two days. Since then they had gone their separate ways and made new friends. From across the room, Ann wigwagged her eyebrows at me, signaling that our party was dying, so I rapped on the cocktail shaker until I had everyone's attention. "This party is something rather special," I announced. "I thought perhaps some of you would realize it."

They looked at one another and back at me. "A little more than two years ago," I said, "I had a party. Every one of you was here then too."

Lou Sheldon smiled. "It was a wake," he said, "but a pretty good party at that."

"That's right," I said. "I was planning to leave town the next day; my business was going under. I was sitting here that day getting ready to go back home, a failure. I had debts I couldn't pay; and I decided suddenly to have a farewell party. I asked all of my friends. Something happened at that party that changed my life. That's why I am repeating it today. I want to repay you." The remark was slightly ambiguous, but I knew some very good friends in the crowd would understand.

I REMEMBERED every detail of the day of the other party, the day when I was completely finished. I remembered sitting at the desk, going over the bills for the last time. I owed nine hundred and sixty dollars, and my credit was exhausted. I had nowhere to turn. I stared at the pile of bills and finally crumpled them up and shoved them into a drawer.

The party was a final gesture, a thumbing of my nose at fate. I asked the Lanes, down the hall; I telephoned Lou Sheldon and Ed Markey and Pete Reynolds, three engineering side-kicks of mine, who had worked with me until I got the brilliant idea of going into business for myself. I called Doris Callan, who was a model, Ann Denham, a copywriter, and Marge Thomas, a secretary. I asked every friend I had in town and emptied my wallet getting food in.

When the party was over and they had all left, after telling me collectively and individually to keep a stiff upper lip, I went into the bedroom and threw myself down on the bed. Something crackled under the pillow, and I reached under and stared at the fourteen hundred dollars.

I rushed to the telephone, and the first person I was able to reach was Lou Sheldon. I babbled about money; and he thought, or pretended to think, that I was drunk and advised me to sleep it off. I hung up the telephone. I talked to some of the others, and learned nothing more. My benefactor wished to be anonymous. I would say no more about it; but every nickel I could spare would go into a separate account until I could find and repay my benefactor.

A week later, with my bills paid, credit re-established, and new supplies coming in, I managed to land my first major order, which made it possible to keep my business going. I went on seeing Doris and Ann and Marge and the others for a while; but eight months later Ann and I were married, and gradually the old crowd broke up.

TONIGHT I tried to keep an eagle eye on the bedroom; but the bathroom was beyond it, and the traffic through it was heavy. Indecently early, our friends began looking at their watches and inventing excuses; and at seven o'clock our last guest, Lou Sheldon, shook hands with me at the door. Ann began cleaning up the debris.

"Like to go out for dinner?" I said.

"After we clean up," Ann said. "I don't want to come back to this."

I went into the bedroom and picked up the pillow. The money was gone. I went back and did the dishes, and Ann talked about how you drift away from people. She said we shouldn't let it happen again.

I muttered the proper answers, thinking only of the money. Ann got her coat from the closet finally, and we went out and took a taxicab to Enrique's.

We were silent as strangers; and finally to make conversation I said, "I didn't see the mail when I came home tonight. Anything important?"

"It's the first of the month," Ann said. "The bills came in. I brought one along. It's a little larger than usual. You might like to check it."

She handed me a department-store bill. The total was fifteen dollars and ten cents. "This is nothing," I said; then I did a double-take. It was fifteen hundred and ten dollars.

"You bought that new suit last month," Ann reminded me.

"For a hundred and ten dollars," I said.

"I can understand your going through the roof, looking at the bill," Ann said. "That's why I brought you to Enrique's. You can't make a scene here. But when a girl buys a mink coat, and her husband doesn't even notice she has it on—"

"That's a mink coat?" I said. "I thought it was your old muskrat." I stared at Ann and at the coat lying across the back of her chair. "I'm sorry," I said. "It's beautiful. I've been thinking all afternoon of something else."

"The important thing," Ann said, "is may I have it?"

I thought quickly. We couldn't really afford it, but I had to make a snap decision. I looked at Ann and decided she was entitled to anything she wanted. "It's yours," I said.

"Thank you, darling," she said. "I've wanted one for years. I've dreamed about it."

"You never said anything."

"I'd been saving," she said. "And two years, three months, one week and two days ago I had the money. That was when you called the advertising agency and invited me to your party."

"Ann," I said, "it was you! You never mentioned that money."

"Neither did you," she said. "I've known ever since we were married that you were holding out on me financially. You can't imagine what fantastic notions I had; and two weeks ago when I was feeling blue one morning, I bought this coat. I thought it would serve you right. It was delivered today. Then, after you made your speech this afternoon, I went and looked under the pillow." She blushed. "Here," she said, "take it. I'm scared to death of carrying that much money."

The headwaiter was startled and highly disapproving, as he watched Ann reach over and stuff hundred-dollar bills into my hands. ▲▲▲

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He Fought Three Days and Nights

Lieutenant Colonel Raymond G. Davis, USMC Medal of Honor

COLD, BATTLE-WEARY, fighting for every mile of wintry road, the Marines were re-deploying toward Hungnam. A rifle company was guarding a mountain pass vital to the withdrawal of two regiments. The company became surrounded. If help didn't come, 6,000 men were lost.

Into this situation, Lieutenant Colonel Davis boldly led his Marine battalion. Over eight miles of heavily defended icy trail they attacked, and across three ridges deep in snow.

They fought three days and nights, often hand-to-hand.

But finally Colonel Davis reached and freed the company. He opened the pass and held it till the two regiments got by. Then, fighting through the last of the enemy and carrying his wounded with him, he led his own gallant battalion into safety.

"Korea and World War II have taught me," says Colonel Davis, "that courage is common to *all* armies; it's the *better equipped* side that has the edge. You're giving *our* men that edge every time you invest in a U. S. Defense Bond. For Bonds, which are personal savings for you, are also muscle for America's economy. Helping produce *better* equipment to protect the brave men who are protecting us all."

Peace is for the strong!
For peace *and prosperity* save with U. S. Defense Bonds!

Now E Bonds pay 3%! Now, improved Series E Bonds start paying interest after 6 months. And average 3% interest, compounded semi-annually when held to maturity! Also, all *maturing* E Bonds automatically *go on* earning—at the new rate—for 10 *more* years. $18.75 can pay back $33.67. $37.50 pays $67.34. And so on. Today, start investing in U.S. Series E Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan at work. Remember, 8 million fellow Americans find it a wonderfully easy way to save. Or ask your banker about the convenient Bond-A-Month Plan for those who are self-employed.

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143 Strikes in 26 Months-

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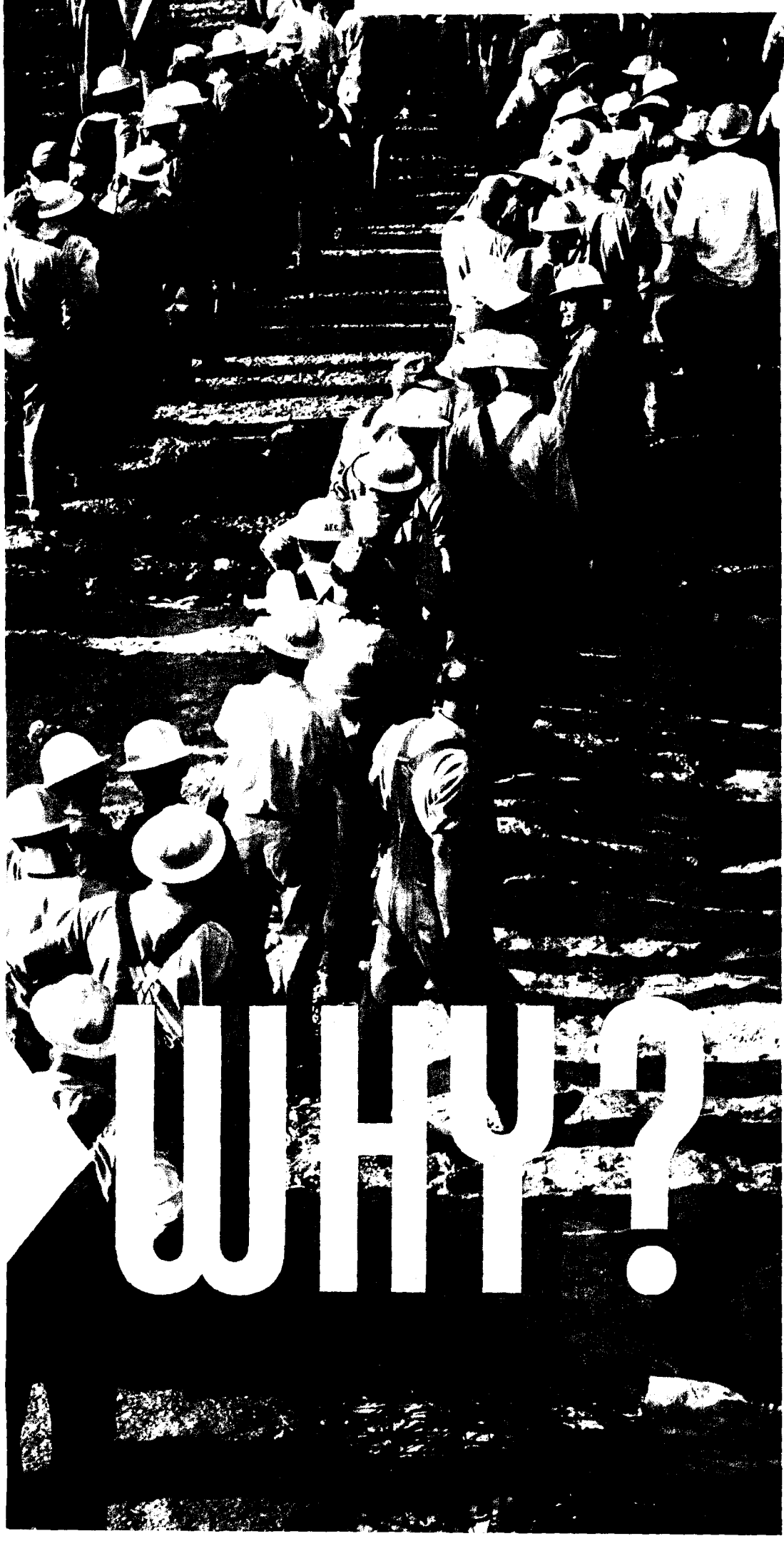
The Scandal of the Paducah Atom Project



By JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

IT IS time to take the wraps off a national disgrace which too many Americans know nothing about. A key part of our government's atomic program has just passed through a shameful and frightening crisis. Production of essential uranium has been delayed and millions of dollars have gone down the drain while a project vital to our national security trembled in the balance.

Actual disaster has been averted—but only by makeshift measures which provide no long-term solution. The next time we may not be so lucky.

Here is the background:

Not far from the ice-free river port of Paducah, Kentucky, where the cold water of the Ohio River meets the warm water of the Tennessee, the United States is building a billion-dollar plant to turn out uranium 235, the essential ingredient of the atomic bomb. That plant is vital to our defense program.

Equally important are the two power plants required to energize it: TVA-Shawnee, six miles away on the Kentucky side of the Ohio, and Joppa, a mile down the river on the Illinois shore. TVA-Shawnee, being built at an estimated cost of $216,500,000, will be the biggest powerhouse in the world, furnishing about three fifths of the power for the uranium plant; Joppa, to cost an estimated $160,000,000, will supply the remainder.

None of the three plants is on schedule. The uranium plant is four and a half months behind, Joppa seven months behind, Shawnee five. The U-235 plant would be in far more desperate straits if much of the lost time had not been made up through the expenditure of vast sums of the taxpayers' money.

Government officials, who have been worried stiff over the fate of the U-235 plant, are now breathing easier. But the future still causes them deep concern. What happened at Paducah, first project of its kind, could happen at similar projects in the future.

Just what did happen at Paducah?

Construction on the atomic project there began in January, 1951. Since then, a staggering succession of strikes has crippled its progress: 78 at the uranium plant, 30 at Shawnee, 35 at Joppa —143 in all, up to the time this was written. Total man-hours lost: about five million.

The sparks which set off the strikes were many, most of them so trivial that Paducah has the sorry distinction of having had some of the most pointless strikes in all U.S. labor history.

Here are some examples:

▶ A job steward appointed by the ironworkers' union stayed home one day with a head cold. Uncertain how to proceed without him, his crew walked out.

▶ Laborers showed up with picket signs outside the uranium plant. Other unions refused to cross the line. Finally, after 30,000 man-hours were lost, an official of the laborers' union turned up and sent the men back to work. From start to finish, neither union nor man-

Construction workers line up to leave the closely guarded uranium plant grounds at Paducah. Too often, this scene has marked the start of a new strike—and loss of precious time on a vital project. Man-hours lost to date: about 5,000,000

USAEC PHOTO BY J. E. WESTCOTT

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There are plenty of safeguards against strikes at an atomic plant. Yet walkouts

agement officials ever knew the reason for the picket line.

▶ Six women clerks, working not for management but for the teamsters' union, demanded more money. The union refused. The women formed a picket line outside the plant gates, and about 400 man-hours were lost.

▶ At Joppa, a general foreman of ironworkers fired a foreman for alleged incompetence. They walked to the gate together, composed their differences, and walked back to work. Twenty minutes later the argument flared up again; this time the foreman was really fired. Some other ironworkers quit in protest. The international stepped in and ordered them back to work; all returned except about 50, whom management fired. The whole chain of incidents lasted less than 24 hours, but provoked a strike which shut down construction for two weeks. It ended only when management reinstated the 50 wildcat strikers.

Almost without exception, the strikers at Paducah have been construction workers. Of the 11 biggest construction-industry strikes throughout the nation last year, no fewer than four occurred at Paducah—and, ominously, one of the remaining seven took place at another major atomic installation, on the Savannah River in South Carolina.

Construction workers are crucial to our nuclear-fission program, especially at its present stage. More and more atomic installations will be built. Inevitably they will present gigantic construction problems. You can get an idea how gigantic from the physical dimensions of the Paducah project.

The uranium plant at Paducah will cover 6,100 acres, 17 miles from the heart of the city. On that vast tract, F. H. McGraw & Company of Hartford, Connecticut, is erecting an undisclosed number of buildings. The four structures which will be the project's core are major construction headaches by themselves. The two smaller ones will each be 800 by 600 feet in size, with 70-foot ceilings. The others will be more than twice as big—1,100 feet by 900 feet, with 80-foot ceilings. Each will be four stories high, made of an asbestos-cement sheet material.

Data on Shawnee and Joppa

The huge steam plant at Shawnee, since it is part of the Tennessee Valley Authority's sprawling power system, is being contracted directly by the government. When completed, it will comprise 10 giant turbine generators producing enough power to run a city Cleveland's size. Joppa, within sight of Shawnee just across the river, is being contracted by Ebasco Services, Incorporated, for a group of private power companies; it will have six even larger generators. The uranium plant will use most of Joppa's power. The rest will be sold commercially.

All three plants at Paducah operate as closed shops. Every one of the more than 30,000 construction people who have been employed there at one time or another has been a union member or authorized by the union to work.

Of the 19 building-trades unions in the AFL, 16 are represented at the three plants: asbestos workers, boilermakers, bricklayers, carpenters, electrical workers, elevator constructors, operating engineers, ironworkers, laborers, lathers, painters, cement masons, pipe fitters, roofers, sheet-metal workers and teamsters. Of these, all but the bricklayers, asbestos workers, elevator constructors and lathers have struck at least once.

The operating engineers have struck most of all—24 times. Most of their strikes were short but damaging; without these men many of the other crafts couldn't work. But in terms of total time lost, the worst offenders have been the teamsters, laborers, carpenters and pipe fitters. In just one strike last summer, the laborers completely shut down the uranium plant at a cost to the project of 706,700 man-hours.

What went wrong at Paducah?

Collier's sent me to find out. I spoke to strikers, management, AEC officials, labor-relations experts and townsfolk. Everybody there knew what was going on; even a casual visitor could find out. Paducah's strict security rules couldn't possibly keep the shameful story from our ill-wishers.

I went to Paducah a reporter; I left an angry and bewildered citizen. Who is to blame for the Paducah mess? The AEC? Management? Labor? The community? Nobody at Paducah seemed to know. Within each group I found those eager to pin the blame on someone else, and those honest enough to admit bafflement.

Obviously, on a project as huge and complex as the one at Paducah, no one group can be charged with exclusive responsibility for the mess. I am satisfied that the blame must be shouldered by everybody in greater or lesser degree—the AEC for lack of foresight, management for mishandling its labor relations, the workers for lack of restraint, leaders of their union locals for incompetence, leaders of their internationals for lack of vigor, the community for hostility toward incoming workers.

In essence, the original failure at Paducah was the absence of adequate planning—an inexcusable lapse in view of the stakes involved.

* * *

On paper, strikes can't happen at an atomic project. Union rules discourage them. Agreements between unions and prime contractors contemplate them only after the failure of many compulsory mediation and, in some cases, arbitration steps. The Taft-Hartley Act is supposed to prevent strikes affecting the national security.

For two years, no-strike pledges have been almost as common at the Paducah uranium plant as no-smoking signs. Yet strikes either there or at the two power plants have averaged more than one a week.

Not one of the Paducah strikes need have happened. Most of the trouble sprang from three chaotic conditions, all avoidable: dissension within labor's ranks, fumbling in the relations between management and labor and a vast tangle of human irritations within the community of Paducah.

Labor's own troubles were incredibly complicated. There were disagreements between unions, between workers and local leaders, between local and international officials, and between factions of the same union.

All three plants have had their share of jurisdictional strikes, involving jobs that can be done by more than one union. A boilermaker and an ironworker were equally capable of erecting a rig to set a boiler in place. They belonged to different unions. Which was to get the job? Who digs postholes—the electricians who will use the posts or the operating engineers who do most of the heavy work? There were strikes over these issues.

There were, in addition, many wildcat strikes—called without the approval of union leaders. Sometimes the heads of unions were unaware of a grievance until the men walked out.

Local unions resented any attempted interference by the internationals. The internationals, often under pressure by management to move in, considered many locals incapable of handling the situations which came up at Paducah.

Migrant workers pouring into the area raised unforeseen problems for the small existing locals. There were frequent clashes of interest between the old-timers and newcomers.

Lack of Good Faith Charged

As if these troubles within labor's own house were not enough, labor-management relations were a constant source of friction. Each side has frequently charged the other with lack of good faith. At the uranium plant, for example, McGraw claims that the unions persistently refused to abide by their own regulations; labor leaders accuse McGraw officials of having been inaccessible during the early months of the project when much of the labor troubles might have been prevented.

Even where labor problems might have been settled easily, they often turned into work stoppages due to sheer irritability brought on by boredom, crowded living conditions, clashes between old hands and newcomers, and even the vagaries of the weather.

In the Paducah bog-down there have been little strikes, lasting a few hours or a day or two, and big strikes, lasting five to ten days. Some strikes closed down the whole project; some halted part of it; others affected only a single craft. Whatever the cause, type, length or scope, 143 strikes add up to a shameful disruption of a project essential to our national strength.

* * *

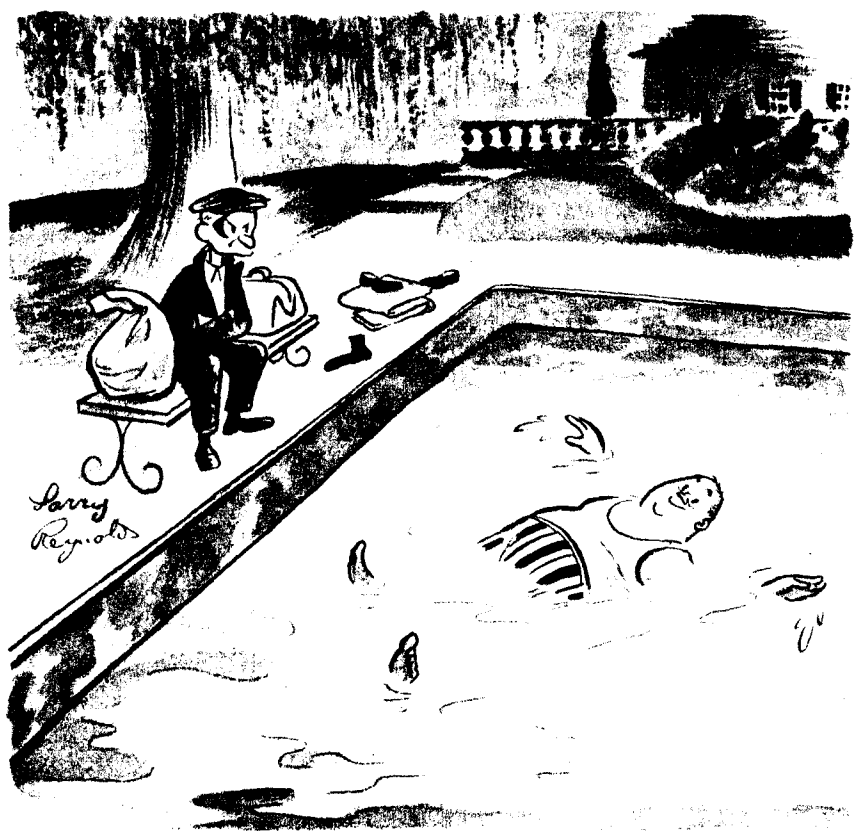
When the AEC was seeking a site for its enormous new project, Paducah was picked for several reasons. The city is easily defensible. It is strategically located, with rail, river and plane transportation available winter and summer. Coal is available nearby for the two power plants. The government already owned the necessary land.

Paducah also lies in an area with the country's worst labor record. The AEC knew that. It decided to go ahead anyway.

In the last 20 years, every big construction project in western Kentucky, whether public or private, has been explosive with labor trouble. Walkout epidemics were notorious during the erection of the Kentucky Ordnance Works, the Kentucky Dam (largest in the TVA system), and Louisville's 12-mile-long, $30,000,000 flood wall.

TVA power, flood control and firearms had made Paducah a mecca for migrant labor in the past. When the city was approved as an atom-plant site, Paducahans began to batten down the hatches in preparation for another big influx of workers at both the U-235 plant and nearby Shawnee (Joppa, across the river, was a comparatively

BUTCH



COLLIER'S

"Awright, Butch, you just wait till it's *your* night t'be lookout man"

LARRY REYNOLDS

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Paducah have averaged one every week

small part of Paducah's community problem). The flood of migrants began gently during the last two weeks of December, 1950. But by mid-March, 1951, it was in full tide.

The construction-worker migrants, who eventually formed a large majority in all building trades in Paducah, are not to be compared with Grapes of Wrath seasonal crop pickers. Well paid and tax paying, they move about in trailers costing from $3,000 to $10,000. More often than not, their wives and children accompany them.

As a union member, the migrant worker is permitted to affiliate with any local of his craft in the country. But he cannot vote in the local with which he affiliates. He may resign from his home local and join the affiliate, but it isn't easy.

The first of the Paducah arrivals—as on any big construction job—were the operating engineers. The trouble started with them, and in a large sense they have been a symbol of the Paducah crisis ever since.

Operating engineers are workers skilled in handling every type of power-driven construction tool—bulldozer, crane, trench digger, plow, hoisting or lifting device, posthole digger or scraper.

Because these engineers do key work, other crafts can't operate without them. But Paducah has had to do without them often. There have been more strikes by operating engineers than by any other group of workers on the project. And the shocking fact is that much of the engineers' unrest is due to internal union trouble.

When the migrant workers hit Paducah, all crafts except the operating engineers reported at their respective union halls for work assignments. Nonunion workers applied to join the union, paying $10 each for work permits and agreeing to continue the payments monthly until accepted. The process of becoming a member was supposed to take three months, although some of the unions took considerably longer.

Not Easy to Join the Union

The International Union of Operating Engineers took longest of all. For the operating engineers at the uranium plant and Shawnee there was no union hall to go to in Paducah. They reported instead at a branch office of IUOE Local 181—whose home office is in Evansville, Indiana, 110 miles away. (Joppa operating engineers, across the river in Illinois, belong to a different union.) Applicants for union membership paid $10 for the first month and agreed to continue paying until accepted. Two years later many of those early applicants are still waiting for membership!

There were other problems which plagued all the unions. The most perplexing was the dilemma faced by locals which suddenly found themselves blown up to five or ten times their normal size.

The Paducah pipe fitters' local is an illuminating example. Before the atomic project, it had 250 members. Within three months, it ballooned to 5,000, almost all nonvoting. As a result, the representatives of the 250 old-timers were doing the collective bargaining for 20 times that number. The relatively few voting members were paying $1,000 a month into the local's treasury; the 4,750 nonvoting members were paying more than $11,745 (including work permits of nonunion pipe fitters). The business agent of the local union, appointed long before the atomic project was contemplated, was a complete stranger to the new members, and they would scarcely listen to him, let alone obey him.

In many of the unions, even where a business agent was on good terms with the newcomers, he simply was not equipped for big-league operations.

Lush Jobs for Local Members

The locals were charged with the monumental chore of certifying thousands of migrant workers and channeling them to their jobs. Each union hall expanded into a sort of executive office with large and busy staffs. The staffs were chosen from among resident voting members; it followed that lush jobs, including appointments as stewards and foremen, went to them, too. Although the newcomers probably would have done the same had the situation been reversed, they smarted at being victims of the system.

The migrants who filed through the union halls were hard-boiled. They had been around, working on big wartime installations on the East and West Coasts, building airstrips from the Aleutians and Solomons to Africa. In some ways, they resembled city slickers who thought they could ride herd on country bumpkins; they knew all the answers and could show the local boys tricks they had learned along the way. But in Paducah they occasionally got their comeuppance from erstwhile farmers who were just as independent—and knew a few tricks of their own.

As the irritations piled up, there were clashes between the invaders who had no power or authority and the home-town boys who did. And often—too often—there were strikes.

Louis Bradford, at that time president of the Paducah Building Trades Council, which speaks for all construction craft unions in the uranium-plant–Shawnee area, put it this way:

"We were small and peaceful unions before these workers came here. We built up our locals long before. Are we to stand by now and see them wrecked? Aside from what might happen to us and our union treasuries if the newcomers were permitted to vote, are we to permit them to upset our long-term arrangements with employers with whom we've been doing business for years?

"We must pay the taxes for the comforts and conveniences they enjoy. We've had a windfall in dues, it's true; but that's like striking oil. We were here first and we think we're entitled to it."

Bradford also pointed out that union halls designed to seat 250 to 500 could not accommodate 5,000. It became impossible for leaders to keep nonvoting members directly informed. Lack of information and misinformation also caused strikes.

Once again, a problem that beset all the union locals was multiplied many times over for the operating engineers at the uranium plant and Shawnee. Craft locals are usually community affairs, with the members living within easy distance of the union hall. Not so

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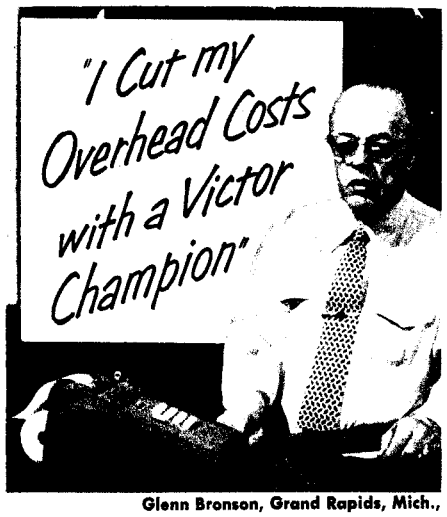

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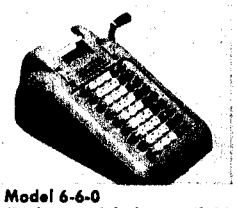

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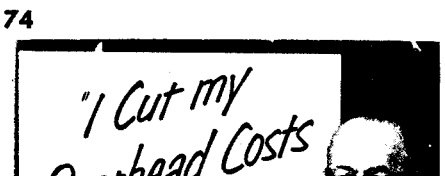

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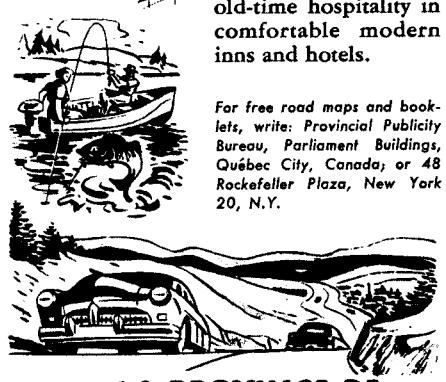

LA PROVINCE DE Québec

Construction workers brought prosperity to Paducah, but wit

Local 181 of the IUOE. Local 181, directed from Evansville, is a sprawling monstrosity covering two states, Kentucky and Indiana, and part of another, Tennessee.

Voting and voteless members of the IUOE alike want a lot they do not have. A year ago, determined to bring about reforms, 1,000 voting IUOE members at the uranium plant and Shawnee formed a separate union within the IUOE, without surrendering their membership in Local 181. Then they drafted a bill for the state legislature, requiring all unions with 100 or more members in Kentucky to set up a local in the state so that a Kentucky IUOE member could vote or participate in his union's affairs without trekking to Evansville. The bill passed.

Then the rebels sued their national officers for $3,250,000 damages, including the amount of money collected by the union in work permits and what the rebels allege are illegally assessed dues and contributions. They tried through court order to bring IUOE president William E. Maloney or his representatives to court with the union's books for a financial accounting. Both proposals are now before the Kentucky courts.

Contempt proceedings also have been leveled at Maloney and his officers for failure to obey the new Kentucky law by establishing a local. When Arthur Watkins, the IUOE's Kentucky representative, failed to make an accounting of union funds, he was found in contempt of court.

Meanwhile, a thorough, continuous purge of the rebels has been in progress. Under IUOE's contracts with McGraw and TVA, all operating engineers must be certified as members of the union in good standing. Within six months of their revolt, several hundred rebel IUOE members at the uranium plant and Shawnee were fired because of the union's complaint to management that they were incompetent. Among their replacements—furnished by the IUOE—were high-school boys who had been driving light-delivery trucks for Paducah merchants. These recruits, classified as "experienced operating engineers," were risking their lives on bulldozers, cranes and derricks. McGraw and the Tennessee Valley Authority have been patiently catching up with them and weeding them out.

* * *

The Paducah crisis has generated such a welter of cross charges, conflicts and confusion that it's hard to find general agreement about any of the specific causes—except one. I spoke to Louis Bradford, at that time representing the original craft unions, to Fred J. Mayo, resident project manager for the contractor, to Ernest A. Wende, area manager for the AEC, and to Richard V. Green, executive secretary of the Paducah Association of Commerce. All agreed that one reason for the strike epidemic was the terrific strain on the city's public services and economic and social structure caused by the arrival of thousands of migrant workers.

To Paducahans, the newcomers were a mixed blessing; they brought money, and they brought chaos. The chaos created tension between the townsfolk and the recent arrivals. The tension often found its outlet in strikes.

As more and more men poured into town, recreational facilities, housing, schools and hospitals proved inadequate. On wartime atomic projects, the federal government had met the shortages. This time the federal government dumped most of the job on the city and county. It was simply too much for them.

Congestion became a problem for the police. Hotels and tourist homes filled up, and the city's utilities were strained to the bursting point. Bars, taverns and cocktail lounges were jammed every night. Paducah's economy wobbled under the pressure. Prices soared. Shortages occurred.

There were some efforts to meet emergency situations as they arose. The Association of Commerce and union locals co-operated to persuade merchants and buyers to hold the line on prices, each policing its own members. Law enforcement was tightened. The city got a new police chief. Gamblers were

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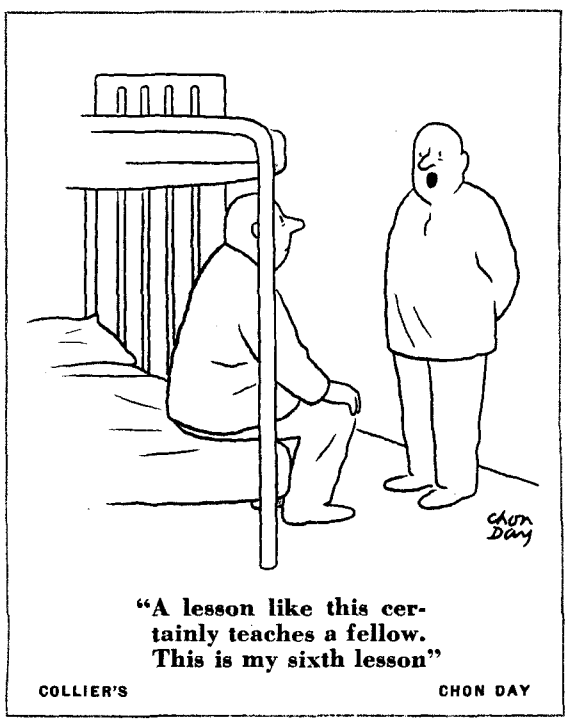
came overcrowding, inflation—and chaos

driven out of business, and Paducah's two brothels were closed and padlocked.

As the work force climbed to peak, the problem of overcrowding brought new headaches. The largest trailer community in the world was formed on hundreds of acres surrounding the central uranium plant; 8,100 persons were housed in 2,544 coaches lined up on hurriedly fashioned trailer streets.

Where so many live so closely, distressing incidents are inescapable. A judge fined a union worker $5 for a parking violation, then upped it to $50 when he learned that the offender was employed at the uranium plant, commenting: "You're making plenty. You can afford it."

A mischievous young son of a trailerite who set afire the padding in a school bus, endangering the lives of other children, was taken to the woodshed by a school principal. The boy's father had to be restrained from beating up the teacher.



"A lesson like this certainly teaches a fellow. This is my sixth lesson"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

Residents and migrants came into increasing conflict. The incidents mounted and friction intensified.

Across the river, 2,300 workers poured into Joppa. The little town of Metropolis, Illinois, experienced a population jump from 6,300 to 9,000—proportionately as large as Paducah's. Yet somehow, the confusions that beset the Kentucky city barely touched its smaller Illinois neighbor. Some prices went up, there were a few shortages, municipal services felt the strain, but on the whole Metropolis weathered the migrant influx amazingly well. How come?

Partly through sheer luck. Metropolis was having its economic troubles when hiring started for the Joppa plant; the resultant boom saved it from a threatened slump, and the townsfolk were grateful. Electric Energy, Incorporated, the five-company combine that will operate Joppa, earned further gratitude by rushing in aid when the municipal power plant was disabled by an explosion last year. Furthermore, according to Samuel L. Smith, editor of the Metropolis News, "the town is just naturally the friendliest community I've ever been in. People invite strangers into their homes; they try to be helpful." Smith, who isn't a native of Metropolis, feels the town's traditional hospitality is a major reason why it escaped the ills that befell Paducah.

Metropolis had another good break: it avoided much of the school problem that bothered Paducah because a new junior high school had just been completed when work started at Joppa. Now, with admirable foresight, the town is pushing a new high-school expansion program. Housing? As in Kentucky, most of the migrants brought their own houses with them, on wheels. A defense housing project, under way when construction began at the power plant, has been thrown open to all comers, and another larger project was launched specifically to absorb Joppa employees.

Finally, Metropolis has an unusual number of parks for a town its size, plus a state park and a regular municipal summer recreation program. Joppa families had someplace to go for relaxation—and that helped ease the tension.

Metropolis is a good town. The people at Joppa—management and labor alike—shudder to think what might have happened otherwise. For, even with the good community relations that existed, Joppa has been plagued by labor troubles, just like its sister projects across the Ohio.

* * *

Grievances are commonplace on construction projects of any size. There are demands for wages lost during bad weather, for increased overtime, job preferences, reinstatement of a discharged worker or the discharge of an unpopular foreman or supervisor. Under normal conditions, such grievances can be adjusted easily. But conditions never were normal at Paducah.

The atomic project was thrust on the community with so little advance planning that all groups involved were caught short. Union locals couldn't prepare for a vast expansion. Management was unable to acquaint itself with local labor practices. Civic leaders had no time to brace themselves against the incoming tide of workers. The resulting frictions created an atmosphere of distrust which doomed the project to trouble from the start.

That this feeling persists is evident from the conflicting versions offered to explain the Paducah mess.

William A. Henry, a New York lawyer brought in by McGraw at various times as a labor-relations specialist, says: "The three main sources of labor difficulty in Paducah as I see them are: (1) the failure of unions to abide by grievance-procedure agreements; (2) the failure of the unions to abide by the rules and regulations of the construction industry's National Joint Board for the Settlement of Jurisdictional Disputes; and (3) the internal strife existing in certain crafts between member and member, and member and leader.

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These are not the words of a lifelong Catholic. They come from the heart of one who was told in childhood that Catholics are "ignorant and superstitious"... whose circle of friends included no Catholics... who was never exposed to the "coercion" of a Catholic priest or the influence of Catholic literature.

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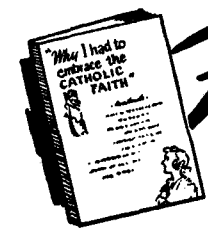

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free enterprise and free government. It also depends upon internal democracy and the following of orderly procedures acknowledged and accepted by mature unions and unionists as the obligation of those to whom are accorded great rights and privileges."

Company's Policy Criticized

Hubert M. Grimmer, executive secretary of the Paducah Building Trades Council, tells a different story. "Half the strikes at Paducah were caused by McGraw's refusal to meet with labor representatives," Grimmer claims. "From the first, McGraw would deal only with the individual unions rather than with the Building Trades Council, as is accepted construction-industry practice. Everyone knows that if you can split up a group, you can massacre it. Contracts signed separately with separate crafts left many inequalities.

"In the case of grievances, no one at McGraw would talk to a council man. When craft leaders phoned, they were generally told that there could be no meeting until the craft admitted that the workers were out of hand. Half the time when they did meet, the McGraw representative had no authority to make any agreements, so the whole meeting was a waste of time. Things began to straighten out when the AEC's Labor Relations Panel entered the picture."

The AEC panel, set up in 1949 to solve labor disputes after an atomic plant was in operation, had rarely concerned itself with atomic construction projects. But when Paducah got out of hand, the panel stepped in. Today, both the AEC and labor give the panel major credit for the present somewhat uneasy peace.

In a report on its activities at Paducah, the AEC agency declared: "Both unions and the company spoke of their differences in terms of personalities, attitudes or the failure of the other party to follow the established procedures. . . . Either outspoken or implied distrust was found on all sides: distrust of rank and file for the union leaders and for the company management, distrust of one craft for another, distrust of the community for the migrant workers and vice versa, distrust of local union leaders for their international superiors and vice versa, even marked differences of opinion within the management officialdom."

Can't Agree on Placing Blame

The situation at Joppa was little better, even though officials of the building-trades international unions were on hand early in the game trying to prevent strikes. It is a measure of the confusion surrounding the Paducah problem that Ebasco officials give the AFL internationals full credit for moving fast and vigorously, while at the uranium plant McGraw officials lay much of the blame for the mess on the fact that top union leaders stayed away too long.

Although Shawnee has had its share of strikes, they have been neither so long nor so damaging as those at the other two plants. TVA, which runs Shawnee, had a tremendous advantage over the other two contractors: it was in the area a long time before atomic construction began at Paducah, and it was not affected by the lack of planning which hamstrung McGraw and, to some extent, Ebasco. TVA's labor-relations policy was long-established through valley-wide contracts with most of the unions involved. Furthermore, TVA is a government agency; the construction men it hires are government workers, expressly forbidden to strike by the Taft-Hartley Act.

Taft-Hartley was at least a deterrent to strikes at Shawnee; it was completely ineffective at Joppa and the uranium plant, principally because no one seems to know whether any of its provisions apply there.

The AEC Labor Relations Panel moved into Paducah early in 1952. By October 1st, it had succeeded in getting management and labor together in a series of agreements which:

1. Provided machinery to prevent wildcat strikes.
2. Clarified grievance procedures.
3. Assigned international representatives full responsibility for avoiding further authorized stoppages.
4. Redefined the duties and responsibilities of McGraw's labor department, with one individual designated to make decisions.
5. Provided for monthly meetings of international representatives of every craft, and joint meetings on the same day between them and McGraw.
6. Provided for arbitration as the final step in grievance disputes.

* * *

The situation at Paducah has improved greatly in recent months, partly as a result of the AEC labor-relations panel's efforts, partly because of more vigorous action by top labor leaders.

Officials of the AFL building-trades internationals are now giving personal attention to labor relations at the uranium plant. Some time has been made up without extra cost to the government, the men are working harder, there are fewer capricious walkouts. A few union business agents who found themselves out of their depth have been replaced; incompetent job stewards have been discharged.

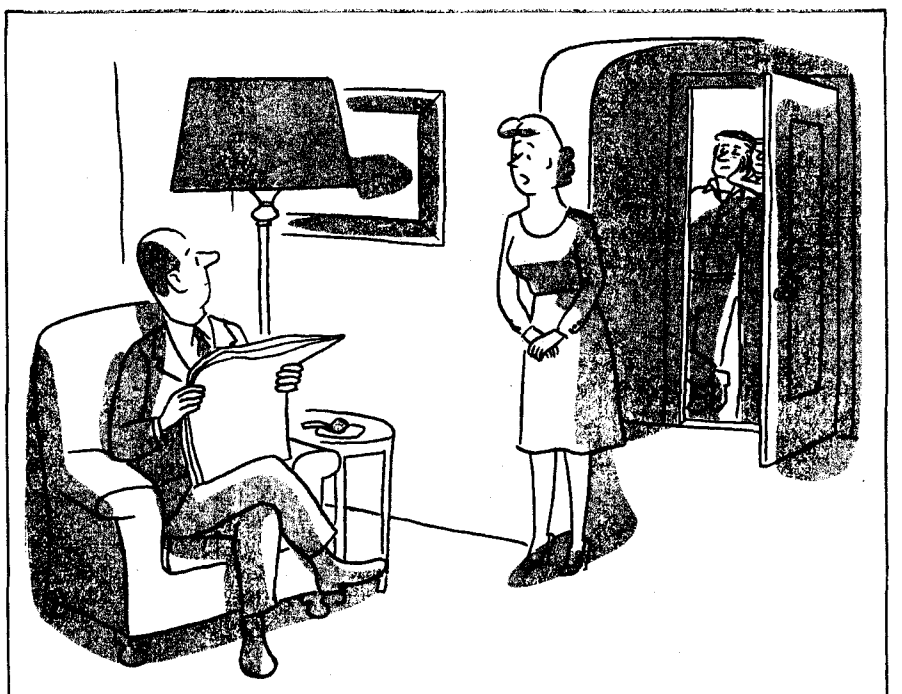
The easing of tensions at the uranium plant has been reflected in progress at Joppa as well, although potentially serious trouble looms as a result of an explosion in mid-April, set off when someone dumped 40 pieces of iron into one of the power units. Suspicion of sabotage brought the FBI on the run, and a thorough fingerprinting and screening process was launched.

In general, however, the crisis at Paducah seems to have passed. Nevertheless, responsible officials—of management, labor, federal government and the community alike—are holding their breath. Strikes still occur. They're usually brief now, but they are a symptom of continuing unrest. The fires have been dampened, but not extinguished. A University of Kentucky survey of the entire situation is under way, and there has been talk of an investigation by a Senate labor subcommittee.

Precautions at Portsmouth

If a situation similar to Paducah crops up on another atomic project—and it easily could—there's no guarantee against a repetition of the near fiasco that occurred there. A project of similar dimensions is under construction at Portsmouth, Ohio, and thus far at least some of the lessons of Paducah seem to have been carefully noted. AFL international representatives have been at Portsmouth since the project began; the federal government plans to set up two housing projects. But only 3,500 of the expected peak of 30,000 workers are on the job. Portsmouth is keeping its civic fingers crossed; the real test will come later this summer.

Nobody wants trouble. But unless Paducah's lessons are fully learned, the same confusion which led to the bogdown there ultimately will produce the final, tragic paradox: free labor, free enterprise and free government will have handed over to Soviet Russia, the world's foremost slave state, its greatest prize—sabotage of the United States atomic program. ▲▲▲



"Dear, where shall we have the men put the new piano that I forgot to mention I ordered the other day because don't you think Judy should start taking lessons?"

COLLIER'S — STAN HUNT

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PETER WYMA

Birds aren't the only ones who spend half their time upside down

My Life as a Rose-breasted Grosbeak

Can you tell a bird lover from a normal person?

By STUART TRUEMAN

BIRD lovers make me nervous. They twitter; they flutter; in flights of fancy they soar completely out of this world to one of their own, where people and birds talk freely and understand every word.

If you've ever in all innocence gone to lunch with an otherwise rational businessman and had to wait while he trilled at the restaurant's canary, trying to make it trill back at him, you'll know what I mean. It's embarrassing enough without your tycoon cocking his head coyly this way and that to convince the canary he's a bird too. The canary never says a word; it thinks he's crazy.

The worst of it is, you can't tell beforehand who may be a secret bird lover masquerading as a normal person. There's Mr. Plumpton—a level-headed power magnate if ever I saw one. He loves to level things. His eyes gleam impatiently when he sees a contented village he can raze to build a hydroelectric plant. He likes to drive the bulldozer that knocks down the houses, preferably before the people get out. In other words, he gives every appearance of being a sane and progressive citizen.

When he summons me to draw up an estimate on hauling away the rubble of East Shadydale, which he demolished last week to give his new bulldozer a workout, I expect to hear talk about nothing but kilowatts and power potential.

I call at his mansion and am shown into the palatial living room. The door from the veranda bursts open. It is Mr. Plumpton. He is feverishly excited. "She's back! She's back!" he cries. Has his wife returned to him? No; something far more important than that. He is positive he has seen the same chickadee that perched on the veranda railing last summer. He's been saying to it, "Beepety-bee-bee-bee-bee." The chickadee is fascinated, and little wonder. It thinks he is an automobile horn.

When we get into my car to drive to East Shadydale, he snatches up something from the floor of the car. "Look what *I've* found!" he says in amazement. For a moment I think it's a ten-dollar bill. It turns out to be a feather—"a beautiful specimen of the purple-crested lourie's plumage." He can't figure out how it got into the car. I could tell him it came out of our feather duster, but I don't. Let him puzzle over it. It may keep him quiet.

He is not, however, quiet long. As we approach an intersection he bellows: "Look out—on your *left!*"

I swerve to the right and jam on the brakes.

"What was it?" I quaver. "I can't see anything."

"It's a yellow-billed cuckoo," he whispers. "On the lower branch of the apple tree. First one I've seen all season."

I can see the tree but I can't see the bird, nor do I want to.

"I've been watching for a white-breasted nuthatch," Plumpton goes on. "Did you know that the white-breasted nuthatch spends much of its life upside down?" The white-breasted nuthatch, I reflect, isn't the only one.

Now, thank goodness, we've arrived at East Shadydale—or what's left of it. Mr. Plumpton flits around like a hummingbird, examining the wreckage with satisfaction.

Suddenly he grasps my arm. "Sh-h-h-h-h!" He leads me back toward the car. "Never mind. It can't be started now. The job will have to wait—four weeks, maybe five. Did you see what I saw?"

"What?"

"A pair of blue-headed vireos! They've built a nest in the debris. It has three teeny-weeny eggs in it." He is speaking in hushed tones. "You can't run trucks in here. The daddy and mummy would fly away and never come back."

As we start for home, I decide there is nothing for me to do now but give in. The birds have beaten me. I let him talk, and concur in everything he says. He points out a gray-cheeked thrush, and I exclaim over it. I obediently admire, in turn, a red-bellied woodpecker, a yellow-bellied sapsucker, an olive-sided flycatcher and a blue-gray gnatcatcher.

Meanwhile he teaches me to distinguish bird notes. "Cheep, cheep!" he is saying as we pull into a service station for gas. "Cheep, cheep!" I repeat. The garage man listens, speechless, as Mr. Plumpton admonishes, "Higher—higher! *Cheep, cheep, cheep!* You'll never attract a mate singing like that from a treetop!" The man doesn't know it, but he is waiting for a couple of rose-breasted grosbeaks to decide how much gas they want. He fills up the tank anyway.

We are mourning doves when we start back for Mr. Plumpton's house, and when we're almost there, Mr. Plumpton whoops. "My! Just look at those beautiful legs!" I keep my eyes on the road and don't even glance. I know it's a stilt-legged crane or a red-limbed goochbill. A moment later, when it's too late to look, he ponders aloud, "She's a secretary downtown somewhere—Shirley, I think her name is."

As I said, bird watchers drive me crazy. ▲▲▲

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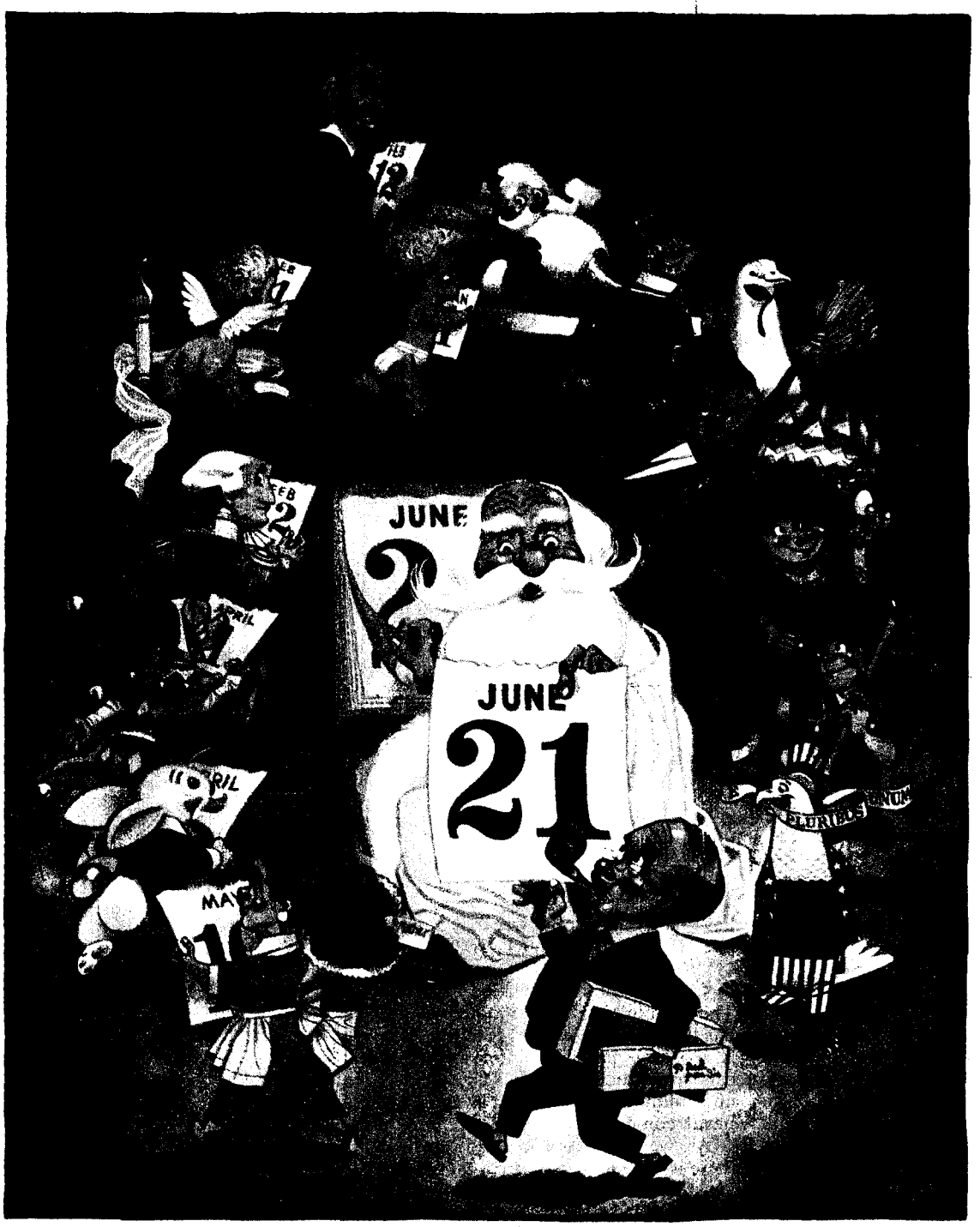

LOWELL HESS

Let's Remember Papa

MOST EDITORIAL WRITERS are men. And we will hazard a guess that the majority of those men are husbands and fathers. This biological, sociological and occupational evidence is offered as a possible explanation of why Father's Day (June 21st this year) is treated with such editorial diffidence generally, if indeed it is noted at all.

Mother's Day is different. A brave stand in favor of motherhood has long been an annual refuge for editorial writers. But fathers are a tribe who seldom come in for similar praise. We attribute this to a perennial epidemic of modesty—an unsuspected virtue which afflicts not only journalists but also novelists, playwrights, poets, composers and comic-strip artists.

Since these last activities, as well as the writing of editorials, are largely the province of the male, practically nobody gets sentimental over the old man, in song or story. There is no Father Machree, or any musical facsimile thereof. Nor does the theater, radio or TV have an I Remember Papa. Instead, we find a rather unflattering pattern which includes such apparently diverse characters as George McManus' Jiggs and Clarence Day's Father—characters who, for all their outward differences, are dominated by their womenfolks, whether the weapon of domination is cajolery or a rolling pin.

This is the portrait that fathers have given us of fathers. And we think that the modesty which is behind the portrait has been carried to a distorted extreme. Day after day the male parent is presented as a dupe, dope, blustering martinet or functional bill payer, sometimes champ but mostly chump. That may be all well and good for 364 days a year. But now, in honor of the occasion which is about to be celebrated, we propose to cast blushing reticence aside and speak up.

We fearlessly proclaim that the paternal role is not ridiculous. It can be fun, but it isn't necessarily funny. From diapering through short-winded ballplaying and imparting the facts of life to footing college bills, papa's assignment in its own way is equally as rugged and rewarding as mama's. He deserves his one day a year on which he can accept a few special gifts without apology, and take a well-earned bow.

"A Is for Atom" Is for Us

IF WE MAY TURN movie reviewer for a moment, we'd like to recommend a 10-minute feature called A Is for Atom, which we dropped in on the other day. The film, which is just being released generally throughout the country, is as basically simple as its title implies. And since simplicity and clarity are prized qualities in any medium of expression—and mighty difficult to achieve as well—we think it's worth your while to be on the lookout for this little picture.

A Is for Atom is an animated color cartoon, produced for General Electric by John Sutherland Productions, Inc. For our money, it is an admirably instructing and entertaining job. Mr. Sutherland and his associates have had to get their information, of course, from scientists, who are inclined to speak in equations rather than words. They have digested and popularized the highly technical material to the point where, for instance, they can tell their audience that it would take a Yankee Stadium-ful of dynamite to equal the energy released in the complete fission of an amount of U 235 the size of a baseball.

Mr. Sutherland's picture is made up of illustrations and comparisons which are as readily understandable as the one we've cited. We feel sure that they will make sense to many people like us who have read complicated explanations of atomic fission without gaining a very precise knowledge of the subject. And the presentation is accurate. It has been enthusiastically approved by the film's sponsor, by the members of the Atomic Energy Commission and by nuclear scientists and engineers who were the source of Mr. Sutherland's information.

By coincidence, this film appears at a time when action is under way to loosen the government's monopoly on atomic-energy development and to give American private industry a chance to do some extensive research into the peaceful, helpful potentialities of a force which up to now has been conceived of and used almost wholly for destruction. As we said on this page two weeks ago, we are heartily in favor of civilian industry getting the opportunity to start on this development. And a logical, necessary and democratic step toward such a program is a better civilian knowledge of how this mysterious and frightening force works, what is being done with it and why.

We think that Mr. Sutherland has done a valuable service in bringing to the public an explanation, in readily understandable form, of the mechanics of atomic fission, and some idea of the possibilities of the resultant energy as a tool of medicine, industry and agriculture, as well as a weapon of war.

* * *

ONE OF OUR COLLEAGUES noticed a sign on a partially completed building the other day which, he said, convinced him that the new administration's "time for a change" slogan has already been put into practice. The sign read:

U.S. Government Work—No Loitering.

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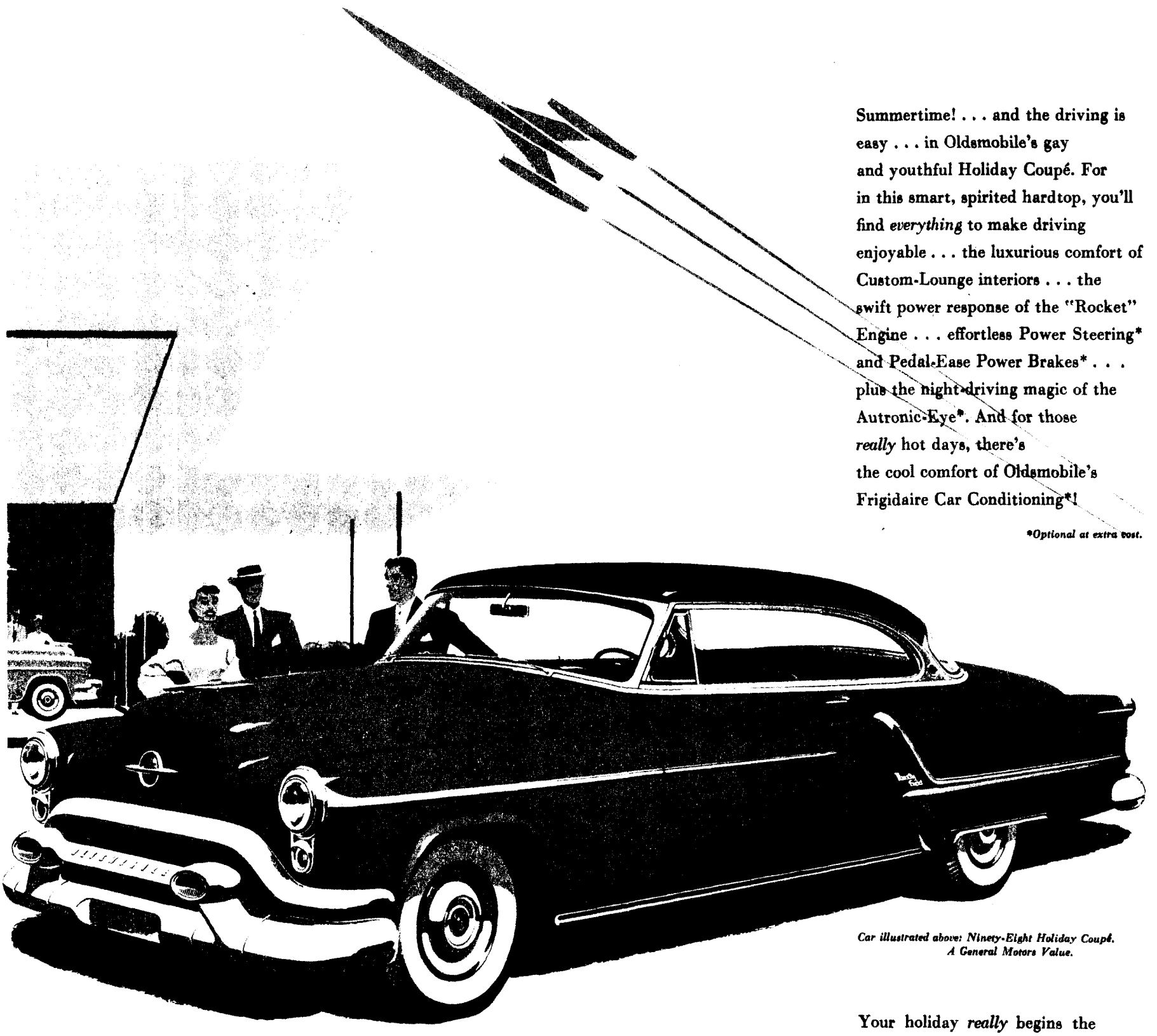

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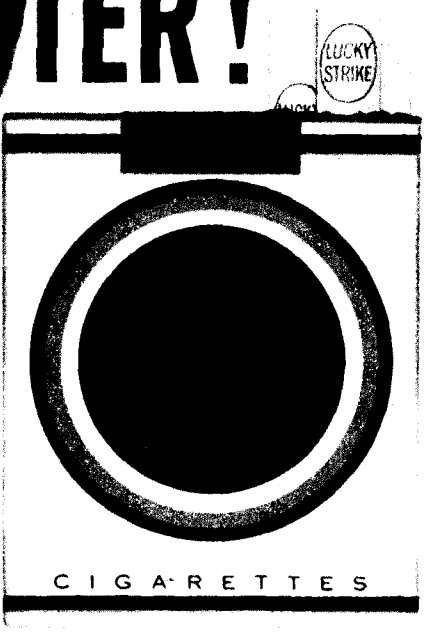

You can even see why Luckies taste better—cleaner, fresher, smoother

Ask yourself this question: *Why do I smoke?*

You know, yourself, you smoke for enjoyment. And you get enjoyment only from the taste of a cigarette.

Luckies taste better—cleaner, fresher, smoother! You can see *why* when you strip the paper from a Lucky by tearing down the seam.

First, you see that your Lucky is *made better*, because it remains a perfect cylinder of fine tobacco—round, firm and fully packed.

Second, you see Luckies' famous fine tobacco itself—long strands of fine, light, truly mild tobacco with a rich aroma and an even better taste. **Yes, L.S./M.F.T.**—Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco.

Nothing—no, nothing—beats better taste, and Luckies taste better—cleaner, fresher, smoother. So . . .

Be Happy-GO LUCKY!

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